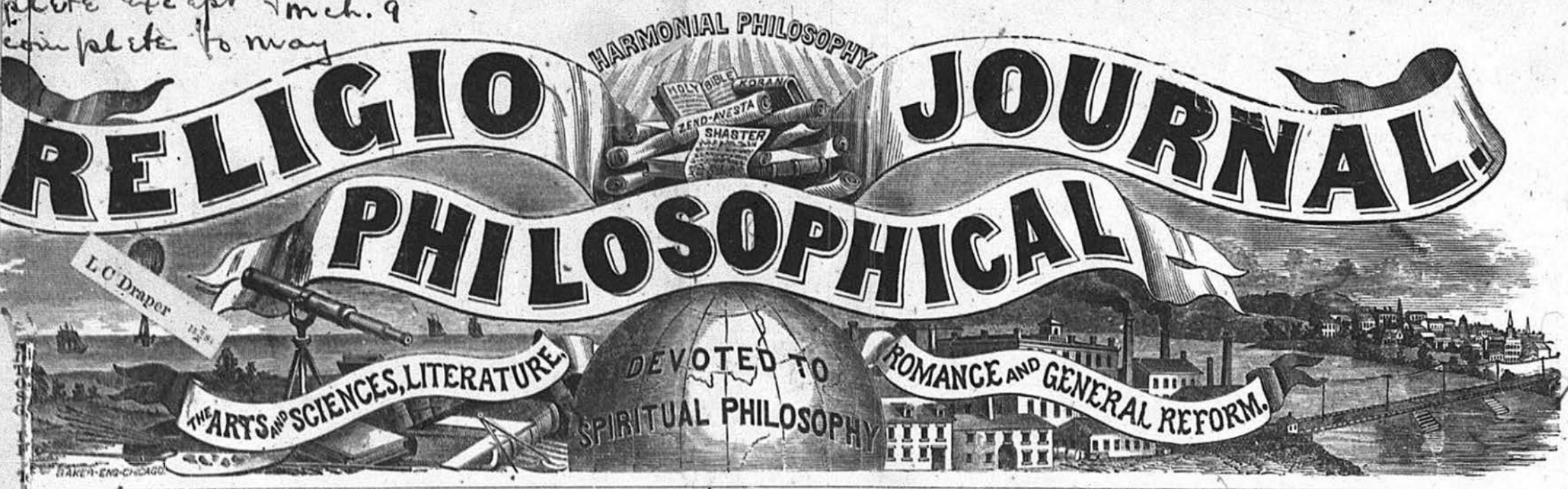


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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 7, 1888.

No. 20

to especially requested to say "I can't write for the plain what you want to such communications will publication by the Editors. on concerning the origi- stage condition of old ones. Inedums, interesting inel- could well authenticated ac- my's always in place and will mo- ma- ed- NTS. and Heaven by Telegraph: A as sent Telegraphy, and Kin- shodiments Encountered in cashenomena, Various Theo- in a Paper between Platinum wit Neede. and Pains of Progress. The World. Coming Events Our Heredity From God. Christian Science. hop- dishing Employment. Book portmentments. tris- Islam. Spiritual know- all The Home Circle—Que- our Future Life? General tim- tou- the Seybert Commission. leator. Notes from Provi- da Wyn. N. Y. Miscellaneous bee- un- the Suicide. A geis. Frauds in Boston. The ally. The Queens Came mple. Revelations. Let- tition. Was it Chance? to is A Concourse of Con- miscellaneous Advertis- to- Miscellaneous Adver- wa- he- who Philosophical Journal. al- graph: on of Occult Tele- and of Topics. NO. 2. es Encountered in Occult Phenomena Tested—Experiment in Platinum Points—Needle—Proof that independent Intelli- of translation reserved. Jeek, the present paper will a test experiment with a Preliminary to that I de- some of the circumstances necessary to use such a test, time to show to the reader estigations, as this, all is g, and that much time, pa- verance are necessary to- luable results. refully natural for those I it expect that, if these re genuine as alleged, all as to do is to go to the of- tells him just how it is once shows three things, atly interfere with just let- the work for us. ences manifesting in this ow how they do it, except way in the little matters enup the middle ground d psychology meet, they we do. Like ourselves, s that are easy and nat- the how or why they know we know how we think, such thoughts occurred a hour or day. times mistaken them- ppose to be the phys- and when their at- are put to the test we y they don't do it, in- o it. Such experien- however, by the logical n. especially, science will ted, and it, therefore, prove by experimental nes which in an in- ject would be consid- "matters of course," gs which are so nearly is, as in all subjects, y the usual methods, taking to demonstrate e very illogical for me se intelligences can- etory explanation of therefore, a fraud; and undreds of honest in- ; that is, when said- their ability, and rove it true, they as- e eminent author in position false because ned only to protect the book form. Permission paper press to copy any crediting the RELIGIO-

of its lack of evidence, would be a procedure as invalid as to assume it true." The proper view to be taken when met by insurmountable obstacles, is that expressed by Jardine, [Psychology of Cognition, p. 371], where in connection with this same subject, he says: "This predisposition, [to disbelieve on account of antecedent improbability], although a valuable safeguard against indiscriminate credulity, often proves a hindrance to the discovery of truth, by preventing competent men from undertaking a careful examination of the evidence upon which alleged occurrences rest. With reference to every human being it may be said, 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' and, consequently, in the mind of every human being there is likely to be a predisposition to reject the evidence of some things which are actually true." And again, pp. 273-4: "These preformed opinions, or prejudices as they are called, it is impossible to get rid of simply because it is impossible to annihilate our own past mental history and the influence which it has in forming our present character. But it is possible for us to understand that our prejudices may prevent us from attaining to a knowledge of the truth concerning which we inquire, and it is possible for us so far to overcome our prejudices as to admit in particular cases that what appears antecedently improbable to us may nevertheless be true. The antecedent improbability, therefore, of any event which is not merely ridiculous and absurd should not prevent any one from examining the evidence upon which it rests." Kant, in his great work, the "Kritik of Pure Reason," says, "All our knowledge begins with experience," yet "it by no means follows that all arises out of our experience." And again, "Experience, no doubt, teaches us that this or that object is constituted in such and such a manner, but not that it could not possibly exist otherwise." But more of this kind when we reach other questions of mental science. The present stage of accepted physical science, furnishes but little in the higher laws of electricity that has any bearing on the connection of mind with matter; and the far more subtle force, animal magnetism, is but barely mentioned, and that only in some exhaustive medical treatises. But it is impossible for two men to reason together on any subject, unless they can find some common starting point on which they both agree. In endeavoring to find such a starting point as had already been admitted by scientists, I prepared a synopsis of what seemed to me the principles involved. This was nearly three months before I had seen the instrument (about April 25, 1886), but was based on a description given me by a telegrapher who had seen it, and was also based on a supposition that all the parts were necessary, including the spiral wire and storage plates. From memoranda made then I copy: "1. An electric current passing through a delicate spiral spring, causes the spring to contract. This is the principle on which the muscles of insects are moved, their muscles taking the form of microscopic spiral springs. Variations in the strength of the current cause them to quiver between their limits of contraction and relaxation." "2. Currents of animal electricity in man and other animals are constantly passing from the deep-seated muscles to the superficial muscles. Where the contiguous portions of the body give rise to currents of widely different strength, cross currents are set up to restore equilibrium. Thus in the palm of the hand there are cross currents flowing from side to side, or from the edges toward the center, and from the wrist toward the fingers." "3. A conjunctive wire may be made in all respects to simulate a magnet." [Oersted's Discovery. See Silliman's Physics, p. 601.] Upon these principles in connection with those involved in ordinary telegraphy, I sought to formulate a theory which would utilize all the parts. The following designed for use at my first interview with Dr. Wells, (should I be fortunate enough to obtain one) is taken from memoranda of April 26: "Questions. Is not the opening and closing of this circuit effected by your increasing or diminishing the receiving operator's current of animal electricity, thus making the differential quantity sufficient to operate the key, much the same as the relays are worked in multiplex telegraphy?" "Then your current with its creates a sufficient amount of magnetism to close the key, but his alone is not strong enough; and, if so, the animal electricity is like the current from the main battery, the wires in the box and the hand outside are the main line, and this peculiarly constructed key is made to answer the purpose of a relay, answering to the variations in magnetic strength of the animal or animal and spiritual current." "Does not the curvature of the wires in the box cause them to bend slightly when the current flows through them, the same as the spiral muscles of insects contract when electrified, or do they act the part of a coarse-wound helix, and make the key a veritable relay of very light resistance, suited to such a very short circuit?" "Theories. I can conceive of but four ways in which this local circuit can possibly be closed and broken by the key; viz., electrically, magnetically, magneto-electrically, and electro-magnetically. The first is improbable, because, if the opening between the platinum points were simply bridged over by

an independent current, there would be no need of a spring under the lever nor of any provision for its motions. The second is improbable, because, if the lever were operated by magnetism only, there would be no use for the wires across the inside of the box, nor for the storage plates at the sides. The third is improbable, unless taken in connection with the fourth; because, an electric current, though induced by magnetism, could be of no further use independently, except as by the first method,—that of bridging. The fourth case, however, brings all the parts into requisition, but may have the third combined with it, making the process magneto electro-magnetic; and if the magnetism of the hand is varied by the electricity generated by thought, either from the embodied or disembodied spirit, or from both combined, the fourth case is used twice over, and the third case once between them;—that is, it is electro-magneto-electro-magnetic. "Does the magnetism of the hand act upon the bent wires as a rudimentary induction coil, occupying a magnetic field; or what seems to me more likely, does not the current of animal electricity generated in the hand, act upon the bent wires as a rudimentary helix?" "Would not my will or desire to submit to your control permit your electricity to blend with and heighten mine much the same as when two or more men are decidedly agreed as touching one thing, their pleasurable excitement is accompanied by increased electrical action in the nerves?" "If the bend in the wire be not necessary, then does not the wire act the part of a conjunctive wire as in Oersted's Discovery?" "If the bent wires and the hand together constitute the main line circuit, must not the size and length of wire used be regulated to suit the resistance of the body (the body or hand being the main battery), upon the principle that the resistance of all the helices in the circuit should together be equal to the resistance of the line and battery?" "Is there any difference between the quality of the electricity in different men, something like there is between frictional and galvanic electricity?" These are enough for specimens of the questions which presented themselves upon a preliminary consideration of the subject. Every telegraph operator will see the force of those which are of a technical nature; every philosopher and physiologist will see distinctly the ground covered by the electrical laws stated; and every telegrapher who is well informed in general science will see that every one of the questions is pertinent, and covers a field which may possibly be involved in the solution. Soon after Mr. Rowley had removed to Dr. Whitney's office, (which was then at 513 Prospect street), I obtained my first interview with Dr. Wells, of which the following is a complete report: 513 PROSPECT ST., CLEVELAND, July 19, 1887. After a hasty examination of the box and being told by Mr. Rowley that the spiral wire was not an essential part, the box was closed. I then tested for mechanical contact between the slate and the spring or branch lever, and finding that no amount of pressure upon any part of the box would close the key, I took my seat, watching that Mr. Rowley did not in some way "readjust," before the instrument would operate. Mr. Rowley simply laid his right hand carelessly on the top of the box, and the sounder began to click: Glad to see you, Professor. G.—Is this Dr. Wells? Dr. W.—Yes. G.—Dr. Wells, will you give me a scientific explanation of how you operate through our bodies to control this telegraph key? Dr. W.—I am not much of an electrician, but will tell you all I know. G.—You may not be much of an electrician in your own estimation, and yet be far superior to any of us in the flesh. Before seeing this key, I had a description of it from Mr. B—, and supposing all the parts to be essential, I had formulated a theory which would require them all. In case the spiral wire were essential, it appears evident that it performs the office of a helix, making the key virtually a relay, and the hand and wire together the main line circuit; or, the spiral wire might contract under the influence of the current as the microscopic spiral muscles of insects do, and thus mechanically "close the key." If these were incorrect, it occurred to me that the magnetism of the hand might be sufficient to induce an electric current in the spiral wire, thus making it a rudimentary induction coil, which in its turn magnetized the bar or lever. Another theory derived from one of your own remarks as related to me was that the box might be so charged by free electricity, as to simply bridge over the space between the platinum points. Dr. W.—That part of it is correct. G.—In that case it would remain for you to make and break the circuit by simply adding to Mr. Rowley's magnetism the differential quantity necessary to fill the gap. Dr. W.—Yes. G.—Is the special wire essential? Dr. W.—Not, except as it saves the magnetism of the operator. G.—If the spiral wire is not essential, why was it put in there? Dr. W.—It makes a storage battery of the box. G.—Then you say one of these theories is partly correct. Dr. W.—Yes. G.—Which; the use of the wire as a rudimentary helix, or the filling of the gap with free electricity?

Dr. W.—The one you name now. G.—The bridging theory? Dr. W.—Yes. G.—If that be so, how can the spiral wire within be dispensed with at all? Dr. W.—When it is dispensed with, we can use the key by propelling the current over it mechanically, and making and breaking a circuit. Do you 13? [Figure 13 is telegraphic abbreviation for "understand." The expression, "use the key by propelling the current over it," shows that Dr. Wells did not fully comprehend that my theory of bridging the gap requires that the key lever should stand still. Their ability to propel the current of animal magnetism through the air independently of any wire or other conductor, as proved by our experiment with tissue paper, had not yet been even suspected by me. That experiment as reported in the last paper puts it well within their power to operate the key in several different ways, and the sequel will show that with different people they do work differently, and that they also work differently with Mr. Rowley, at different times, depending on conditions of health, weather, etc.] G.—But does that fill the space between the platinum points? Dr. W.—Yes; it does bridge the chasm. G.—How do you mean that you propel the current through the air? Dr. W.—It is a higher law of electricity. It is propelled just as the sound waves are over the telephone. G.—What is the need of the spring or branch lever at all, then? Dr. W.—It serves as a conductor for the combined magnetism and electric current from the slate to the key, and from thence down to the point where the circuit is opened and closed. G.—Have you ever spoken to me or given me any impression previous to this interview? Dr. W.—Only as I said to this medium (Mr. Rowley) some time ago, that I would be glad to see you. G.—I wish you could give me a scientific explanation of how you do this. Dr. W.—I am not enough of an electrician to explain it thoroughly to you, but can say it is all done through perfectly natural laws, and cannot be simulated by any one under the same circumstances. G.—But what particular laws are used? Dr. W.—You do not understand them fully now as we use them. G.—Will you bring other talent from your side to assist in making it plain to us? Dr. W.—I will try, if I have time, and be glad to do so. G.—Do you operate on the nervous ganglia of the brain, through Mr. Rowley's mind? Dr. W.—No. That would limit the capacity of the communication to the capacity of the medium. G.—Then you must operate directly upon the nervous ganglia. Dr. W.—Yes. The nerves and brain of the medium are only the pen we write with. G.—That accounts for the wonderful scientific information which came through A. J. Davis when he was but a mere uneducated boy. Dr. W.—Yes. The brain is the connecting link between the physical and the spiritual. G.—What percentage of mankind can be controlled by spirit influence? Dr. W.—About four out of every five. G.—Then we should have these telegraph instruments in use by the thousands. Mr. Rowley.—He means that about four out of every five are able to be controlled in some way; not just in this way. Dr. W.—Yes; in some way. That is my idea. Clairvoyants, clairaudients, trance mediums, with perfect or partial control, and so on. G.—Can you direct us how to make an electrometer that will be sufficiently delicate to measure the quantity and quality of the animal magnetism in each individual? Dr. W.—No I cannot. But there are now electricians who can, if it can be done. G.—Could you use my magnetism in this way? Dr. W.—I could not say without a trial. G.—In what part of the system is the magnetism or electricity generated? Dr. W.—In the nervous ganglia of the brain, and wherever the nervous ganglia overlie the nerves. The ganglia overlie the nerves nearly everywhere. G.—As I tell my students in physiology, "a part of their brain is in their heels." Dr. W.—Yes. G.—It strikes me that something of a circumstantial nature to establish your identity would help to inspire confidence in the genuineness of these manifestations. What can you say to that? Dr. W.—I am not ready yet, but I am going to give a full account of myself for publication, when the time comes. G.—Is there any general reason you can offer why the matter of identity is so often withheld? Dr. W.—Because it is one of the conditions with which we are surrounded. In this life, we are limited to certain conditions, or metes and bounds. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." G.—Can you see in my mind what is my desire? Dr. W.—To work with me direct. G.—On what subject do I desire most to have direct communications with you? Dr. W.—Electricity. G.—But over and above that there is a more important one. Dr. W.—Your aspirations are worthy, and we will help you all we can. Why don't you

sit at stated times to have your hand controlled to write against your will? Take a certain hour in the day and let nothing interfere with it. Sit only a short time. Write just what comes, sense or no sense. Dr. Whitney.—Can a great many people be controlled in this way? Dr. W.—Yes. Dr. Whitney.—How would it be for me? Dr. W.—Not so easy as for him. G.—How long will it probably require? Dr. W.—From two weeks to three months. G.—If I sit so, do I understand you will try to control my hand? Dr. W.—I should prefer to send you one that in that particular line, "the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose." G.—Would you recommend any particular time of day? Dr. W.—In the morning, if quietness can be had. G.—How long each time? Dr. W.—Say about fifteen minutes. G.—All right. I will try it faithfully, but understand if you or your forces move my hand to write, it will have to be done not only without the aid of my will, but against my will. When I can't possibly prevent it, I shall know that I am controlled to write. But concerning this apparatus: Is there not some way that we can test it with a magnetic needle? Dr. W.—It might possibly be done by having the needle outside and its base inside, like a compass needle with a magnet post longer. G.—I will try a suspended needle first some other day. My time for to-day has fully expired. I shall have to stop now for this time. Dr. W.—Good-bye. Come again. A few days after that I left at their office a sealed letter addressed to Dr. Wells, to see whether he could read and answer it. It was there a week or more when the following interview and test took place: 513 PROSPECT ST., Aug. 1, 1887. Memorandum.—Stopped at Dr. Whitney's to see if Dr. Wells had answered sealed letter left a few days before. They said that he had not, and had said that he could not; that he said there were clairvoyants over there who could do such things, but that not every spirit was "fitted with clearlight or any such powers." Substantially this.] Desiring to try a test experiment, I asked Mr. Rowley to leave the room while I should arrange a certain test inside the box.—Dr. Whitney to be a witness to the alteration I should make. After Mr. Rowley retired, I put a piece of thick foolscap paper about an inch square, between the platinum points, the key being so adjusted that the paper made a pretty tight fit. I then pulled the paper to one side so that but half of the end surface of each platinum point was covered by it. The platinum points (so-called) are not sharp like needle points, but are like wires cut off square, the flat ends meeting together. They are nearly as thick as the leads (so-called) in ordinary lead pencils. This arrangement effectually prevented the lever from moving, but left free passage for the current across the gap by the side of the paper, if Dr. Wells could bridge the gap by an independent current of animal electricity or magnetism. The box was closed and Mr. Rowley was then called in. When he placed his hands upon the box there was no response, but in about one minute his hands were stiffened and drawn apparently as if in painful cramps. Then his arms began to receive shocks, and his hands seemed glued to the slate. I told him not to persist too long,—that a fair trial was all that I asked, but he replied, "I could not take my hands off now, if I wanted to." While we were talking about the scientific principles involved, he was interrupted right in the midst of his remarks, and his whole body was shocked so severely as to raise him clear off his chair. The shock seemed to start from the base of his brain and run down his spinal column, at the same time branching out through his arms and agitating the whole frame. The convulsion was so sudden as to break his speech in the middle of a word and jerk his body off the seat. It was evident that if Dr. Wells did not succeed in bridging the gap, it was not because he did not try. It was also evident from the way in which the medium was exercised that that was not the manner in which the gap was usually bridged, if bridged at all. After some minutes of such violent but fruitless efforts, I removed the paper from between the platinum points and proceeded with the following experiment to test for current, the spiral wires passing across the inside of the box and connecting the storage plates. The storage plates are two small brass plates fastened on the outside of the box with common screws. (Each has one brass screw and one iron screw.) One plate is on the side next the operator, the other directly opposite, both being nearer one end so as to come under the operator's right hand. Thus they are on opposite sides of the hard rubber handle of the key lever. [They are intended to be in this position with respect to the key lever, not the hand. His hand may be placed at either end, or either side, or on the top, or he may take hold of the wires leading to the box; and for one particular operator, the instrument works when his hands are held in the air some six inches above the box, and no part of his body is touching the box, the wires, the sounder, the battery, the table, nor any other part of the apparatus whatever.] The spiral wire connecting the storage

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Pleasures and Pains of Progress.

J. J. MORSE.

Twenty years ago the writer was a mere stripling, virtually alone in the world, and had for some ten years before been compelled to labor hard for the wherewithal of material existence. Hard fortune was thus his earlier lot, but a benign and educating element entered into his life some two decades ago, that has for him answered the old *cui bono* so frequently hurled at Spiritualism in years ago. True it is that very frequently the human intellect is like a shallow field needing only the proper conjunction of incidents to put its fertility into exercise. So was it twenty years ago for the wielder of this pen. It is questionable if he was religious, in the sense of having definite opinions upon points of doctrine, though it is quite certain points of doctrine made up religion to his mind then. Episcopalianism was the family faith, but here was one who cordially detested it, turning, however, with some satisfaction to the communion of the followers of the gentle Wesley; yet one sapient critic (?) lately advises me I am Episcopalian in my leanings to-day! If I lean at all it is from, not to, a church I have long since outgrown.

What was it that set my young brain at work, starting up the powers of thought, making me at that time, as a consequence, a nuisance to sundry particular friends? I have learned that a gentle mother can help a lonely lad, even from the spirit side of life, so I am content to trace my first unfolding to the source it was subsequently ascribed to when I learned how true was spirit communion. The first steps, though, upon the road of progress were painful and sad. A mere lad, an orphan, friendless, fighting for a place to be in, I felt that the road opening before me led to orphanage from God! In secret places the tears fell, and the heart quivered at the dread of endless doom. Try all the mind could at this time, there was no unity between sentiment and intellect. Judgment dimly saw that emotional creeds were soon to be rejected, though, as yet, there was not power of thought to shape the course aright. Many an hour of silent meditation has seen the terrors of hell rise up before the mind's eye; have felt all the pain-inspiring fears of sinfulness beyond all overcoming, until the young heart, torn and bleeding with the awful fear, has been so full of misery that life was then a burden almost too great to bear. Hope of escape grew less and less, until faith itself wavered and grew faint and weary. The stream was running dry, the night was coming, and darkness began to settle over all things religious and spiritual. The darkness came; it gave rest from fears, therefore so much of peace came with it. The thought no longer feared what the mind repudiated. The pain of these steps none can know save they who have taken them; the old was parted from, but what was to supply its place?

Death was now the end. Duty was good because it obviated discomfort, as was virtue good for like reason. Misery was the result of ignorance or willfulness; so gradually life grew calmer, as the spectres of total depravity and eternal damnation no longer made day gloomy, or night insupportable. All faiths were then alike,—superstitions! The pain and the pleasure of the progress had resulted in carrying their subject beyond the boundaries of ecclesiastical authority and dogma, within which he has never felt a desire to return.

The movement of thought once inaugurated in man or nation, cannot be arrested; hence the rest in the valley of spiritual darkness was not to be long continued. Fear and doubt were the factors of my first movement; hope and desire were the second causes of further steps along the path of progress. Life seemed so brief that one hoped it might be continued; to think of it as continued created a desire that it might be, and as the noble Deist, Paine, has it, so did I, that if it was the will of the Supreme Power, it would be continued, and as well sustained as is life here. Firmer ground was, however, nearer to hand. Soon the unfamiliar word at that time—Spiritualism—fell upon my ears, but in such associations that it gained no sympathy. Then curiosity overcoming prejudice I read upon it, and candor refusing to condemn untried, I examined, with the result that experience and honesty compelled capitulation nearly twenty years ago, to the powers that have directed me from then until now.

Again came reconsiderations and readaptations; more pains of mind, for now skeptics and believers alike reviled the young thinker; one set damned him surely hereafter, while the other set condemned him as a fool, with equal heartiness, in this world. But the light was growing stronger, alas! but to show the roughness of the road—its bleakness and barrenness! Torn by many doubts as to what his new-found powers imported, to where his new-found spirit friends would lead him, tossed mentally and spiritually from pillar to post, his last state threatened to be worse than his first! But the light steadily increased and more of order was evolved. Presently he who was devoid of training from the schools, was to his terror led out to the place of teacher! Mental lackings were supplied; spiritual unfoldments were stimulated; broader views and sympathies excited; and once or twice the pupil became wiser(?) than the master, coming a bad cropper as a consequence, but learning wholesome lessons as a result!

With generous forbearance the Immortals helped on the young worker, guided his weak uncertain footsteps, and though pain and failure often marked the way, yet he who is known to me as more than lovingly, faithful and wise, sustained in hours of weakness, inspired in hours of dejection, and for eighteen years has patiently and lovingly educated him who has ever striven to be his faithful co-worker on the mortal plane.

Immortally demonstrated, the universal reign of law; right doing here the only true foundation of present or future happiness—these are among the many questions that have received, for me a reasonable solution. The utility and benefit of spiritual guidance and training, the need of a level head, the importance of being a co-worker with, rather than an abject slave to, supramundane intelligences, the fact that mediumship is a steppingstone to higher culture, in such cases as my own, are among the practical pleasures that are now mine at this stage of my journey along the path of progress.

To me, I speak but for myself: Spiritualism has been an interpreter and teacher. The unity of effort to gain the spiritual; the great purpose that underlies all religious movements; the reality of angel or spirit ministry; the correlation between the material and spiritual conditions of the universe, are all taught by Spiritualism, as it seems to me. The mystery, miracle, magic, sorcery and witchcraft of the past, are interpreted as so many more or less orderly exercises of our own powers when

either imperfectly apprehended by ourselves, or put into operation by the people of the Spirit-world. Religion thus marks the ergs and character of religious effort and progress in different ages, while much of the so-called superstition of the past was but the sporadic and disorderly exhibition of phenomena, which spiritual and psychical research are putting into their proper spheres, in accord with the laws and principles of life.

My advances in spiritual progress and discovery, have robbed life of many of its troubles, death of its terrors, the hereafter of its uncertainty, God of his cruelty, existence of its injustice and bereavement of its sting. The guidance exerted over me has resulted in mental culture, spiritual unfoldment, the gradual establishment of stability and peace—in a sentence, the making me what I am.

Often has it been asked me from friends in every quarter of the globe, What has been the benefit of mediumship and Spiritualism to you? Let this brief resume tell. This needs only to be added: I have learned that in a case like my own spirit control is a fertilizer to our mental and spiritual capabilities; accepting it as such, it can, as I have found, develop, train and strengthen character; for in twenty years I trace a change so complete in my life as the result of spirit control, that I am filled with amazement and gratitude. If, then, so much of good has come to one, why should it not also come to others? Truly that which helps us to be better, as well as wiser, must be blessed, for to me the pleasures I enjoy to-day, far outweigh the pains that were endured in my progress from the idle fields of shallow thought to the rich orchards of ripened fruit, wherein my feet to-day are standing.

San Francisco, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Terrestrial and the Radiant World.

In his lectures on spiritual science, a Spiritualist lecturer whom I will designate as X, says: "We can conceive of spirit entirely separate from matter, dwelling in a realm of pure mind with no organ of expression."

The belief that spirit and matter are different, or that spirit is something in its constitution essentially unlike matter, rests upon a fiction that has descended from our forefathers. Although founded in ignorance the doctrine was useful in its time, for it was a brave attempt to give hope for a future life. But it has no place in present day thought and will not stand the scrutiny of close investigation. When Mr. X's, or any other medium's guides, give utterance to it they indicate that they belong to a past age, and that their progress since transition has not been to the higher plane of thought. In the Faraday pamphlets we have this subject very thoroughly and authoritatively treated by one well qualified by the studies of his earth life to give it the closest inspection. He tells us that elemental matter exists in three states, which may be denominated the solid or crystalline, the fluid or plastic, and the gaseous or radiant. It is wholly in the domain of the latter that the Spirit-world lies. Matter in the radiant or super-radiant states is as capable of assuming and maintaining form as it is in our grosser earth life. The outlines and objects of the radiant world are not perceptible to the physical eye, but to the new-born spirit they are substantial realities. They are as much dependent upon matter for their existence as the physical details of this world are. The bodies of spirits are material bodies made from radiant elements. Faraday tells us that the elements of the Spirit-world and of the earth do not differ in kind or nature, but in condition. Oxygen is yet oxygen and iron is iron, but in their radiant state they are more attenuated and etherealized, but yet susceptible of being organized into objective outline.

It is impossible to conceive of an intelligent existence unassociated with, and unaccompanied by, an external world for it to rest upon. All interrogated spirits tell us that the objective Spirit-world is a reflection of our own; that their landscapes, flowers, rivers, or forests, are as real to them as the incidents of our existence are to us. And how can it be otherwise? What kind of an existence would that be that had nothing around it? What kind of intelligence could subsist where there is nothing to feed upon? In order for there to be any mind at all there must be something outside of the mind to take cognizance of; an objective realm for it to consider and compare. In order that there shall be perception there must necessarily be something to perceive; and this something can not exist without form; which always has its origin and foundation in substance; moulded and modified by force. The accompanying material is essential to give definition and outline. Without it thought would be a limitless blank—a desert destitute of vitality; an empty void; colorless and lifeless.

In fact, the greater number of objects brought to the attention, and the wider the range of observation, the more comprehensive and accurate will be the knowledge of the individual and the greater the pleasure derived from the operation of the mind. It is from these multiplied conceptions that the active mind feeds and equips itself for greater excursions. But in every instance the objectively real must somewhere precede the ideal, and supply the stock for constructive contemplation. It is the impress of the external world that awakens the internal thought. This relation of objective form, embodied in substance, to the intelligent personality, must be a continuous one as long as the mind endures, or extinction and annihilation will occur. It is not possible to conceive of spirit entirely separate from matter. It is possible to conceive of a more refined and etherealized state of matter and of individualized intelligences bearing a relation to such a condition of matter. To talk about "dwelling in a realm of pure mind, with no organ of expression," is a vain nonsense, and the inhabitant of such a realm, could there be one—would swiftly deteriorate to a condition of hopeless, helpless idleness, soon mercifully terminated by death.

Mind and life are ever dependent upon matter and can nowhere be exhibited without its presence. No organized being can subsist separate from physical substance. There is a terrestrial body and there is a radiant body, and the substance of either is of the same material. "If mentality exist apart from personality, it certainly exists in such a state as to preclude observation and analysis. If personality exists apart from organization of the elements into individuals; we here (in the Spirit-world) fail to find any evidence that demonstrates it. There is error in thinking that the spiritual nature is free from material by its transition to the realm of the etherealized conditions of the elements. It is as much a combination of the elements after transition as before, and is

capable of analytical inspection by us who have observed it carefully in both conditions." (Faraday pamph. No. 284.)

Although radiant matter maintains form, and there is a continued stability of such forms, the constituent elements of such forms are constantly varying, the integral components, serving but transiently in the organization, are thrown off and their place is supplied by fresh materials. This seems to be an essential of all organisms endowed with life, whether in the terrestrial or in the radiant world. Although spirits require sustenance they obtain it more by absorption or attraction of the radiant matter essential to their organization by the processes of digestion common to planetary life; and although the material of which their bodies is composed is constantly being exchanged for fresh substance, the exceedingly great mobility of radiant matter and the ease with which it can be adjusted to its various purposes is so great, that derangements or disease of the organization is unknown. But from this it should not be concluded that there is no suffering in the radiant world. Its misery, however, is the result of inharmoniousness in the moral constitution of the individual, and the effect of violated moral law. There are inexplicable forces that have dominion over the mind, that surround it with gloom and oppress it with agony until it wholly adjusts itself to the courses laid down by the imperial will that governs the universe.

Newark, N. J.

C. H. MURRAY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before.

S. BIGELOW.

I will pen a few well authenticated instances of prevision where there can be no mistake about the facts, and we will leave the philosophy for others. I am personally acquainted with the mediums whose experiences I shall narrate, and took my notes from them direct, with names of other parties to whom I could refer for corroborating testimony, should I wish so to do. I can vouch fully for the facts as stated without allowing any margin for exaggeration or mistakes.

In the early days of our war one Albert Dexter, near Ionia, Mich., enlisted in Co. D, Third Michigan Cavalry. His sister, Mrs. John Dunham, living then and now in Ionia, had what she terms a vision the day before he enlisted in which she saw him—her brother Albert—on horseback; saw him wheel and fall from his horse. She told Albert of her vision and importuned him not to go, but he made light of her fears and vision, and went with his company to the fields of blood and carnage, and often in his letters he referred to his sister's fears and vision, in a light and joyful mood; but in his last letter he seemed to be alive in the vision and in its probable fulfillment. More than two years had passed since the vision and no unfavorable news from Albert, when one afternoon in autumn as Mrs. Dunham was alone in her quiet home, she heard a loud rap at the door, opened it, saw no one, felt impressed, and queried with herself, "Why can't they tell me?" but could get nothing definite beyond her impressions, and the plain, loud rap about which she could not be mistaken. But during the quiet hours of night her spiritual vision was quickened and she saw Albert on horseback, advance, then wheel, and then saw him shot and fall, all as plainly as though she had been by his side. She saw just where he was hit, how he fell, etc. Hence she knew all, having full confidence in such manifestations, as they were not new to her.

She suffered intense agony and a sleepless night, not expecting herself to survive; was pale and haggard in the morning and scarcely able to be up. She told her friends and family about the matter in detail, even to the writing of a letter by the lieutenant informing them. She gave the contents of the letter before it was written. This was on Tuesday night and following morning. The next Sunday Mrs. D. was visiting six miles from Ionia, and during the day a messenger came bringing a letter, which John Dexter had just received from the Lieutenant of the 3rd Michigan Cavalry, giving particulars of his brother Albert's death while engaged in action the previous Tuesday, confirming in every detail what Mrs. D. had seen and told; and farther she felt or saw the messenger with the letter while yet far from the house, and told him what he had, and gave the contents of the letter, assuring him that it was no news to her.

Another brother, James, enlisted and went to the war, and one evening as Mrs. D. was in bed and Mr. D. was reading, they both heard plainly the report of a pistol (or what seemed to them such) and Mrs. D. saw Albert and James come in and fall near her bed, and told Mr. D. that James was dead, which was fully confirmed by letter in about two weeks.

A Mrs. Kromer (since married and name changed) a most estimable lady and good medium of Grand Rapids, Mich., had a vision early in the spring prior to the sad death of Garfield, in which she saw the whole nation in mourning, cities draped and a general gloom everywhere; she noticed in particular the style of draping of the principal streets and buildings of her own city, and remembered it. She told of it all to a circle of friends of eight, who talked it over freely, and at least one took notes for future reference. She did not see as plainly as Mrs. D. the different characters, etc., but said to those present that she thought it meant the death of Garfield. The subsequent draping was as she saw and told it.

A gentleman in Cleveland, O., well known there, saw and knew that Garfield would be assassinated long before he left his quiet Mentor home, and was so oppressed with the knowledge that he told Mayor Rose and Dr. Streator, two very prominent and wealthy friends of Garfield, and both active politicians as well, and they conferred with others and finally wrote to Garfield about it; but the medium, in the meantime, felt impelled to do something, and that he must go and see Garfield and warn him, but being a stranger and in humble circumstances he thought he could not go; but he could get no peace till he did, and finally plucked up courage to undertake the, to him, dreaded mission, and went alone and sad to Mentor. Garfield met him in person (not by secretary as he did others) and thus enabled him to overcome his embarrassment in a measure and to talk freely, which he did, and as a consequence Garfield's bed was moved from his bedroom on the lower floor to the chamber.

This medium, a business man, gave me these facts himself, and they can be easily substantiated and were well known at the time by a few whose standing in church and in society would not allow of any notoriety of that kind. Mr. H., the medium, was very anxious to be sent to Washington with Garfield, thinking that if he could be near he thought he would see the approaching calamity in time to give warning; but that was not done, though talked of by these wealthy friends.

We may well say, "There are strange things in our philosophy," but give us real facts, and let the philosophy take care of itself.

OUR HEREDITY FROM GOD.\*

This book packs much in small space, so that one who has no time to read bulky volumes can get from it the gist of the best things said on the topics of which it treats. It is also worthy the attention of the scholar, and if he be a thinker, and not a mere book-worm, he will find food for thought in it. It is a book with a purpose, an effort to carry evolution beyond stocks and stones, and extend its range to man, not only as a physical, but as a mental and spiritual being and an heir to immortality. It would make evolution a central idea, a help and inspiration in the development of natural religion, and not a path to materialism.

In the preface we are told: "I desire to be of some use to those who are escaping from the thralldom of supernaturalism and the autocracy of theology. Earnest and honest men cannot too soon comprehend that our only salvation is in that evolution which has led from the primordial cell to Jesus and Plato, and has lifted life from the hunger for protoplasm to the hunger for righteousness." Formerly an orthodox clergyman, the author is an independent preacher, and his own wearisome struggles along the path he has chosen led to a glad deliverance from agnostic doubt, to the giving of a course of lectures to good audiences in Utica, New York, and the putting of those lectures in book form to relieve others from the perplexities he had passed through. He has put his heart into the book, and that is the way to reach other hearts.

The chapters of part first treat of the Unity of Nature, The Arguments from Geology, Geography and Anatomy, with a view of Development, Reversion and Degeneration. Part second treats of the Unity of Life; Common Life Material; Adam Wanted; Animals on the Road. Part third "aims to trace the use of intelligence and morals out of and above all preceding development." Jesus, the Christ of Evolution; Is the Golden Rule Workable? The Self that is Higher than Ourselves; The Last Enemy, Death, are leading subjects. Thus an idea is gained of the aim and scope of the work, to which much care and study has been given.

In the chapter on the last enemy, Death, it is said: "Tangled with all questions of our earthly career and with moral progress, is this belief that we shall triumph over death. The Irishman in his pitiful plight does not become a nihilist, because, however wretched his lot, he looks ahead with unwavering confidence to a better life. Such hope is essential to this life, precisely as faith in tomorrow is essential to a worthy living today. A man clipped in his hope of eternal life is an eagle cropped in a goose yard. To hope is ethical; it is the highest command of evolution. The true expression of moral aim is 'the higher life,' not beatific rest, not completion, not heaven;... of ignorance yet to surmount, moral weakness yet to master, mental power yet to accumulate ideals to touch, the Divine One to be seen in ever grander vision and ever sweeter truth."

Phenomenal testimony such as Spiritualism offers, is not denied, but is greatly underrated, and the philosophy taught by able representatives of Spiritualism is hardly spoken of. His protest against mere phenomenalism—a reliance solely on outward facts and an ignoring of the inward witness, the soul's testimony of immortality, is good. "Existence beyond this life is demonstrable by the senses; if it were not so demonstrable it would not be credible" is, as he well says, a dangerous argument which "assumes too much for the senses, and affirms virtually that if we cannot see God there is no God; that nothing can be demonstrated beyond the senses." But if we accept, as do the more thoughtful Spiritualists, the voice within which has said through the ages: "Man, thou shalt never die!" and accept also the well attested facts of spirit presence in all ages and question our own, the soul and the senses confirm each other, and the proof is beyond a doubt.

We are told that "we are never to lose sight of the fact that the phenomena of spiritism are universal in low races... are, indeed, never absent from such peoples as live a strongly sensuous life. Whereas a strongly intellectual life is not favorable to their perception, or to a belief in their existence." This does not, we are told, "militate against their existence," but this, with the low grade of much mediumship shows that "the association of the two lives, if it exists sensibly, exists for the most part between those of a stonily sensuous sort on either side.... It still remains possible for higher intellects to gather such testimony, reduce it to order, and evolve the laws that govern universal psychical relations.... The argument that spiritualism has to offer neither conflicts with evolution, nor does it necessarily grow out of evolution."

The whole tendency of this is to put Spiritualism down among the sensuous and the ignorant, and treat it as something that decreases as life grows higher. Facts do not bear out this effort, the one weak mistake of this book. Spiritism is to-day most alive among the most advanced people—Americans, English and French, and in Germany, Russia, Italy and among the progressive and educated. A strongly intellectual life in which the perceptive and logical faculties are cultivated and the spiritual and intuitive faculties deadened—such a life as an inductive and materialistic scientist leads—would be unfavorable to Spiritualism, because its truth would overthrow the "pride of science, falsely so-called." The intellectual bigotry of orthodox theology would cast slight on it, but a goodly company of men and women eminent in intellect, large in thought and spiritually cultured believe, yes, know, its facts to-day.

We are told that "it still remains possible for higher intellects to gather testimony," etc., as though none but the incompetent had yet undertaken the needed task!

It would be easy to give a long list of persons eminent as scientists, statesmen and philanthropists, and holding high place in the best literature, who have already done this work. Why ignore this fact? The evidence of real spirit presence, scientifically proven, is greater than that of the reality of evolution, but the proofs of both are abundant. All Spiritualists are evolutionists, and this book will be largely read by them.

The argument of Spiritualism is rather a fact which teaches evolution,—the fact that all spirits who return tell of progress hereafter, and Spiritualists accept their statements as reasonable and philosophical.

Had this author paid as fair attention to the best spiritual philosophy as he has to the best science, he could have found association, progression and development laid down

\* Our Heredity from God. Consisting of Lectures on Evolution by E. P. Powell. New York: D. Appleton & Co., publishers. 420 pages. Price, \$1.50.

as laws universal in material progress of mind as universal rule of a great Positive clearly stated by spiritism win was just giving his views to the world. More years ago the views so ab was given by leading Spirit ideal of the higher life v plex and inspiring than

Only a single statement and that shall be from H cana of Spiritualism: "The totality of Spiritu pressed in a few words, of nature,—the producti and the elimination That has been the ide through the viciss the chaotic beginn igher, Let us mak terrible surmises of t gigantic brutes of pre the same.... Evolve mental forces of nat tration, or rather cent an integral part of th is capable of compre is a part of all.... Cajo to it being with such ante relations,—and such under foot the suppo for anything but the angel-life."

This depreciation o quiet ignoring of the paid spiritual philosophy g far greater than doe ment—carrying it, as higher life, and intoliser which guides the wor mistakes.

A few such extract Spiritualists, as he g of popular scienti beauty and power made his work a mation of his high su

In no other book more information fr ly and plainly state give weight to the author's aim to mak science, which ever Mr. Muckracke in P proud of an agi ignores the suppre mind and the immo with more respect earnest writer set noble task of spiri that science and "ribs of death,"—for thanks.

"Mind has alwa you must never t less, no more in the is the lesson taught picturesque ways, thought, and wha perb hymn of Miss

"God of the g closes one of the le

The biogen, or so the same in theor Hudson Tuttle w Cones, but each v other,—a spiritual through the world have come under help to perfect his

With this frank valuable and thoug to all thinking me

Spiritualism

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Christmas, 1887. bared by the Spiritu more especially by t account of the ordin speakers and medi Hagan having becom ization, she was ther teach and demonst ligation of Spiritualism Anna McCahan and coming month we s This is a step, rightl tect the mediums.

Miss Hagan has beember. Her improvatio ble, and well received; a many questions. Dr. Willis will lecture uary, 1888.

Never was the associat as at present; you-may look next year, as we all mean v

Our Lyceum is doing it The Ladies Aid Society numbers and will prove a illiary.

We expect to organize o Committee next month, h ful season next year by o meetings in Parkland.

Expressions of commend things contained in the Jo on all sides. May it as we circulate and help the go manity's sake.

Philadelphia, Dec., 26, 1887.

CHRISTIAN

A Lecture Upon Its Fo

The audience in M night was presfeted upon "Christian Scienc Issues," by J. J. Morse his theme, the speaker

"The foundations were in the religious arisen, in great part, the materialism in pl religion, which was la of present day thoug the system was mere trines of idealism, wit imparted to them; the the system was but a mental influences of The propriety of cult mind wherein pure th could be attained wa endeavor to come inleat state u should be made by Aha, Kansas within its own limits, Kansas, Mi fit to Christians of a ci and Minn tem had passed its zeigant, twent its decline, but its t schools for purity of life, the as to do th action of mind and so d for STO; health, would remain empirical philosophy to make gre character of the mo time is now i business it

There is a man in angry for thirty year worse case of standi knew.—Texas Siftin

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## Woman's Conference.

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## A Legend.

Enduring through ages a legend there runs,  
And is counted as sacred by credulous ones—  
Sons and daughters of men—that the God-child  
once came  
And dwelt here as one of us; healing the lame,  
Curing the sick both of body and soul.  
He lived for us, died for us, saving the whole  
Who believe in and call on His Name.  
Reaching backward far—toward the "cradle of  
time."  
And the childhood of races, this tale had a birth  
In some form in every clime of the earth.  
To bring to all peoples the ideal sublime  
Of a holier life,—to-day it still seems  
Some nursery tale, as the old "Santa Claus"  
Grown people will tell of to children, whose  
dreams  
Illusions are found which the study of laws  
Force their more mature minds to dispel; but un-  
till  
The child-mind outgrows them, it clings with a  
will  
To Idols, or symbols, to Saviors or Saints,  
As the thought of each soul doth their images paint.  
To Truth, his apostle, my Savior, I bring  
The trust of a child, yet no perishing thing,  
Or subject to change like a devotee's faith:  
Though I walk through the "valley and shadow  
of death,"  
I will follow the light of his beckoning star  
Till it leads where the Saviors of all ages are.  
Anon.

## Seeking Employment.

DEAR SISTERS:—If any of you have had occasion to seek employment, you may understand the trials attendant upon the answering "Help Wanted" advertisements. An account of my experience was promised you in my former letter. I spent much time and money in watching the daily papers, and making applications for any vacancies I would see advertised therein, that I considered myself capable of filling. I was hopeful and ambitious, ready for any emergency, but as I would be met at each store, office, or shop, by the proprietor or manager, as the case might be, with the stereotyped question in tone and manner calculated to inspire one with awe: "Have you had any experience?" Obligated to answer in the negative, the interview would terminate quite suddenly, the response invariably being: "We require some one familiar with our particular line." My hope was turned to despair, my ambition to discouragement. I often wondered how any person would acquire experience without a trial. Did these same pompous lords of creation commence their business career with all their knowledge? Or had there been a time when they, too, had to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work up? If so, they had forgotten how their first lessons were learned, overlooked the fact they could never have risen to their present position had they been treated likewise.

Day after day passed with the same result, until I finally launched out as a book-agent, the only way open, it seemed—the last resort of many others I have learned since. The territory assigned me was a town many miles distant. There among strangers I tried to paint the contents of my book in glowing colors—tell them of the wonderful and useful information obtained by its perusal and to convince the citizens I had the one thing needful. A few weeks spent in this manner was sufficient, and I returned home with a heavy addition to the few articles carried with me in the form of books—undelivered! you know—a sadder but wiser woman. I was not satisfied, however, with this experiment, and tried canvassing for pictures. This proved more successful, as it resulted in my being offered a position in the store for which I was agent. In this employment life seemed to move along more evenly, and I was enabled to accumulate a small amount for that "rainy day" we are taught to provide for. Was this my "forte" at last? I considered myself quite adapted to the calling and aimed to advance higher than a clerkship, so prevailed on my employer to place me in charge of a branch store where I could give my business faculties full scope. Well, I think this might have been the "Way I long had sought," or the aim desired, had not fate misfortune, or some unforeseen influence declared otherwise. About this time there was a general decline in all branches of trade, and our business suffered with the rest. Goods depreciated in value and sold at a sacrifice. My store was soon thing off the past, and I again would have been floating around in search of employment, had not a kind friend assisted me to obtain a situation in the auditor's office of a great western railroad as an accountant. This work was both pleasant and profitable but like all things here in this world had the bitter mixed with the sweet. It was quite a new thing then for our sex to fill such positions, and the opposite sex—our natural protectors—considered a woman had no right to invade their ranks, therefore, my sensitive nature was often wounded, feeling the condition around me and suffered accordingly. I held my ground nevertheless, until again fate interposed. The long illness and death of my mother compelled me to give up my position to another, and when able to resume labor, was obliged to find a new field.

I will recite the difficulties I encountered in my next. HELEN MILTON.

New York, December 10th.

A correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune writes of Afro-American ladies of note:

"In Philadelphia there is the skillful woman physician, Dr. Caroline V. Anderson. She is the daughter of William Still, a wealthy colored merchant and one of the directors of the underground railroad, of which he has written the history. His daughter is a regular graduate of the medical department of Howard University, and enjoys a big practice. Philadelphia is the home of numberless other women of character and ability. There is Mrs. Fanny Jackson Coppin, the lecturer, who devotes most of her time to the institute for colored youth there, and Mrs. Gertrude Moselle, who used to conduct the women's department of the New York Freeman, and who has written for the Philadelphia Times and the Philadelphia Press, as for papers published in the interest of the negro race. Mrs. Moselle is a member of the Women's National Press Association, the only member of her race. Mrs. Frances E. Harper, the temperance lecturer and writer, has lived much in Philadelphia also.

"In Boston one of the best known colored women is a modiste, whose eye for effects in fabric, form and color has made her rich.

"Other colored women who have a wider reputation than any of these are Marie Selika, the prima donna soprano, who was born in Natchez and whose voice is of such sweetness, purity and compass that musical critics have called her second only to Patti. Mme. Selika has taken Gerster's place in concert in Boston and has sung before the crowned heads of Europe.

"Mme. Nellie Brown Mitchell is another musician with a mechanical turn of mind. She has invented and patented two or three appliances now in common use by musical instructors. Equally well known in another branch of the fine arts is Edmonia Lewis, the sculptor. She is an Afro-Indian, and was born in New York State, but now has her studio in Rome, where she has plenty of commissions and has done some fine work. 'The Old Arrowmaker and his Daughter' is one of her best known productions and is owned in England.

"Ida B. Wells—'Iola'—whose suit for damages under Mississippi laws for being forcibly thrust out of a passenger car in Memphis by three or four white men brought her before the public a few years ago, is probably the best known of colored women journalists, and Miss M. E. Lambert, of Detroit, is a poetess of genius. The wife of Rev. Frank Grimké, of Jacksonville, Fla., formerly a Miss Forten, of Philadelphia, is a young woman, but already widely known."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE MISSING SENSE, AND THE HIDDEN THINGS WHICH IT MIGHT REVEAL. Spiritual Philosophy Treated on a Rational Basis. By C. W. Woodbridge, B. S., M. A., pp. 97, 12 mo. New York and London: Funk and Wagnall, 1887. Price 60 cents.

In the preface the author says: "The main purpose of the work is to show, from observed fact and necessary reason, the existence and reality of Spiritual Intelligence apart from matter." The conclusions the author arrives at are thus stated:

"1. There is a universe transcending that which is observed by our physical senses and known to physical science, in which laws that characterize matter do not hold. This so far as it is non-living, in the absence of particular information, we may assume to be the ether."

"2. This universe is inhabited by intelligent persons, who, being in relation to, and components of, this transcendent non-material universe, are not perceptible by the senses which put us in relation with matter. Such beings the world has agreed to call 'spirits.'"

"3. There is that in man which is capable of receiving influences that can emanate only from intelligences in the world of spirits, and, further, influences are given and received between living human intelligences in a manner which transcends the laws of the material universe, and which shows in us a qualification to use, and a possibility in the universe to give scope to, a sense which we do not possess, which sense might put us in relation with the world of spirit and the ether."

"4. The intelligence of man, the ego, the man himself, is spirit and not matter."

"5. We are open to the perception of spirits as they are not to ours."

These conclusions are reached by purely scientific argument. The writer, while he adopts the term spiritual as opposed to material, does so without reference to the "misguided sect," known as modern Spiritualists. "Saturated with fraud, as are the manifestations which the so-called Spiritualists deal in, nevertheless there is a truth beneath the monument of falsehood which that sect has built—a truth not dead, of course, but murdered in its power with honest and reasonable thinkers, who have no special ability to distinguish it, by its associations with fraud and imposition, until it is next to impossible to distinguish the true from the false." (p. 34).

This is a singular statement when it is known that the five conclusions above recorded, are exactly such as this "misguided sect" have reached, and by the means of mediumship which the author characterizes as a fraud. He says: "We have seen that for the very reason that the senses put us in relation to the material universe, and not with that of the spirit, we are most susceptible to influences from the latter when our attention is most off guard, when we are least ourselves. This passive abdication of our personality, would be anything but a desirable habit to cultivate, but cultivate it as much as we might, we could never bring these influences under the control of our will, since the condition of receiving them is that the will must be in abeyance. Then a man becomes a passive instrument, through which he may profess passivity when he engages to exhibit them, in effect he assumes to bring these influences under the command of his will, which must really separate him from them. Hence one might almost reach the conclusion a priori, which seems to be true to experience, that every professional medium is an impostor and a dealer in fraud."

This statement has so much of truth as to make it plausible and no more. It is true that to become sensitive to the spirit one must become passive, thereby quickening the "missing sense," the existence of which the author labors to prove. True mediumship is the sensitive condition, and as such is susceptible of culture, and there is no reason why the desire for it or its cultivation should shut out all spiritual light, as the author declares certain to follow; yet we must add that professional mediumship, as followed, has a tendency to become all that the author lays at its door, and when practiced for selfish purposes, destroys the sensitive condition on which its value depends.

The "spirit originates with, and passes a stage of existence in, a material body." The author traces the development from protoplasm to man, and concludes that the "sensitive condition" is the "Unform," rather than Haeckel or Carpenter. He corrects the inaccuracies of his guide, but why any one claiming to write scientifically, should take one as unreliable in scientific statements as a Jack-o'-lantern, is passing strange.

In the chapter on "Man and his Meaning," he carries the same line of thought through the development of morality, and arrives at a knowledge of the existence of God. He also concludes that "to produce right character and to equip it with intelligence and power is the true purpose of life."

In the fourth chapter, "Problem of Evil," is discussed in a purely theological and metaphysical manner, leading up to the author's final conclusions as to the destiny of man. As man's personality is his spirit and nothing else, death will at once open the spiritual universe to him with all its unimaginable splendor. The old ideas of reward and punishment, force themselves on the attention, and the author asks as millions have before him: "Does the great hereafter hold in store eternal hope of happiness and good for every soul, or only for some?" After discussing this problem he concludes that "we have no right to assume that God, who is good, will create any other hell, or make that any worse than the evil that spirits voluntarily entertain in their own freedom, make it. God is good, and His effort must be toward the betterment of all, even of the dwellers in hell; but the freedom of each spirit must remain, and as long as a spirit chooses the evil, it is evil, and the penalties of evil must be upon it. However, when duration has no limits, there is no limit to the possibility any spirit may attain, provided that its tendency is persistently in their direction."

The first chapter on "Authority and Truth" may be briefly stated in this quoted sentence, "All truth is the word of God."

The book has this peculiarity: To the 34th page, where the author, as previously quoted, disparages Spiritualism, his argument is scientific and logical. From that page to the end, his treatment of his subjects entirely changes, and the matter has no relation to that which precedes it. All that actually relates to the "missing sense," is contained in the 34 first pages, and those pages contain the views which thinking Spiritualists have long entertained, and which hold as fundamental truths of their philosophy. We do not write this in disparagement. The author does not write this in an honest purpose. He has seized on the salient points of the spiritual science, and elaborates them to the best of his ability, and extends them to the theological grounds where he thinks they lead. He will reach an audience not given to reading the literature of Spiritualism, and present what to his readers will be new and startling truths. He teaches the spiritual philosophy while denying its true source, and by his own words we are left to infer that he writes as a medium. He says in the first sentences of the preface: "Some thoughts are like children—the mind that conceives them must bring them forth or perish. Thus, the fact that the writer's mind was burdened with the message contained in these pages, is the prime reason—why this little book is written." At least he is inspired with the spirit of truth, and, to

that extent is the book valuable. It is far more definite and clear in conclusions than the "Unseen Universe," which made quite a sensation some years ago, as an attempt to counteract the facts of spirit by the assistance of science. HUDSON TUTTLE.

## A Mediumistic Family.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In one of the recent numbers of the JOURNAL I noticed the return of the well-known medium, Mrs. R. C. Simpson, from Dakota to Chicago, which made me think of a sitting I had (an entire stranger) with her about four winters ago, at her home in Chicago. Old Ski, her control, addressed me at once, immediately after I had taken my seat, and said substantially the following:

"You do not live here, but many miles away, in the southwest. While you were waiting in the reception room, I went to your wigwam, and saw your squaw and five children. Your squaw is dark haired, and would make an excellent clairvoyant, if she would take time and sit. Your children are all some mediumistic, but especially the three younger ones, the girl and the boy and the papoose boy. The youngest girl has been controlled many times since about three years old; she is a fine medium; but just as soon as you send her to school she will apparently lose her power altogether, and will not be controlled again until she is about 12 years old, when you may expect some grand results from her power."

The little girl mentioned is now about eight years old, and everything the control said about my wife, description of children, number, and especially about I sent her to school she never was controlled again but once, and that was in school last spring. The teacher thought she had the fits, or something worse, consequently she and the janitor's wife gave her a 15 minutes' application of cold water,—in the meantime sending word to the house the child was dying and was getting cold very fast.

Well, of course, the so-called fit disappeared in due time, and has not been back again, as the last one, came really unexpected. The child is very healthy, never sick and no doubt in due time her powers will come back again with different phases. I think the clairvoyance has never left her altogether. The little baby whom Ski noticed, has grown up to a little boy of about 4½ years old. He is also a medium as Ski said, and has been controlled several times. The control will not use the organ of speech, but he will protect his eyes from the light; his face assumes a curious shape, and he gets very cold; in about 10 or 15 minutes he is all right again.

The controls of Mrs. Maud E. Lord-Drake gave me great encouragement of late, and advised me to sit with the children occasionally, which I do, generally on Sunday nights. Several tests through their clairvoyance I received last Sunday night.

I say again, try and develop home mediumship; it is found in more families than people have an idea of.

There are also two colored children in this town who are excellent mediums, but they will have a poor opportunity to develop, I am afraid.

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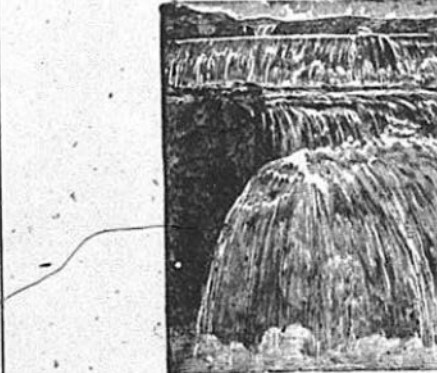
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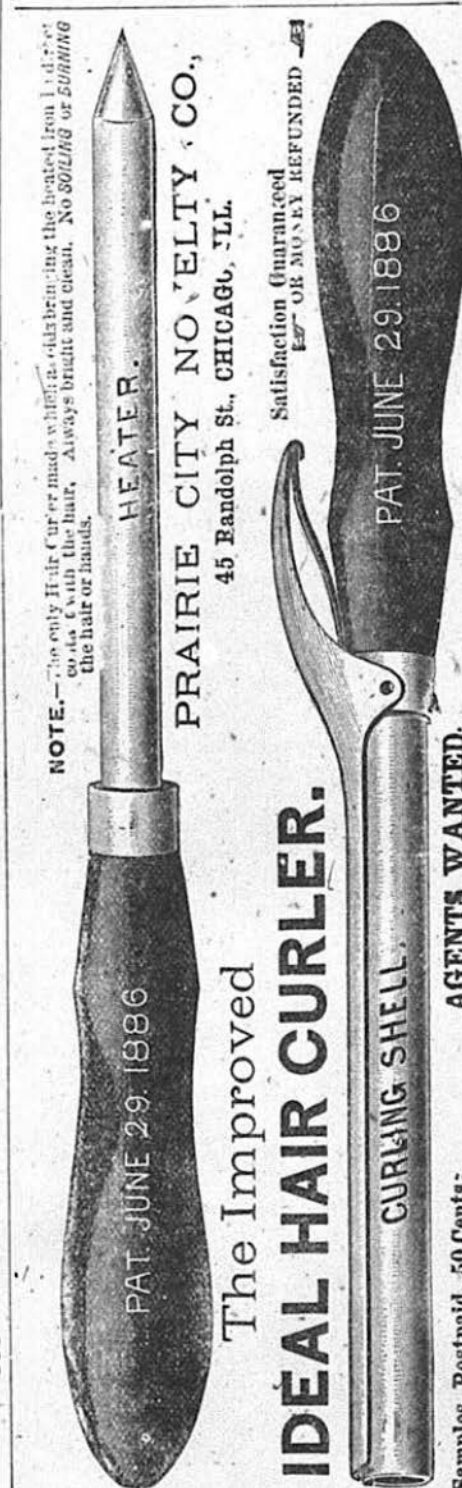
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 7, 1888.

## The Spread of Islam.

An Episcopal Church Congress in England, lately listened to a remarkable paper by Canon Isaac Taylor, on the spread of the Mohammedan religion in India and Africa, especially in the latter country. A Church Congress is not a legislative body, but a meeting of the clergy to freely discuss matters of moment in the world, that the church may better know how to do its duty.

A few years ago such a congress met at New Castle-on-Tyne, with the Bishop of Durham as presiding officer, and devoted a day to an earnest discussion of Spiritualism, in which the question was fairly met and respectfully treated by some of the leading men present. Of that discussion a pamphlet report was issued from this office, and thousands of our intelligent readers and their friends took deep interest in reading it.

Now an other matter of moment comes before this Episcopal body and meets with like fair treatment, differing opinions being given in frank and friendly spirit. This wise and fair method of gaining light and being ready to do their duty intelligently is surely commendable. Canon Taylor tells of the widespread and strong power of Mohammedanism, and of the zealous devotion of its missionaries amidst the pagans of Africa, and on the plains and among the mountains of Hindostan, a great awakening which is one of the spiritual phenomena of our day. He courageously raised the question whether Protestant Christians should oppose Islamism, which he held to be an advance beyond the old paganism. His idea was that this upward step should be watched and not discouraged, and that what good it brought should be hailed as helping a still higher faith. A modicum of Christianity he finds in Islamism, and surely the intense faith of the Moslem in Allah—the one only God—and the noble precepts of the better parts of the Koran warrant this view, which is a glimpse of the truth of the sympathy of religions, the likeness in great ideas that is in them all.

He thinks Christianity too lofty and spiritual to be understood by tribes steeped in degradation, and with long generations of fetishism and savagery behind them, but that they can better accept the Moslem faith, which should be used as a step toward more light.

A view of what Mohammedanism has done he gives as follows:

"When Mohammedanism is embraced by a negro tribe, paganism, devil worship, fetishism, cannibalism, human sacrifice, infanticide, witchcraft at once disappear. The natives begin to dress, filth is replaced by cleanliness, and they acquire personal dignity and self-respect. Hospitality becomes a religious duty, drunkenness becomes rare, gambling is forbidden, immodest dances and promiscuous intercourse of the sexes cease, female chastity is regarded as a virtue, industry replaces idleness, license gives place to law, order and sobriety prevail, blood feuds, cruelty to animals and to slaves are forbid-

den. A feeling of humanity, benevolence and brotherhood is inculcated. Polygamy and slavery are regulated, and their evils are restrained. Islam, above all, is the most powerful total abstinence association in the world, whereas the extension of European trade means the extension of drunkenness and vice, and the degradation of the people; while Islam introduces a civilization of no low order, including a knowledge of reading and writing, decent clothing, personal cleanliness, veracity, and self-respect. Its restraining and civilizing effects are marvelous."

Of course his suggestions were not accepted by all, but that they were freely given and fairly discussed is a significant and cheering fact.

With no wish to turn the world back to Moslemism, it is wise to be just to that faith, which, like all others, has its part and place in the progressive movement of humanity.

The Sutras—the texts and chapters of the Koran—came to Mohammed in hours of trance, when his spiritual vision was opened. They were sincere utterances, the ineffable light mingled with his own imperfection. They are valuable, yet not infallible. Here are a few of these words, full of power to the devout Musselman, full of beauty for all men:

"Angels came amongst you, night and day; those of the night ascend to heaven, and God asketh them how they left His creatures: they say, 'We left them praying, and we found them at prayer.' . . . The liberal man is near the pleasure of God and is near Paradise, which he shall enter into, and is near the hearts of men as a friend, and he is distant from hell, but the biggared is far from God's pleasure and from Paradise, and far from the hearts of men, and near the Fire; and verily a liberal ignorant man is more beloved by God than a biggarded worshiper."

The spread of Islam in Africa is far greater than ever was the spread of Christianity, and of this strange fact the Church Congress, and all others may well take note.

The essay of Canon Taylor called out much discussion and his statements were so sharply questioned that he came out with a long article in the London Times, proving the verity of his words in the Episcopal Congress, touching the rapid spread and healthful influence of Islamism in Africa. Dr. Blyden, a full-blooded Christian negro, late Liberian minister at the Court of St. James, in his late work, "Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race," says: "Mohammedanism is rapidly superseding Paganism in western Africa. . . . Between Sierra Leone and Egypt the Mohammedans are the only great intellectual moral and commercial power. Islam has taken possession of and shaped the social, political and religious life of the most intelligent tribes. No one can travel any distance in the interior without finding that Islam is the ruling influence."

He also says that the European languages "have come to the greater portion of the natives associated with profligacy, plunder and cruelty, and void of any connection with spiritual things; while the Arabic is regarded as the language of prayer, of religion and piety, of all that is unworldly and spiritual."

Joseph Thompson, an African explorer, in an article in the Contemporary Review last December, said: "It is a painful fact to admit, but there is no shirking the naked reality, that . . . for every African who is influenced for good by Christianity a thousand are driven into deeper degradation by the gin trade." In a lecture at Manchester, Mr. Thomson said: "While on public platforms we are talking of the message of peace and good will to the heathen, we are, in the name of commerce and civilization, driving thousands into deeper depravity and barbarism by a deluge of poisonous spirits, while absolutely the only effective obstruction to this terrible flood of gin is provided by a religion of which we seldom speak but to revile, Mohammedanism."

Thus are Canon Taylor's words more than proven. The cupid of the gin trader who goes out from Christian England, or of the rum trader from America to Africa, is cruel and soulless. They mock at misery and sneer at the worst crime, if money is made out of their infernal traffic. Mohammedanism may well rule, and obstruct this guilty trade until Christians can purify the fountains at home and send forth sweet waters for the healing of the nations.

## Spiritual Knowledge an Incentive to Duty.

In a strong and abiding conviction of immortal life, there is no implied unconcern for any of the true interests of the world. If one believes that this state of being has no relation to the future, that we are here for a few years, on "probation" to be transported after death to another world, in which our condition will be dependent merely upon the theological belief in which we lived or died, irrespective of character, then, indeed, one may consistently disregard the practical affairs of this life, and only seek and cultivate "the true faith." But Spiritualism teaches that life is an evolution; that its higher forms have been developed from lower conditions; that as there has been continuity in the process of evolution from moneron to man, so continuity is preserved in all subsequent stages, including those, the most important of all through which man passes from this earthly condition to Spiritual immortality. The formation of character begins here, and it cannot be suddenly changed by death.

The intellectual and moral characteristics of an individual are the result of all the conditions and influences which have brought him into being, and these characteristics remain with him while his individuality endures, slowly modified, of course, by new experiences. This mundane life is, therefore, all important in its bearing upon the future, and whatever tends to the best interests of man here, must be promotive of his highest spiritual welfare hereafter. All the

social, industrial and moral movements of the world have, therefore, especial claims upon the Spiritualist, not only because their success will augment happiness here, but because they will contribute to the elevation of thousands and millions of immortal beings and thereby help to fit them for the higher life. No one who understands the import and implication of Spiritualism, will allow his anticipations of the joy beyond to abate interest in whatever pertains to human progress in this earthly sphere. The thought of mansions in the skies will not check the humanitarianism of the rational and unselfish believer in immortal life, by making him indifferent to the condition of those who are now and here living in wretchedness and want.

## The Home Circle—Questions and Replies.

R. L. writes, asking how to form a circle at home. The family consists of himself, wife, a son of ten years and a daughter of sixteen.

We believe that the future of Spiritualism depends in a great measure on the establishment of home circles. Reliance on professional mediums is disappointing, and has opened the way for fraud, and too often proved a source of disgrace to the cause. Public mediums have their place, but for the best results, the most satisfactory, a rightly conducted home circle offers the most desirable opportunity. If there is a place in the world where the dear ones who have left us will return, it is to their own hearth where those they love assemble, and if these friends are at all sensitive they will be made to feel that angels are near.

To form a circle all that is necessary is to gather around a table, joining hands, with an earnest desire to commune with the departed; to hold the sittings at stated times, say twice a week, at a given hour, and for about an hour's time. Many sittings may be held before any manifestation will come, but patience should be exercised and the circle should not become discouraged after even a score of trials. Where the family is composed of only four members it would be best to invite a few others, such as are congenial friends, and continue in the investigation with the same reverent, earnest spirit.

Mrs. H., of San Francisco, Cal., says: "I have rapidly developed as a writing medium, and for a time all that my hand wrote was beautiful and true, but now I begin to receive false messages. I fear to go on for I may entirely fall into the power of evil spirits."

You have become so absorbed in writing that you have overtaken your vitality, and hence the result you complain of. Make appointments with your controls, and on no account sit at other times. An hour each day, or better every other day, is all that you should give to this work until you feel completely established. You need have no fear of "evil spirits" if you follow this course, and earnestly enter on the appointed work.

J. C. D., Mo., writes: I see an instrument called the psychograph, advertised. Will it work without a medium sitting by it?"

It is not claimed that it will, but that a weaker grade of mediumship is sufficient to produce manifestations, and that by sitting by it this power will be developed. It is designed to take the place of the planchette, as a more reliable and certain instrument. But to produce desirable results, often requires perseverance in holding the sittings, and that the members of the circle be earnest seekers. Sometimes the manifestations come with surprising quickness. A lady writes that the first time she sat, and that alone, the index moved and spelled out a startling communication, and this was the first indication she had that she was a medium. After a few sittings her hand began to write, and now she dispenses with the instrument, entirely, her hand writing the messages.

J. H. B., of Kings City, Cal., writes to a medium as follows: "Please ascertain as soon as possible and let me know if my Uncle Eusebius still lives, and get his address, and if I am deceived, let me know. I have visited three mediums in San Francisco, and they told me many things I know to be true, but they also told me that I would hear from him in seven months through the papers, and it is now twelve months."

We introduce this quotation as representative of a great portion of the information sought through mediums. People express astonishment that such questions are not answered, or if answered that the replies are often incorrect. If they would pause and consider the conditions essential to make possible the answering, they would rather be astonished that such questions are ever answered. The medium has no power of himself to answer, and unless some spirit interested follows the letter and controls the medium there can be no response.

Where an individual's mind is deeply concentrated on some important object, and writes to a medium, the spirit desired may be drawn toward such center, and if it finds the conditions favorable, communicate a reply through the medium. This is possible, but it is rarely practical, so many barriers stand in the way which will bring defeat even though the spirit is ever so anxious. Such questions are not a fair test of mediumship, and should be put only as suggestions which may or may not be answered.

Owing to the crowded condition of the mails for the past few weeks, many delays and losses of matter are apparently inevitable. A number of subscribers have complained of the non-receipt of some issue of the JOURNAL. In all instances when the paper is not to hand within forty-eight hours of the usual time, the subscriber will please drop a postal card notifying this office. Newsdealers will need to wire us in such cases to ensure duplication.

## What is Our Future Life?

A subscriber in the South writes in a thoughtful way, and his questions are doubtless in many minds. Therefore a reply in these columns will not only reach him but others. His letter is as follows:

I have been a believer in Spiritualism for many years, and I hope that you, as an able exponent of the spiritual philosophy, will give me a little light in regard to certain authors. Do you consider the writings of A. J. Davis authentic? or are they the works of a visionary? Do you consider "A Stellar Key to the Summer Land" and "Views of our Heavenly Home" by A. J. Davis, authentic? If you had to select a list of books treating on our existence after death, from a spiritual standpoint from what authors would you select as being the most authentic?

The earlier writings of A. J. Davis, especially Nature's Divine Revelations and the Harmonia, the first dictated in his verdant youth, and all written when he had very little school education, are remarkable books, giving evidence of a "superior condition" and of the opening of the spiritual and clairvoyant faculties. They are full of valuable information and of great ideas of philosophical principles and spiritual insight, not surpassed by those who are held as the world's greatest seers, thinkers and scientists; yet the accuracy of scientific and exact details in some parts of these works has been questioned and criticised by Hudson Tuttle and others in a way that plainly showed their errors. Such mistakes are to be expected, because intuition discovers, and then science examines and verifies. Intuition sees the way, and science perfects the road which leads in the direction a fine insight had pointed out as right.

Isaac Newton, for instance, knew the law of gravitation by a flash of intuition when he saw the apple fall, but he experimented twenty years to verify his intuitive perception, and then conquered the world by his grand statement.

Thus we see that Davis's writings are valuable and suggestive, yet not infallibly authentic. He repeatedly disclaimed such authority, and asked all readers to judge for themselves, to avoid his error and to hold to any truth they could find.

As to the Stellar Key, and all writings which give any details of life beyond this world, they are to be read with thoughtful care, not with hasty acceptance or rejection. One can weigh such statements and wait for larger confirmation.

The thought, ideal and hope of the ages, the soul-knowledge of all times and of all lands, reaches out instinctively towards a future life of finer aspect, wider range and larger powers than we have here. This testimony of the soul is a great fact, which lives and lasts while the shifting theories of external science come and go like fleeting phantoms. The Stellar Key is in the same line, and, therefore, may be held as probable in its general views. The great truth that there is a life beyond and that people from that farther shore can sometimes return and manifest themselves to us, is proved by testimony as strong as any fact in science can show. How much of the details and occupations of that higher life we know, or can understand, is an open question.

A Hottentot or a Digger Indian could not understand or believe the plain facts of our daily civilized life. Try to describe to them the comfortable and tasteful home of this Southern correspondent, and their conceptions could not reach so far beyond their rude caves and huts as to take in the picture. Can we any more take in the grace and glory of the higher heavens? That life and love are eternal, that death makes no discrete degree of absolute separation between us and our ascended friends is a truth full of benefit and daily blessing. As to the exact modes or locality of the heavenly regions, we may well read and think and inwardly digest, but not blindly accept what is written.

The first books of A. J. Davis are the best, and they will stand and last on their merits, irrespective of his inferior later works, or of his departure from his earlier career.

"Real Life in the Spirit Land" given through the mediumship of that sweet woman and excellent medium, Mrs. Maria M. King, is an account of experiences, scenes, incidents, and conditions illustrative of spirit life, and the principles of the spiritual philosophy from the standpoint of the inspirer, and is a book healthy in tone. Price, 75 cents, by mail 85 cents.

"The Spirit World, Its Inhabitants, Nature and Philosophy," by Dr. Eugene Crowell, is a book of intense interest, though likely to provoke considerable comment with most readers. Dr. Crowell received his information as he believes from spirits of whose identity and trustworthiness he is fully assured, and of whom and the manner of communicating he graphically speaks in the preface. Some think the book makes a curious Spirit-world, while others, notably Prof. A. R. Wallace, have spoken in high terms of it. Price, \$1.

"Outside the Gates: and other Tales and Sketches," is a new book given through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer. It purports to tell the experiences of different spirits, and is a wholesome book, as well as interesting. Price, \$1.25, by mail \$1.35. "Physical Theory of Another Life," a book by Rev. Isaac Taylor, written before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, is valuable, but is now hard to obtain. "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," by Henry Drummond, F. R. S. E., F. G. S., is a work which has received wide notice and had large sale; it is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject. Price \$1, by mail \$1.10. This is all that space will permit mention of now.

Subscribers should keep a file of the JOURNAL; they will prove invaluable for future reference.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

M. A. Jadin of Buchanan, Mich., writes: "We have a liberal society here called the Church of the Larger Hope. The minister is a very able man, Dr. F. H. Berriek."

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter has returned from Cincinnati, Ohio, and is now open for engagements. She can be addressed at Lombard, Ill. Last Sunday she gave tests at the Princess Opera House.

A traveler, recently returned from a trip to New Mexico, says that in a little valley in the south of the territory he saw ripe apples, green apples and apple blossoms all growing in the same orchard.

Thos. Bradford writes: "I see in the JOURNAL of December 17th, a statement that Geo. Washington was born on Friday, which is not correct. Probably you reckon from February 22nd, but that is not the day of his birth; he was born February 11th, 1732, O.S., and if you will turn to the Perpetual Almanac, you will see that his birth was on Monday."

Mr. James Haslitt, proprietor of Haslitt Park Camp, formerly known as Nemoka camp, was in town last week accompanied by the indefatigable editor and camp manager, J. M. Potter of Lansing. They were here in the interests of next season's camp and to perfect railroad arrangements. They feel confident of a great future for the camp under the new regime.

At the recent Methodist Conference in Danville, Va., when it came to appointing committees, a motion was made to appoint one on temperance. "No, sir," said Bishop Key of Georgia. "We do not appoint committees on temperance. We have passed temperance down in my country and now call it prohibition." A Committee on Prohibition was appointed.

C. M. Austin of Troy, N. Y., writes: "The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is liked in this section and has a great many friends, and I guess you find the subscription list from down this way is enlarging. I have been reading Mr. Charles Dawbarn's articles on 'The Science of Death,' and consider it pretty sound logic. We have had him with us and were most pleasantly entertained and benefited. He is sound, and it requires a considerable will-power to attempt to controvert his logical arguments. I understand he is already booked for a part of next season, and it is not to be wondered at, for a single hearing is not enough—it only creates a desire for more."

According to the Boston Globe, there have been some queer happenings of late in the cosy little rectory of the Episcopal Church of the Ascension on Rock street, Fall River, Mass., which have bothered the good rector and his family not a little, and have baffled the investigations of a committee of the parishioners who volunteered to solve the mystery. The mysterious happenings began, it seems, about two weeks ago and consisted at first of distinct raps on the walls, on the ceilings and on the doors. Then the bells rang and the crockery rattled and sometimes broke, from some unaccountable cause. This breaking of crockery was not an unusual occurrence in a household which keeps a couple of servant girls, but the raps and bell-ringing were out of the usual order of things, and their frequent repetition began to make the rector and his household feel queer. Finally the thing got so monotonous that the rector called in the aid of some of his parishioners to help solve the mystery, and find out who or what was causing all this mischief. A committee of inquiry promptly volunteered and have lain in wait days and stayed awake nights, but the raps and the rings and the rattles still continue and nobody can find out why or how. The tongue was taken out of the door-bell to stop the interminable ringing, but the committee on guard still saw the bell shake vigorously at regular intervals.

Fortunate is the man who by his own ability has secured for himself some sort of vantage ground in the struggle for existence, provided he has not sacrificed what is of more value than wealth or position in obtaining them. There are numberless gauges of happiness; what would be enjoyment to one is suffering to another. But given a number of men who occupy the same station in life, have the same desire to do right, and who are actuated by keen consciences, born of the habit of right doing, and transmitted from their parents,—let such in the search for power allow the environment to warp them out of shape, mentally and morally, and what has become of the enjoyment? Say the "figure" worked for has been reached, that millions have been acquired, such an one if he have a spark of his old time feeling, will exclaim as did the muscular warrior among his heap of dead: "I am victorious, but would to God I had been the first to be slain; my victory has been too dearly purchased. I have killed gentler folk whose lives would have made the world better." It can be no comfort to a naturally well disposed man to find that in the accomplishment of an object, he has become a rapacious shark, and that while held in awe, as such, he must doubt the sincerity of his associates, constantly weigh their motives, wonder what they are after next, grow cynical and incapable of recognizing decency when he sees it, or what exasperates him most, find that it flees affrighted from him.

He with whom everything else is secondary to money making, and with whom sharp practice and over-reaching are becoming second nature, had better stop and ask himself, "What will this cost?" How much of the human that has been transmitted to him will be profit, and how much of the beast he must revert to as penalty.



## A Clairvoyant in the Seybert Commission.

An Open Letter to the Acting Chairman, from Hudson Tuttle.

MR. HORACE HOWARD FURNISS:—Dear Sir: I have received the following letter of inquiry from you, and as you request the privilege of publishing my reply in your Report, I take the liberty of publishing the correspondence.

MR. HUDSON TUTTLE:—Dear Sir:—In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of the 27th of June in a notice of "Seybert Investigation," you say in reference to the answering questions in sealed envelopes: "Any good clairvoyant can do this."

Can you send me the name and address of any such clairvoyant who would be willing to permit us to investigate this power? As I write in an official capacity, permit me to add that my question and your answer, if you will allow it, may be hereafter used in our published Report. I remain my dear sir, etc.

Acting Chairman Seybert Commission.

In reply, I cannot give you the desired address of a clairvoyant, with my endorsement, not because I have not full faith in clairvoyance, but because I have no confidence in your Commission. I could expect no better treatment of those who came before you than you gave Mrs. Fox-Kane; and if you proceeded in the same manner with the best clairvoyant, you could not obtain any other than a negative result, which your Commission would herald to the world as the collapse of the high claims for Spiritualism.

If your Commission had proceeded intelligently and earnestly to investigate, with a candor and integrity worthy of a great movement which claims to bring assurance of immortal life, it would be the bounden duty of every Spiritualist to assist you to the utmost of his power. They would gladly do so, and when your Commission was first proposed, the most influential of their number rejoiced that at length the attention of scientific men was called to the subject. I need not tell you how soon they saw their error; how soon they saw that they were to expect nothing from the Commission, but an *ex parte* examination, made for the purpose of fulfilling the conditions by which money was to be gained for the University, and the subject of investigation made as little of as possible. When your Report appeared, instead of a dignified document, such as men of science usually write, it was composed in the bantering style of buffoonery and cuteness of the court fool; and while the secular press threw up the fool's cap, and shouted, Eureka! honest men!—even those who opposed Spiritualism, were sad at heart that men who claimed high places in science, should so far forget themselves as to play the clown, and subscribe to a Report more damaging to themselves than the cause they sought to bring into disrepute. Had you given your Report the title, "Investigation of the Frauds of Spiritualism," it would have been appropriate, for Spiritualism you did not touch; and even then with all your great pretense, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has during any six months of its publication, exposed fraud more incisively than you have done, and while doing this has constantly brought the broad, clear stream of true Spiritualism into stronger light.

Pardon me if I speak in plain words. I dislike to use them, but this subject does not admit of softer speech or qualifying phrases. You have, after a narrow, superficial and wholly unscientific investigation, made with the determination to find only fraud and credulity, thrown your report in the face of Spiritualism, and cannot expect soft words of praise.

In my criticism of your Report, to which you refer, I said that you yet had the psychic field to explore; that you had just touched on some of the more material phenomena, and the more delicate and difficult mental manifestations were not even mentioned. I am glad your attention is now directed to them, and if assured that you would pursue your investigations in the line essential to success, I would gladly co-operate; but the very demand you make, shows how uncomprehended, and utterly incomprehensible the subject is to you.

Send you a clairvoyant? Clairvoyance is one of the most subtle spiritual conditions, the coming and going of which cannot be predicated, and so little understood that its manifestation cannot be assured. It comes to the sensitives, who are as delicate to influences as the magnetic needle; yet your Commission want a clairvoyant, as you would a machine, to do a certain work in the way you demand; and if there is failure, then you will cry, "See! this clairvoyant was recommended by the Spiritualists, and however sharp in detecting them, before us nothing appears." So far from recommending a clairvoyant to you, I should hesitate to recommend any medium to go before you.

If all mediums should dignifiedly refuse, of course the Commission would be left in a bad way; but it would not care. It investigated "slate writing" by summoning a professional juggler, and for clairvoyance, the advertisements of the daily press will inform them of any number of professional "clairvoyants," "seventh daughters" of seventh daughters, "born with a veil," and otherwise qualified to appear before the Commission. These will not be troubled by adverse conditions, and are sure to repeat their well learned impositions, to report which will be both meat and drink to this scientific body.

Let it be understood that I write this not with distrust of mediums and clairvoyants, but in the interest of those who are genuine and true.

Thus the first reason why I cannot recommend a clairvoyant is because the Commission has shown incompetency to comprehend the nature of the phenomena, and unfairness in treatment.

The second reason is because I too well know from long and intimate connection therewith, the necessities which environ the manifestations. They cannot be produced to order. The subtle conditions on which they depend are almost wholly unknown, or when understood often difficult to comply with. We know that there are sensitive organizations, and these at times fall into a still more susceptible state. When this occurs the clairvoyant faculty is manifested. So sensitive and delicate is this state that the mere expectation by the subject, or of those who are near, may entirely vitiate the results.

The same may be truthfully said of the highest order of mediumship in all phases, and the higher the phase the more susceptible it is to environment, as the subject is more sensitive.

I speak from an experience reaching over more than thirty years. I have, when sitting for table readings, a manifestation which would seem to be as independent of sensitiveness of part of the medium as any well could be, as if struck by a blow when some person came into the room, or

asked a single question. I have at times been clairvoyant, without seeking, and when I have most desired to enter that state, I have been farthest from it.

As is well known, I have written many books under a control that has completely dominated over my individuality; and I often speak in a state approaching unconsciousness. Whenever I write, this control is *always* present, and its intensity depends on my physical and spiritual condition. I know when it is full, and on me from the coldness of my hands and feet and the heat in my forehead, and the intensity of this disturbance of the circulation measures the intensity of the inspiration. I know that through all these phases, friends have received communications from the departed which have been of highest consolation to them.

I ask that you will pardon this allusion to myself, and understand that I only do so to make stronger the point at issue. Conscious that this is true, yet I should not desire to go before the Seybert Commission, for I should positively know that clairvoyance would be impossible, and the response from moving of inanimate objects scarcely to be expected, unless that Commission pledged itself to abide by the conditions essential to success, and have patience after many failures to continue a sufficient time to assure success.

The reason why I do not desire to recommend any one is thus apparent. When a student of astronomy would observe an eclipse of the sun he goes to the point where the phenomenon can be seen. Suppose on the contrary he should enter a darkened room, and say to some one who had said the sun had been eclipsed, and would soon be eclipsed again: "If that is true, bring in the sun, and let me see it. If it cannot be produced here, I will not believe it. I never saw it, and you cannot show it, consequently it is a false statement!" This is the attitude of the Commission to a field of investigation far more difficult to explore than the calculable orbits of the solar system. If the student of astronomy should consult the astrologers, it would parallel the Commission consulting jugglers.

When the Commission has learned the necessities of the subject it has in charge, and instead of being determined to find fraud, is willing to accept facts as they transpire, I will most ardently assist in its research; until then I cannot conscientiously comply. I am Fraternally Yours,

HUDSON TUTTLE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Thirty-Six Years an Investigator.

Thirty five years, eleven months and thirty days ago, there were records made on my consciousness which have been over and over again confirmed by individual intelligences claiming to have been, and that they still are, relatives and friends, whose remains I had with a hopeless, sad heart seen buried, and whose loving natures, like the candle flame, had burnt out, no more to see or be seen; no sense of feeling left—all gone, foregone! These new births informed me of their present existence; that they are alive, and endowed with all the affection I had inspired in them before they had passed into that state where space and time are not taken note of; that they were happy with the dear ones gone before; that their happiness would be increased by our reunion; that they did not take flesh or bones with them, but nevertheless occupy bodies in appearance like the ones they left behind; that their likes and dislikes are unchanged; that the murderer retains all his old disposition for revenge, envy and hate; that others who had been ministering angels on earth, are there endowed with congenial, happy lives, which reflect on all who come within their charmed circle; that their affection for us causes them to forget the anticipated pleasure to be derived from our company, if there with them, by using every effort to prolong our lives here, from which we are to be benefited by dying of old age rather than passing from this life without having received all the benefits of it we are capable; that the condition we are in, whether happy and contented, or unhappy, sad and mourning on account of their absence, affects largely their happiness.

Names, dates, places of their deaths, disease they died of, names of relatives and friends, etc., they readily and accurately gave us, also test after test of their familiarity with our past and to some extent present life.

That there's a future life,  
They clearly to us saw;  
Whatever is that life,  
They fail to let us know.

But how is it with them? Some state they are happy, while others say they are not happy. This, no doubt, is so, or there would be a change produced in us by death, so great as to prevent our being recognized by friends. Information from the Spirit-world tends to show that we are known there better than here; that deception deceives no one so much as he who attempts to practice it on others. Do they give us positive information which can be corroborated, as to how they live, their requirements, occupations, personal habits, thoughts, feelings and description of their residences and geography of their homes and the Spirit-world they are by us supposed to be familiar with? My experience has been: Indefinite statements and answers from them. Rumor always lacks confirmation; when confirmed, it becomes the truth.

"Truth is no man's word (or spirit's word either); she was created before us, and is older than the world itself; often sought; more often repulsed; we find but do not invent her."

What is the truth about those residing in the Spirit-world? Is it possible that we are not to know more about it while we are residents of this mundane plane? Solomon says: "As thou knowest not how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child, thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit."

Fernal Papillon says: "Our personality, our real I, that which may without illusion count on a future life, is unity released from every material bond, and all concrete alloy; it is that force necessarily pure, which has a more or less clear consciousness of its own relation with the infinity of like units, and which more or less draws near to them by thought and love. It is beyond our power to conceive what will become of that unity when, quitting its prison of flesh and soaring into the ideal ether, it will no longer have organs with which to act; but what we can affirm is that, precisely by reason of this freedom it will rise to a clearer knowledge of all that it had only known obscurely, and to a purer love of what adorned, only through the veil of sense, and this certainty which is the ennobling and elevating force of life, is also the consolation of death."

Immortality would be no boon if there were not something left to discover as well as to love. Have we not learned something about the way of the spirit since Solomon's day? I think we have, but our knowledge is very limited.

Andrew Jackson Davis says in Nature's Divine Revelations, page 44:

"My information is not derived from any persons that exist in the sphere into which my mind enters, but is the result of a law of truth emanating from the great Positive Mind, and pervades all spheres of existence. By this, truth is attracted to, and is received by, the mind." On page 46 he says: "I pass from the body with a desire for a particular kind of information. This desire attracts the particular kind of truth of which I would be informed, separates it from all other things, and causes it to flow into the mind, and when I thus obtain the truth of which I am in quest, I return to communicate it through the organization."

I can rear structures, speculations and castles in the air without foundation; they will not satisfy my longing heart for positive information.

They often tell us in answer to our inquiry on this subject, that their lives are very similar to the life they lived on earth, following the same pursuits, etc. In some respects it may be so, but they also inform us, if their statements are to be relied on, that for many occupations there is no demand. How is it with the cradle maker, and hundreds of other pursuits?

I will not comment farther on this now, but hope in the near future to receive through the JOURNAL more information on this subject.

I enclose \$5 dollars for two years' more subscription for that paper which always has the courage of its convictions.—THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. GEO. H. JONES.

## Notes from Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The platform at Blackstone Hall was occupied by Mrs. Colby-Luther the three last Sundays of December, and her controls have given us without exception some very fine discourses. They have been radical, to be sure, and one year ago I should have felt like protesting against such strong food being publicly administered; not that it was too strong for me; but for fear of the shock being too much for the theological nerves of those who are hanging on to some of their old religious notions with one hand, and trying to grasp Spiritualism with the other, afraid to let go of one, for fear the other might prove one of those "broken reeds" they have heard so much of; but the necessity for it has been forcibly impressed upon me of late by a visit to one of the revival services which have been going on for the past eight weeks in one of the largest Methodist churches in this city. The Rev. "Boy Preacher" Harrison has been metaphorically holding unconverted souls over the boiling bottomless pit, and giving them such a powerful sniff of the sulphurous fumes that he has frightened 318 poor mortals into accepting the vicarious atonement, and theoretically having the accumulated filth of years rinsed off in that already much used pool, "The Blood of the Lamb," and all this for the "glory of God," and \$100.00 a week and expenses, which includes board at the largest hotel in the city. Supposing the Savior should ride to the door of his fine lodgings some morning, "sitting upon an ass's colt," and send up the message which he selected for one of his rambling discourses, "The Master hath need of thee,"—would he respond and "fly to the arms of Jesus?" I think not. One glance from his window upon the humble traveler would suffice, and "pressing engagements," or "not in" would be the answer.

Humbog and fraud are not confined to the spiritual movement, and right here I must quote from one of Mrs. Luther's lectures: "Mediumship was pronounced a fraud by the church people, and they were constantly demanding that mediums should be put under test conditions. Why don't you test your ministers and leading church members? Your Bible says that after Christ had arisen from the dead, he appeared (materialized) to his disciples and commanded them, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' and 'he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.' And in order that the disciples might know who were believers he gave them test conditions, as follows: 'And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' How many of the ministers can stand these tests. You couldn't get any of them to try it at the present day.

For the Sundays of January we are anticipating more of the good things that pertain to the unfolding of spiritual knowledge, through the mediumship of J. Clegg Wright whose reputation has preceded him through the columns of the JOURNAL, and who will make his first appearance among us Jan. 1st. We await his coming with feelings of pleasure.

E. H. DUNHAM.

## Notes From Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

During the past month it has been our good fortune to secure the services of Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham for the principal rostrum of the Brooklyn Spiritualists, at Conservatory Hall. The lady is one so well known here that it needs no word of mine to sound her praise, both as to the character of the woman as well as her inspirations. But to western readers it may not be amiss to speak of the gentleness, simplicity and unpretending manner which characterizes both her actions and utterances; of the hold she gains upon the hearts of an audience as well as upon its head; of the character building nature of her discourses, and finally of her power of elevating and freeing the mind of man without recourse to ridicule. In short, she is a womanly woman, speaking as if the thought were her own, as she stands consciously before you.

One morning she told us something from her own personal experience, in relation to the early beginning of her mediumship. She said that it began in her own home when a mere girl, as unconscious trance speaking, which later gave way to the conscious form in which she now addresses an audience. Since a girl of fifteen she has been before the public. Questions are handed her from the audience, which she answers one by one, excluding all of a personal or political nature. Verbal subjects are given for a poem—usually three—after the questions are answered. In answering the questions she does not know what she will say until the first sentence is given her and repeated; the second comes into her consciousness before the first is finished—then an uninterrupted flow of thought, and its expression succeeds. The poems come line by line and it is not until an entire verse is given that she knows what the metre of the poem will be.

The First Society in New York City have retained Mrs. Brigham year after year, and shows no signs of letting her go, except for

short and infrequent engagements here. During the week she lectures at various places in the State; this last one speaking at Glens Falls, Troy, Saratoga, etc.

It is not always a medium radiates so genial an atmosphere, in connection with his or her teachings; and I am glad to be the humble instrument for speaking these few well merited words of praise.

Our society is now fairly organized and we hope to grow nearer to each other in harmony of feeling and thought, realizing that it will only be through an effort on the part of each one for the best good of all, that success can be attained, and that we grow to be a representative body of believing and practicing Spiritualists.

During the first three Sundays of January, Mrs. Carrie Twing, of Springfield, Mass., medium for the scientific communications published by the Star Pub. Co. of the same city, will occupy our platform.

With best wishes for the New Year, for yourself and JOURNAL, I am fraternally,

Dec. 27th, 1887. W. J. CUSHING.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to Spirit-Life, December 26th, at her home in Bunsbury, Ohio, Mrs. E. M. Thos. aged fifty eight years. For more than twenty years, she was a strong and consistent believer in the spiritual philosophy. Being somewhat meditative she often communicated with her dear ones in spirit-life. Her communications often being of the most convincing character, they caused the skeptic to wonder, if not to investigate. As she was well informed upon all topics of the day, and possessed traits of character agreeable to all, she drew a large circle of friends around her, who mourn her loss. She will be missed by her numerous friends and acquaintances.

H. L. C.

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,  
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B. F. De Costa, D.D., president of the White Cross, has published a valuable pamphlet, entitled *The White Cross, its History and Progress*. This is welcomed by all interested in the social purity movement, as it is a valuable and practical introduction to this work. Single copies, 10 cents; \$5.50 per hundred. Ministers and officers of Y. M. C. A. and White Cross Societies will receive a sample free on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address Sanitary Publishing Co., Chicago.

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## CHICAGO.

The Young People's Progressive Society, meets every Sunday at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street at 7:45 P. M.

The South Side Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street.

The Chicago Association of Universal, Radical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums meets in Spirit's Library Hall, No. 117 West Madison Street, every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission free cents. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, President.

The Spiritual Union meets in the Princess Opera House, 560 W. Madison Street every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Speaking, music and tests. Visiting mediums cordially invited. Mrs. S. F. DEWOLF, President.

The Young People's Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M. in Apollo Hall, 2730 State Street. First class speakers always in attendance. Admission free. E. J. MORTON, President.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Meeting has removed to Columbia St. 878, 6th Ave., formerly at Spencer Hall W. 14th St. services every Sunday at 12:45 P. M., and 7:45 evening. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue.—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Conference every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Admission free to each meeting.

## Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall, corner Bedford Ave., and Fulton Street—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Commencing Sept. 11th, Mrs. A. M. Gladding will occupy the rostrum until Nov. 1st.

Brooklyn Spiritual Union—Sunday meetings at Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue, and South 2d Street. Members seances at 10:30 A. M., Alpha Lyceum at 2:30 P. M., and Evening at 7:30 P. M.

Everett Hall, 895 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

## Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall. W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULING Secretary.

## St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The F. Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Brau's Hall, southwest corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited. H. W. FAY, Pres't, 620 S. Broadway. ISAAC LEE Cor. Sec. 1422 N. 12th St.

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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

### December Rhymes.

BELLE RUSH.

The steady patter of the rain  
I hear on roof and window pane,  
And northward turns the weather-vane.

All day long the winter's rain  
Has pattered thus on roof and pane,  
And northward veered the weather-vane.

No glint of sunshine lights the sky,  
Around my home the quick winds sigh,  
And angry gusts go sobbing by.

I look out o'er the distant plain—  
Dead leaves are strewn along the lane,  
And on them falls the winter's rain.

Its sound in dropping on them seems  
To mingle with my waking dreams  
As music with the flow of streams.

The plaintive music of a mind  
That oft has found the world unkind,  
Yet feels to any fate resigned.

I seem to hear the leaves complain  
And wonder why the cruel rain  
Should beat them thus adown the lane.

The naked trees in turn make moan,  
The song birds from their boughs have flown,  
And all their leafy pomp is gone.

The rose-tree by the garden-gate  
Is drooping now disconsolate,  
As if to mourn its leafless state.

Dead flowers lie prostrate on the walks,  
Or tremble on their withered stalks,  
And o'er their forms the bleak wind talks.

The distant hills with sober mien  
Have doffed their varied robes of green,  
And wear instead a sombre screen.

A mist that seems to rise and fall,  
Now rests above them like a pall,  
Hung in some vast funeral hall.

It is, indeed, a dreary scene,  
And dark and dull the day I ween,  
Yet I am calm, my thoughts serene.

I look out on the distant plain—  
I look the dropping of the rain,  
Yet have no thought or sense of pain.

It was not thus in years gone by—  
Then every cloud that crossed the sky  
Waked in my weary heart a sigh.

And when the dreary days drew nigh,  
And winter came, with fearful eye,  
I watched the forms of beauty die.

But now I view the gloomy scene  
With brow unclouded, thought serene,  
As Summer in her brightest sheen.

Life's stream with me flows calm and deep,  
No more in hopeless grief I weep,  
O'er forms I love, but cannot keep.

For every ill I find a balm,  
Each trial brings to me a psalm,  
That shows me how to grow more calm.

My soul-life now is full of peace,  
Hence all my outer joys increase,  
And sorrow finds a long surcease.

Oh! why this change—what magic art  
Has wound its spells about my heart,  
And left me free from sorrow's dart?

Now sweet I hear the angels sing  
"Thine love of truth makes cares take wing—  
Such love doth always sunshine bring."

I reverence truth in every guise—  
The young, the old, the true, the wise—  
Reveal to me her sunlit skies.

Something of good and God I find  
In every grade and class of mind,  
As pearls within the soul enshrine.

We dwell above earth's clouds and storms,  
We bow no more to creeds or forms,  
When love of truth our spirit warms.

When comes to us the habitude  
Of thinking all God's ways are good,  
Then is our soul with thoughts undued.

Then do we drop our load of fear,  
And rising to a higher sphere,  
We breathe a purer atmosphere.

THU Nature fair, in every mood,  
Will wake our heart's best gratitude  
And give us joy when understood.

Belvidere Seminary, New Jersey.

### Suicide.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have long sought for some philosophical method of proving that the suicide must endure some special disadvantage in consequence of his taking his own life. I can hardly do this disadvantage, and do not, yet how shall we prove it?

Recently I read an extract from some one's lecture (in the *old* JOURNAL, not before me), and became interested, as the writer approached this question, with apparent appreciation of its difficulty. As well as I can now remember, he first noticed the fact that we are not punished as naughty children, but in consequence of immutable and constant law. "There," thought I, "that man is going to throw some light on our question."

He then referred to the photograph in its first process, stating that it is easily erased, but that when finally completed it is quite permanent. Next, that when one is in such desperation that he takes his own life, the desperate condition is fixed in the next stage of existence and is, therefore, like the picture. To my great grief and sorrow, however, he left the matter just there with a bare *dicta*.

I have two objects in writing this article: The first is to call attention to the difficulty of proving that suicide is unfortunate, and, secondly, to notice the fact that we are all inclined to accept *suicide* as argument. Evidently the lecturer thought he had advanced some argument to prove that the suicide must suffer for his rashness. No doubt he does suffer, but the lecturer simply assumed that he does and then tells of something that is like it.

Why should the last and condition of the suicide be fixed by taking his own life, any more than it would be, had he been struck by lightning while suffering even a worse mental malady? Probably all scientific treatises on insanity have laid down the doctrine that suicide is at least *prima facie* evidence of insanity.

A poor soldier who has for two years suffered all the deprivations of camp life, and who had faithfully sent all his money to his wife and infant child (a man of courage and a model of morality), receives a wound and awakens in a raging fever to find a nerve plexus bored and throbbing at the base of the back brain. His misery drives him wild, and he takes his own life, hardly knowing what he does.

At the same moment a soldier is suffering even more of excruciating tortures under the influence of some inexperienced surgeon's scalpel. After a half hour of the most dreadful torture, he dies—Why should he suffer less in the next stage of life than the other?

If a man escaping from robbers fall from his horse, and break his leg, he will suffer as much from the mishap as he who met with a similar accident attempting to escape the consequences of crime. There is not the slightest mystery in this; the suffering we are all inclined to accept *suicide* as argument. Evidently the lecturer thought he had advanced some argument to prove that the suicide must suffer for his rashness. No doubt he does suffer, but the lecturer simply assumed that he does and then tells of something that is like it.

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Concordia, Kas.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Angels.

O. W. BARNARD.

In the Olden Time, according to the quaint stories that come down to us from those distant years, angels walked and talked with men, and in one instance, even wedded with an old patriarch, "will the breaking of day." They came as the bearers of glad tidings; they came on missions of mercy, and were received with gladness and feasting. To some they gave warning of approaching danger; to some they opened the book of fate, and read the history of future years. They were called angels, or lords, or gods, or angels of the lord, but in whatever guise they came, they were received with joy. What they said had great weight and influence in moulding the character and shaping the destiny of the rude people in those distant ages. Whether the people had a true conception of their nature and position in the universe is quite another thing; that they came and were believed in is quite apparent.

Among the later nations, the Greeks in the height of their intellectual and material prosperity, seem to have had much to do with angels or spirits, under the names of the various gods and goddesses, believed in by them. They had their oracles in the temple at Delphi, on Mount Parnassus, which were consulted upon all occasions of any moment, and of course fully believed in, and followed closely, and here their poets and orators came for inspiration. Angels came and walked with men on the mountain-side, or materialized on the field of battle, walking by the side of heroes, giving advice or rebuke.

The Romans, too, had their temples and altars, cared for by vestal virgins, through whom they held intercourse with their Lares and Penates, the tutelary guardians of the family and the nations, known in later times as guardian angels. Joan of Arc heard their voices while watching her father's flocks in the happy fields of France, and heeding them, led her nation to victory. Dante was inspired by the music of their voices when writing the Divine Comedy, a poem that immortalized his name. And thus to love and mercy have they ever been coming to shed a ray of light and hope on the darkest path-way of man's mortal life. But it remained for this age to find them all over the household, and recognize them as the better side of humanity. It has been said that the Spirit-world and this are drawing closer together.

"The Spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more-ethereal air."

Yes, these messengers of God, or good, are constantly coming and going, or abiding with us. The foolish spurn them, the wise listen with gladness. They bring consolation to the weeping mother, whose heart is bursting with anguish at the loss of her first-born; and to the young wife whose husband has been called untimely away, do they whisper sweet words of promise. The desolate orphan they lead safely through the labyrinths of degradation, temptation and want. The ship-wrecked sailor hears their voices, soothing and cheering him in his sad extremity. They go with the traveler through dreary deserts, to encourage and strengthen his fortitude. To the doomed man on the gallows they faintly give their blessing. They stand by us in the busy mart to warn us of danger. No more endearing name can the lover apply to the idol of his heart, than to call her his "good angel." So general are their kind ministrations to the people of this world, that it is said, no person is without a guardian angel, who attends him through life. And when the last moment of mortal life is passing, they gather around us with songs of joy, gladness and welcome, ready to bear us away to their bright homes. Were it not for their presence and kindly offices, this world would be a barren waste—without a single ray of hope to light the sombre scene.

Good angels from the realms of bliss,  
We bless you evermore,  
With grateful hearts we tender this  
From out our ample store.

The debt we owe we'll never repay,  
For love and kindness shown,  
Until long ages roll away,  
And we have stronger grown.

The riches you have thus bestowed  
Some day I'll return to you,  
And lighten all your weary load,  
You've borne the ages through.

Then we will take your places here,  
To bless poor mortal life,  
And you will rise to higher sphere  
Now freed from earthly strife.

And ever on through shining realms  
Your upward course will run,  
Where dazzling beauty overwhelms  
Neath wisdom's glowing sun.

And thus we bless our own estate,  
By lifting others up—  
And sometime all may, soon or late,  
From joy's sweet chalice sup.

Manteno, Ills.

### Passed on to the Summer Land.

For some time past our friend and brother Newton Reynolds has not been in the best of health, and during the last few weeks was confined to his home where he suddenly breathed his last, Wednesday morning, December 14th, 1887. The cause is said to have been failure of heart action, superinduced by Bright's disease.

In the rising to spirit life of our brother, the cause of Spiritualism in Troy has lost one of its most sincere, earnest and truthful workers. Although he had only been actively engaged in, and connected with our noble cause for about ten years, yet he was always of a liberal turn of mind, and ever ready to assist any endeavor which had for its object the freedom and elevation of humanity. He became thoroughly awakened to the interests of modern Spiritualism at a time when in Troy it seemed to be waning, and few were found who were willing to stand up boldly for the truth; but our noble brother was one of the few, and coming forward, he set to work, and strained every effort to keep the cause alive. Amid all the troubles and storms through which we have passed, he has never faltered nor relaxed his energies, but has stuck to the helm, and with the aid of his devoted and gifted wife, he has kept the lamp brightly burning, and established in many a sorrowing and doubtful soul the truth that his loved ones never die, but forever bloom in immortal youth. His religion was of the most practical character. The poor and needy never sought his help in vain, and those in trouble and distress found him to be a true friend. His doors were ever open to all, and especially to mediums, who were welcome to the bounty of his hospitality. Truly, "His religion was love, the noblest and purest."

"His Temple, the universe, widest and surest."

A Memorial Service was held on Thursday evening, December 15, in Keenan Hall, where a large number of friends and acquaintances assembled and listened to a most beautiful and appropriate address by Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham.

The last tributes of respect and affection were held on Saturday, Dec. 17, at eleven in the forenoon, and were conducted at the home of the deceased. A large number of sympathizing friends, along with the relatives, gathered around the precious remains, which appeared as peaceful and natural as life. At the head of the casket rested a beautiful pillow of flowers, the tribute of one who for many years has walked by the side of our risen brother, and shared his joys and sorrows, and whose faithfulness as wife has been paramount.

He was richly suggestive of the devotion and love with which she has ever followed his weary and trying moments. At the feet lay a lovely wreath, bearing tender significance, as it was the floral offering of the ladies of our society. Mrs. Brigham was again present, whose calm, sweet, soul inspirations fell upon the ears of the mourners and friends, awakening their minds and making them feel and know, that he whom they mourned is not dead, but is still filling his accustomed place and ministering to the one nearest his heart. A trio of friends interspersed appropriate services.

The services being concluded the remains were taken to Oakwood Cemetery where they rest by the side of his mother-in-law, Mrs. N. Upham, who was interred but a few months ago.

Mr. Reynolds was a successful business man, a devoted husband and a genial friend. He was proprietor of the Olympus Coffee and Spice Mills, but was better known as a master painter, being a member of the "Boss Painters" which organization sent resolutions of sympathy to the sorrowing widow, and attended the funeral in a body. He was fifty-seven years old and leaves a large circle of friends.

Troy, N. Y.

A. BATE.

### Frauds in Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

It was my good fortune that I could spend ten months of last year in Boston, the city of culture; and as I was and am a steadfast adherent of the spiritualistic philosophy, I deemed it a fit time to strengthen my faith by an investigation of the phase of phenomena known as, materialization. My first experience was in the circle of the "Berry Sisters," my reason for selecting them was based on the knowledge of a friend, who "knew they were genuine." As the stranger and skeptic of the circle, I was invited to examine and look the folding door back of the cabinet. This I did, retaining the key. But no phenomena of merit could be produced under such conditions; and the manager found it so warm, that on behalf of the sitters who had not complained, he demanded the key, opened the doors and, presto, the wonders began. It is noteworthy that materialized spirits of the Boston stripe are exceedingly afraid of strangers, consequently I received no invitation to inspect the spirits at short range.

The test of the evening was produced when the versatile manager introduced one of the sitters, to personate a spirit not so tall as himself, the medium being taller. As the dear sister spirit favored me with a profile view, I saw that the trick was performed by bending the knees. In order to do that, it is imperative for the performer of the trick to throw the shoulders back in order to maintain the centre of gravity. If any of my readers will try it, they will easily understand how I detected the imposture. This flimsy pretense, the circle applauded as a wonderful proof of the genuineness of the show.

I have been a practicing physician for sixteen years, and have had an excellent opportunity to study human nature; but for the study of human credulity, commend me to a materialization circle when the faithful of the Wetherbee stripe are out in force; it beats "all nature."

My faith received a severe shock at this sitting. There was absolutely nothing presented that could in any sense be called a test. I was determined, however, to find the genuine if it existed within the city limits, so at the first favorable opportunity, I wended my way to the famous "Ross Circle." Here the spirits seemed to have overcome their natural timidity, and the stranger was allowed to approach the cabinet. For the first two or three sittings I was favorably impressed. Two to four forms would be present under a tolerably good light, and I could not account for their entrance; but later I found a dummy-waiter communicating from the room below, with the room adjoining the séance room, and the folding doors, locked in the centre, were so arranged that they could be shoved en masse to the right, so that the confederates could enter at the left, back of Mr. Ross and under the curtain of the cabinet.

I was struck with the great difference that seemed to obtain between the wire spirits and the real ones, and I thought, but neither of them could talk until the sitters were conversing, retaining a cue. One spirit annoyed me exceedingly, and that was John Wetherbee's boy; at least John claimed him as his son, but the mysterious feature of the relationship was, that the same boy posed as son or brother for any number of people when John was not there. This made me feel sorry for John, and I felt perplexed over it for a long time; but finally a party who seemed desirous of a more intimate acquaintance, closed with the lad, the gas was lighted, and low and behold, the spirit had not time to dematerialize.

Mr. Bryant told me afterward, that the wire spirit did look ghostly, and he was in a position to know, as he had it on exhibition in a dark closet.

Well, I had gained some valuable experience at the Ross's, but I found I was growing skeptical, still I persevered, and my next place of resort was the infamous Fairchild's. I soon became disgusted with the crude exhibition there, and left for Mrs. Fay's, who, it was said, was a genuine medium if there is one in Boston. Here I was treated to the flower trick, and the manufacture of lace from my handkerchief. This was done at the request of a friend who had previously witnessed it, and was desirous that I should see it. The first effort at the production of flowers was a partial failure, owing to the clumsy work of the spirit in manipulating my hand; the stem coming too near my fingers, I caught it between them, and held on. The spirit then told me, that, owing to some shadow of my past life, she was unable to materialize a full grown flower. It proved to be the stem of a white rose, the flower having been all pulled out. She then left me by dematerialization, slipping under the cabinet curtains, and I returned to my seat. The spirit followed me immediately, and, instructing me to get down upon the floor where she proceeded to rub the carpet with her right hand, very cleverly bringing her left hand around and slipping a full grown rose into the right, presenting it to me as coming direct from a spirit manufactory.

The same spirit produced about three yards of lace, first going to the cabinet to get it, by manipulating my handkerchief in both hands and skillfully drawing the mosquito netting from her dress. Then a spirit purporting to be my sister materialized, and was surprised that I did not know her at sight; informed me that she produced the flowers. She was very affectionate, and when I kissed me I discovered that she had very recently been tearing an onion.

My only sister lived two hours after birth, and I never saw her in earth life.

The chief attraction at Mrs. Fay's has been the production of flowers, the manufacture of lace and dematerializations. The latter is done with lightning rapidity; but being blessed with good eyesight, I distinctly saw the spirits in the act of dematerializing, pass under the curtain.

In the materializing shows of Boston I find:

1. Spirits cannot talk unless they are given a cue.

2. It takes the widest stretch of the imagination to make them look like any one I ever knew.

3. Any female spirit will personate sister, mother, aunt, or cousin, or any one the sitters may choose to call for, and the male spirits will do the same for their sex.

These various personations will often be given on the same evening.

I would not send a friend to Boston to study spirit phenomena with any hope of converting him to my faith, for the chances are largely against it. I do not say that these alleged mediums may not have some of the mediumistic qualities; but I do say that what I have seen in their presence purporting to be materialization of spirits, is pure and unadulterated fraud. I believe that they are doing more to damage our holy cause than all outside influences. This personating of our loved dead by vile impostors has the stamp of the infernal upon it, and the men and women who engage in the work commit a crime so outraging to the tender associations of a dead and holy past, that other crimes sink into insignificance by comparison. It is our duty to aid in crushing the vipers out. Let charity abound, but let justice govern.

E. M. RIPLEY.

### The Benefit of Home Clubs.

Two years ago Spiritualism saved me from insanity. I lost my only daughter, and in consequence of grief I was for months in a dazed condition, and fast going insane. When I began to investigate Spiritualism, I was a wreck and had no hope or interest in life. After attending circles until I was convinced that Spiritualism is a fact, I began to think I would like to have a circle at my own home. I hesitated a long time before I could summon courage to mention it. The family, but at last engaged a medium to attend on Sunday evening; he began our circles, and in a few weeks, first one and then another of the family developed seeing powers, and saw spirits regularly. We then dispensed with the services of the medium, and continued our circles three times a week. Our spirit friends come regularly to every circle; they remain in full form one hour, and occupy seats placed for them. Sometimes they answer questions by a nod or shake of the head. We have not developed writing as yet, but intend trying for it.

Our home circle has proved to be a blessing and comfort, and when we are called to throw off this earthly garment for a more heavenly purity and loveliness, I have faith to believe that we will be comforted by many spirits who have learned to know and love us in our dear home circle. We will find ourselves no strangers in the Spirit-world. Loving faces and voices will greet us at the threshold of that better land, where there is no sin or sorrow, and where the sad and weary heart shall find rest. God speed the time when all of earth's sorrowing children shall realize the sweet comfort of Spiritualism.

L. H. MACE.

Jersey City Heights.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Immortality.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is reasonably accredited with large views of life and logical liberality. As a rule he is consistent and modestly agnostic in his published utterances, and carries his appeals with about equal force to the head and heart. He evinces intuitive glimpses of and intense longing for the boon of immortality. He claims to know nothing about it. That is fair and modest. But when he flatly denies that anybody knows what is thus far denied to him, the fairness and the modesty both vanish together. In a quotation from his letter in the *North American Review*, published in the *Kansas City Star*, I read:

"I have said a thousand times and I say again that we do not know; we cannot say whether death is a wall or a door—the beginning or end of a day—the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings, the rise or the set of the sun or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one."

Who does Mr. Ingersoll mean by "we"? If he means infidels and agnostics, it is well. We cannot dispute him there. But his words clearly imply that he means to say no man on earth knows or can know aught of a life after death; and in his letter to a sorrowing lady which was widely copied a year or so ago he says substantially, not only that he does not know, but adds: "I do know that no one else knows." (I quote from memory, but think those are his exact words as published). Now is that a fair sample of agnostic logic? It is about equivalent to saying "what I do not know no other person knows, or can know." Any man has a clear right to doubt and not his disbelief in any claim not fully demonstrated to his sense and understanding. But has he any right to affirm that all of the thousands who testify to a knowledge of the spiritual life are lunatics or liars? Is it modest or just to measure the experiences and mental acquisitions of all men by the limitations of one? even though that one be the "Prince of Orators," an intellectual genius and a moral hero. Mr. Ingersoll should revise his expressions when he has repeated them "a thousand times," and make them consistent with facts and fairness before he commences on the second thousand.

Swedenborg, Davis, Edmunds, and hundreds more have solemnly avowed that they have seen and heard the spirits of the dead, and seen something of the country where they dwell. Because Mr. Ingersoll has not seen them is no more proof that the seers were mistaken or deceiving than a blind man's ignorance of color and the glory of a moon-covered landscape are evidence that Mr. Ingersoll cannot see. Besides the testimony of clairvoyants we have an aggregate of evidence sifted through the shadows of 40 years' experience varied and subjected to thousands of cruel tests, cross-questionings and rigid and exacting, which demonstrate beyond all reasonable doubt that the individual survives death and lives right on in a state of consciousness retaining all essential characteristics by which they were known here. For Mr. Ingersoll to deny all this, and affirm that he knows that no other man knows what is hidden from him, is simply preposterous. It is agnostic dogmatizing. It is less excusable because coming from a professed liberal of unquestioned ability. Such weakness appearing over his signature diminishes his influence for good in the cause of liberalism. His touching appeals and poetic word-paintings warm and thrill the emotional nature; but while they do not deny, like a breath from a frozen cloud, withers the sweet blossom of faith under the dwarfing shadow of his gentles, touched by the pausing wand of dogmatic negation. True, Mr. Ingersoll and his disciples admit a possibility, a dim hope, that the "idea of immortality" that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, may have a reality behind it. But they dogmatically deny that there is or can be any positive proof or trustworthy revelation of such a life, and positively affirm that while they do not know what the future may bring, they "do know that no one else knows." This assumption bars the door forever against the tender pleadings and tremulous hopes of all the countless millions that struggle in mortal darkness and grope among the shadows of doubt and fear; and the poetical pictures of that affectional "sea" whose "countless waves of hope and fear" throbbeth through the infinite gloom in solemn mockery and bring no echo from the mysterious silence, no answering voice from a love-lit shore, no fragrant breath from sun-bathed islands and pulsing continents opulent with life in its boundless expanse of that mysterious winter's blight upon tropical gardens and with the sweet blossoms of hope and love which breathe from the heart and "Waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Love that can generate the idea of immortality must spring from its native soil. A shoreless ocean swept by all the storms of centuries, warmed and wooed by a million suns and musical zephyrs playing upon its bosom, will never stir an echo to answer its sobbing from the depths of oblivion. If the idea of immortality was "born of human affection," the heart that gave birth must hold the germ of its own eternity. Like a seed in the garden of earth the idea of immortality must have a congenial soil in which to take root, watered by the rains of Heaven, warmed by the sun above, invited and inspired by an atmosphere reaching to the sky and breathing upon the soil, holding all resources for fulfilling the highest promise that nestles in the germ.

922 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo.

### The Omens Came True.

In a research for facts bearing upon psychology Mrs. Bancroft, a daughter-in-law of the great historian, has brought to light a rather strange story, which may be said to prove the fact of spirit communication or be merely a series of strange coincidences. On July 2, 1863, the wives of Major Thos. Y. Brent and Capt. Eugene Barcos, of the C. S. A., went together at wedding in Fayette county, each wearing her bridal dress.

On the occasion, Mrs. Brent's companion dressed a blood spot upon the dress of the Major's wife, which could not be accounted for, and somewhat excitedly exclaimed: "It is a bad omen!" Two days after Mrs. Brent experienced a severe pain in the region of her heart, although at the time in the best of health. This occurred at the birth-place of her husband. Two days later she heard that while storming a federal fortification her husband was killed on July 3, 1863, as far as she could learn at heart pain. The Major was shot in the breast by a Minnie-ball and instantly killed. Another fact occurred at the time of finding the blood spot, that was Mr. Thomas Brent addressing the two ladies as "war widows." She believes in omens, and believes that these facts pointed to the death of the lady's husband which occurred so soon after—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Manchester, Eng. Dec. 3, 1887.

\* Dr. Wolfe was here addressing Mr. J. Clegg Wright—*Ed. Journal*.

Was it Chance?

The editor's whim to try the effects of a drink of water this morning saved him from instantaneous death. He arose from his chair and proceeded to the hydrant, and while there spoke a moment with the foreman when there was a mighty crash, and a big pile of plastering came down upon his chair; one piece weighing as much as eight or ten pounds falling edgewise upon the precise spot where his head is now to rest for many hours each day. The sudden and unusual disaster at that hour, for water, whence did it come? and how did it happen that just at that particular moment when the foreman rarely has business with the editor he should have had to communicate with him? We ascribe things to chance, but that is a mere begging of the question. Whether superstition or not, the editor feels gratitude to the impulse, if it be that, which led him to vacate his chair at that moment and to the chain of circumstances which led the foreman to consult with him at that precise moment.—*Evening Gazette*.

Gen. John C. Fremont has arrived at Los Angeles with his wife and daughter and will remain there during the winter. The second volume of his memoirs he hopes to complete before spring.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott has been selected as the acting pastor of Plymouth Church and will continue so for an indefinite time—certainly until October next.

A man said to be worth \$750,000 died in an infirmary in Brooklyn a few days ago.

### Revelations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Again the cold breath of winter sweeps across the brown prairies, and clamors for admission at the cottage doors and windows of those who have had the hardihood to plant homes west of the murky Missouri.

To-night I scorned its vain efforts, as I sat in the early gloaming and watched the enthusiastic meeting between the stoical carbon and light-hearted oxygen, as they danced to their own soft music within the grate.

Although humble, everything was cozy and snug, and my passive content out-rivalled itself. As I thus sat thinking of happy nothings, I heard sounds like the far-off strains of an æolian harp, and as they grew more distinct, I heard just as plainly and emphatically as Constantine saw the cross in the sky, these words:

"Peace on earth, good will to men." "And woman, too!" cried a sharp unfamiliar voice, and I turned my eyes toward the obscure corner from which the sounds proceeded. I imagine my surprise as I beheld the outlines and the full form of a queer little woman, evolve from the dancing shadows. She advanced, holding in her hand seven electric lights, and I improved the opportunity in explaining to her that, in this case, means individuals of the human race; but she cut me short, with a sarcastic laugh, saying, "Don't play pedagogue with me, please! I was born in the 16th century, and I do not seek information from a little upstart of the verdant 19th century."

Recalling at this timely rebuke, I humbly extended my hand, saying, "I have not the honor of thy acquaintance, but if I mistake not, thou art Alpha and Omega who interviewed one John, when he was enjoying the sea breeze at Patmos."



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Conditions.

In the gathering twilight, when the glowing embers  
Faint and flicker, we,  
Sitting down together, while each one remembers  
Some he used to know:  
Wait in calm and peaceful, hand in hand together,  
Round the holy hearth,  
Beckon them to earth,  
Let your thoughts be tranquil, be you quiet hearted,  
While you sit and wait,  
They will come to greet you, those from whom you  
parted  
At the golden gate.  
Yes, death's gate will open, they will come and  
greet you,  
The loved of old,  
Friends who went before you, joyfully will meet  
you,  
And their love unfold,  
They will come and give you signs they yet are  
living—  
Signs and knowledge too:  
Tender, wise and thoughtful, gentle and forgiving,  
Will they come to you.  
But if you are striving; ever after pleasure,  
Ever after gain,  
Ever after lucid, finding time nor leisure  
From your ceaseless strain;  
Though they are beside you, you will never know it.  
They will be as lost,  
Till you shall forget them, those you loved so dearly,  
Ah, the bitter cost  
Of your asphyctic lack of faith and striving  
To uplift the veil!  
They from your affections, from your thought and  
memory  
Fade away and fall,  
Nothing of endeavor will you venture ever,  
Nor will they to see  
If your dying loved ones went away for ever—  
O'er the trackless sea.  
Yet death's gate can open, they can come and greet  
you,  
They the loved of old,  
Friends who went before you, joyfully can meet  
you,  
They're not 'neath the mold,  
Sit ye down contented, quietly together  
Round the holy hearth,  
At the table, calm and peaceful gather,  
Beckon them to earth.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
A Concourse of Coincidences.

In the winter of 1886, I was a student at Park  
College. I had gone there from one of the sweetest  
of Christian homes, and at the suggestion of a  
saintly woman. On entering the college, I was  
fortunate in securing a room-mate of about the same  
rank as myself.  
When it is known that we were both deficient in  
Latin, though in almost all other studies we were  
well advanced, it will be seen that this was a coin-  
cidence so rare that it did not occur but once  
among over three hundred students. What  
will seem still more singular was that my chum had been  
a teacher of music and I desired, to perfect myself  
in that line; he had been better trained in gesture  
than myself, yet I could assist him in vocal culture.  
He was familiar with mechanical tools and I desired to  
be. We were both interested in parliamentary  
practice, but our tactics were quite different, for  
while my friend was impetuous and imperious, I  
endeavored to be conciliatory. We were set to work,  
my friend in mechanical work and myself in the  
printing department of the college. My labor had  
been pronounced satisfactory, when all at once,  
without any warning, my eyes became violently in-  
flamed and soon after my hearing was affected. I  
knew not what to do, I could not work or study.  
One morning, while in this frame of mind and  
sitting alone in my room, I followed an impulse and  
allowed my hand, which held a pencil, to move in-  
voluntarily; at least I had not the slightest idea of  
what the outcome would be. The first scratchings on  
the floor were indistinct and seemingly formless  
(how often, in spiritual work, does it require time  
and patience for perfect work). I think it must  
have been half an hour before the marks assumed  
shape, and there upon the floor was sketched the  
outline of an immense eye, about two feet in diam-  
eter. Running back from it were lines which I sur-  
mised to be nerves, some of which were heavily  
shaded, a few ending in bunches similar to those  
used in physiological plates to indicate plexus.  
The lesson I gathered at the time was that the  
diagram intended to intimate to me that the real  
seat of the inflammation in my eyes was located in  
the back brain.  
A short time ago I sent for *Scientific American*  
Supplement No. 606. In it was a chapter on "Local-  
ization in the Cortex Cerebri," wherein the author, L.  
C. Gray, M. D. depicts as one of the indisputable  
facts of localization, that the "center of sight is to be  
found in the occipital lobe and the angular gyrus."  
Will some one explain how two years in advance  
of reading it, that rude sketch on the floor con-  
veyed—in the rough, of course—the same idea the  
later physiologists acknowledge? C. H. S.  
STERLING, ILL.

DARED TO BE TRUE.

A Great Physician Disregards the  
Mandates of Royalty.

Dr. Radcliff was the most celebrated physician of  
England in Queen Anne's time.  
He amassed a very large fortune, and was for  
many years the physician to the Queen as well as to  
most of the English nobility. For some reason the  
Queen took a dislike to him at one time and dis-  
missed him as Court physician. In her last illness,  
however, she sent for him.  
He refused to obey the summons, declaring "since  
her Majesty's case is so desperate and her distemper  
incurable, I hardly think it proper to give her any  
disturbance in her last moments, so near at hand,  
but rather let her die as easy as possible."  
Dr. Radcliff observed, a short time before his  
death, "when I was young and yet unskilled in  
medicine, I possessed at least twenty remedies for  
every disease; but, now, since I have grown old in  
the art of healing, I know more than twenty  
diseases for which I have not even a single remedy."  
The late Dr. Holland, who was an educated phy-  
sician, some years before he died, said in Scribner's  
Monthly: "It is a fact that many of the best pro-  
prietary medicines of the day are more successful  
than many physicians, and most of them were first  
discovered or used in actual medical practice. When,  
however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue and  
foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises  
them, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went  
out of them."  
The late Dr. Dio Lewis, who seldom prescribed  
any medicine, wrote to the proprietor of Warner's  
safe cure: "If I found myself the victim of a serious  
kidney trouble, I should use your preparation. The  
testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very  
respectable gentlemen, hardly leaves room to doubt  
that you have fallen upon one of those happy dis-  
coveries which occasionally bring aid to suffering  
humanity."  
Dr. R. Gunn, Dean of the U. S. Medical College of  
New York, sometime since wrote and published:  
"The ingredients of Warner's safe cure are among  
the most valuable medicines of our materia medica,  
and the combination is such as to insure the best  
possible action on the kidneys and urinary organs."  
Dr. W. E. Robson of London, late surgeon in the  
Royal Navy, wrote to the Family Doctor: "Having  
had more than seventeen years' experience in my  
profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state  
that I have been able to give more relief and effect  
more cures by the use of Warner's safe cure than by  
all other medicines ascertainable to the profes-  
sion."  
Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E. editor of *Health*,  
London, Eng., advises a correspondent of his paper:  
"Warner's safe cure is perfectly safe and perfectly  
reliable."  
These are physicians so skilled, so independent, so  
honest, so true to the conscientious teachings of  
their noble profession that they dare tell the truth,  
to Kings or Queens or the whole world.

A Georgia undertaker advertises that he has "two  
brand-new elegant hearses—one for the white and  
one for the colored people."

Sepator Palmer, of Michigan, has a hobby in his  
Jersey cows and Percheron horses. His butter  
costs about \$2 a pound.

Five hundred pounds of copper have been shipped  
lately from New York to Havre.

Lord Hartington has ordered a dozen carpe  
sweepers from Grand Rapids, Mich.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to  
use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they re-  
gret the years of suffering they might  
have escaped had they tried this remedy  
earlier. The trouble was constitutional  
not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsapa-  
rilla did its effective work as an  
Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were  
compelled to suffer.  
The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin  
st., Lowell, Mass., was for a long time  
subject to severe headaches, the result  
of stomach and liver disorders. A per-  
fect cure has been effected by Ayer's  
Sarsaparilla.  
Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st.,  
Boston, says that he formerly had ter-  
rible headaches, and until he took  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any  
medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes  
Lizzie W. DeYean, 282 Fifteenth st.,  
Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intoler-  
able headaches. I commenced the use  
of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and  
have not had a headache since that  
time."  
"I suffered from headache, indiges-  
tion, and debility, and was hardly able  
to drag myself about the house," writes  
Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A. St., Lowell,  
Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked  
a marvelous change in my case. I now  
feel strong and well as ever."  
Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykens, Pa.,  
writes: "For years I have suffered  
disagreeably, every Spring, from headache,  
caused by impurity of the blood and  
biliousness. It seemed for days and  
weeks that my head would split open.  
Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's  
Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured  
me completely."

When Mrs. Geneva Belanger, of 21  
Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to  
use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered  
for some years from a serious affection  
of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she  
was afflicted with headache, loss of  
appetite, and indigestion. A friend per-  
suaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla,  
which benefited her wonderfully. Her  
health is now perfect. Martyrs to head-  
ache should try

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ered a those unfathomable facts of Spiritualism as a  
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A CASE OF

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VOL. XLIII.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 14, 1888.

No. 21

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## FROM HERE TO HEAVEN By Telegraph.

A Scientific Investigation of Occult Telegraphy, and Kindred Topics.

PAPER NO. 3.

Fact vs. Method—Tests With Iron Filings—Magnetic Conditions Established—No Secret Devices Necessary.

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Before proceeding with the new matter for this paper, I desire to explain briefly my attitude toward the subject as thus far given. It has been the practice of investigators to enter this field with a certain sternness of manner and an avowed lack of sympathy which they fancied would, in the first place, protect them the more from admitting anything on insufficient grounds, and, secondly, would give the public more confidence in their findings. If they should be, as it were, convinced in spite of their active efforts not to be convinced.

Now I appreciate fully the strength of this view of the case, yet I had the best of reasons for pursuing the opposite course. The wisdom of this course is destined to revolutionize the whole subject of investigation as applied to mental phenomena. I may investigate the properties of iron, and no mental action or condition on my part can make the iron prove harder or softer, heavier or lighter, because iron is not sensitive to my mental action; but when I undertake to investigate a psychological subject, and know that the individual whom I seek to examine is of all others necessarily sensitive to the mental condition of those around him, how foolish it would be in me to go pretending to seek truth and carrying with me the very conditions which all mental scientists admit are best calculated to drive it away, if there is any there.

Neither is this course any the less wise or necessary because I cannot tell why my state of mind should affect his. To ignore it would be as though I should go into my laboratory to make oxygen, and because I know that the black oxide of manganese which I put into the retort with chlorate of potash is not changed in the least, but comes out just as it went in, and because I can't explain why its mere presence is needed to enable the oxygen to "come over" from the potash at a reasonable temperature, therefore, I will not put the manganese in. Result: I would not get any oxygen. And to follow out the simile and be in harmony with some investigators, I should conclude that oxygen cannot be obtained from chlorate of potash.

In a future paper on the psychological phase of this subject as a whole, I shall en-

large further upon this point of proper conditions, but I felt that this much was needed here to show good reason why I should at the outset seem, at least, to be in perfect accord with Wells, Rowley, et al. My advancing a certain degree of credit does not make a fact where there was none, any more than the clearing away the clouds during the night makes the sun shine in the morning. The sun would shine if the clouds had remained, but not on me. So in these matters, the facts are there and may be tested to your heart's content, after they are captured.

The test experiments given in this number, will establish the remainder of the subordinate propositions under the department of Natural Philosophy or Physics, except the last, "The physical rationale of the operation," and that one has no direct bearing on the conclusion. The terms of our main proposition, "A disembodied spirit can communicate with an embodied spirit, by means of an ordinary telegraphic instrument," require us to prove that spirits can or do thus communicate, not how they can thus communicate. True we can prove in the main how they do it, but it is much more important to us to know that they do it than to know how they do it.

To separate the more important idea of fact from the less important idea of method, let the reader reflect for a moment upon his ordinary experiences in every-day life, and he will readily recognize many instances of undeniable fact, about which he knows nothing as to how or why it is so. In fact, the more highly he is educated, the more readily he will find in all his experiences some things which he knows are true, but which he knows nothing about as to how or why they are as they are.

The following is a verbatim report of experiment with iron filings to test for magnetic conditions:

513 Prospect St., Aug. 8, 1887.

Memorandum:—In order to test the slate and box for magnetism, I sprinkled fine filings of soft iron uniformly over the surface of the slate or top of the box, the instrument being quiet. I could see immediately that the slate was slightly charged, because the lighter particles instantly "bristled up" in the manner familiar to those who have experimented for magnetic curves with iron filings on a glass plate. Also, because as each little particle struck the slate, it stuck right where it fell, neither rebounding nor rolling as most of them would have done, if the slate had not been magnetic. I then sprinkled some of the filings upon paper and other substances to show that they would thus rebound or roll about. I then placed the same piece of paper on the slate, and upon sprinkling the filings over the paper thus situated, they acted in the same manner as upon the slate; which proves that their sticking was not caused by any dirty or sticky condition of the surface of the slate.

With the slate thus evenly covered, I raised the box up about a foot from the table, and tapped on the under side with my knuckles. After about twenty taps, a few of the particles became dislodged, but if the slate had not been magnetic, the first tap would have caused all of them to jump up, and the whole series of taps would have carried them all to that side of the slate which happened to be the lowest. I repeated this on cardboard, glass, wood, etc., to show that the filings would perform thus differently on surfaces not magnetic.

Returning to the slate, I raised one end of the box about an inch and a half higher than the other and then gave it about a dozen light taps without causing any considerable displacement of the particles. This much with the instruments quiet.

Next I requested Mr. Rowley to place his hands to the corners of the slate. Dr. Wells, anticipating what was wanted, closed the circuit so as to make a very long dash. The sounder lever remaining down was proof that the key in the box was closed during this time, and while this state of things continued, I tapped on the bottom of the box quite violently, so as to force the particles to dislodge that I might observe what tendency they might have to collect into certain nodes or poles. I found that when thus repeatedly forced to dislodge, they collected into a row or ridge over the spiral wire, and into the nodes or poles, one over each side of the knob of the key lever.

Desiring to repeat the experiment, I requested Dr. Wells to "let go," that I might again distribute the filings, but he did not release the key as was plainly proved by the sounder lever remaining down, and also by the filings refusing to be distributed. I then requested Mr. Rowley to leave the table entirely. He went some ten feet away but without the desired effect. Then I laid my hand across the slate from the other side, remarking that possibly my magnetism would either in quality or direction interfere with or neutralize the charge in the box. Still no change. Then Mr. Rowley left the room, but the key did not open. Mr. Rowley returned and disconnected the wire leading from the key to the sounder. That took the local current off, and let the sounder lever up, but still that was no evidence that the key lever was up. It was evidence, however, that there was nothing wrong about the sounder. Replacing the wire to the sounder, the sounder lever immediately came down, which proved that the key was still closed.

After having tried all these methods, Mr.

Rowley opened the box and immediately the key opened. From this it seems that the box as a whole acted as an overcharged storage battery, and that no immediate relief could be obtained without opening the box and allowing the charge to escape. It is my opinion that the admission of light into the box was the principal cause of the diffusion of the force. If Dr. Wells and his operator, John Rife, had it in their power to release the key, they have, by not doing so, demonstrated their ability to at least hold the key lever down during Mr. Rowley's temporary absence. (He was out of the room about one minute.)

This experiment of testing for poles was repeated several times and always with substantially the same result, except that there was no further difficulty in getting them to "let go." The poles over the knob of the key lever (more properly called the thumb plate) were not quite on opposite sides of the knob—the pole nearer Mr. Rowley being always a little further toward the trunnions.

Two things are proved by these trials with iron filings:

1. The slate and inside of the box is a slightly charged reservoir or storage battery of magnetism.
2. It is not a magnet and the magnetism in it is not in all respects similar to that obtained from a steel magnet; for if the box as a whole were a magnet, it would exhibit opposite polarity, and if the magnetism were in all respects the same as mineral magnetism, there could not be two nodes as if the poles of a horseshoe magnet were on either side of the key-lever handle, and at the same time two ridges as if two bar magnets lay over the spiral wires, yet said bars being of equal strength throughout, that is, having no polarity, and at the same time a general diffusion of magnetic force permanently remaining in all parts of the slate. With mineral magnetism, no one of these three conditions could exist as each does there, much less three such opposing conditions coexist in such close proximity.

Whatever force this slate and box may exhibit must certainly be referred to Mr. Rowley's body for its immediate origin. I know of no way of artificially electrifying or magnetizing such material so as to produce such seemingly incongruous effects. Why call it magnetism at all? Because of its attraction for iron; its effect on a common magnetic needle, its association with electricity in the spiral wires (their electric current being induced by this magnetism); and its general properties of mineral magnetism, except that it has different laws of polarity.

Why call it animal magnetism? Because it is generated in the body of man and other animals. In the case of man, it is given off most freely from the hands. Why not call it human magnetism? Because, in some respects it is not dependent upon the state of the mind, nor subject to the will; and also because other animals than man have been known to exhibit it in a very marked degree. Thus a snake may "charm" a bird, but that is only another way of saying that the bird is magnetized or psychologized. The snake in turn submits to a higher degree of the same influence, when some "snake-charmer" desires his snakeship for a show.

This force is utilized by the brute world in many ways. Only one more I will pause here to mention. Stock raisers know that a cow can magnetize her calf, or in technical language hypnotize it so completely that it will lie in a somnambulant state for hours, and no amount of rousing or rough handling will awaken it. Like the mesmeric subject, it feels nothing, hears nothing and is dead to all except the magnetizer. But when the cow returns the least sound or touch from her restores it to consciousness.

I would not stop in the midst of this experiment for this class of argument were it not for the fact that certain philosophers when cornered on this subject, will boldly deny the very existence of animal magnetism, ascribing the effects to imagination, etc. Such people need to be met with these instances taken from among the lower animals, where the imagination of the infant subject, as in the case of the calf, could certainly not be held responsible. Neither is the bird deceived through a lengthy process of argument with the snake, and being made to believe that thus and so will happen, why, it easily imagines that it does happen.

The results obtained thus far are in harmony with Dr. Wells's statements, and may be summed up thus:

1. The current of animal magnetism is propelled spirally about the spiral wires across the box. Otherwise it would not induce an electric current in said wires.
2. The force of the current is applied in a concentrated manner right above the handle of the key lever. (There is further independent proof of this.)
3. The current is interrupted so as to manipulate the key intelligently.
4. The intelligence which thus propels and applies the force generated in Mr. Rowley's body is an independent intelligence. (This conclusion was based on preceding experiment with magnetic needle. The reader should understand that I am still copying from memoranda of August 8.)

Having thus tested the instrument for attractive force, I proceeded to test Mr. Rowley's hands in the following manner:

Laying a piece of writing paper about six inches square smoothly on the table, I sprinkled it evenly with iron filings. Then I stretched the paper tightly and held

it firmly down at all the corners, while Mr. Rowley tapped gently with the side of his thumb at the middle of one side of the paper. At each successive jar the filings gathered closer and closer about his thumb, until nearly all of them were piled up in a curved ridge which described a compound curve similar to "Hogarth's line of beauty." The nearest approach was opposite the end of the thumb, the vertex of the curve being there within about three eighths of an inch. From this point the ridge passed around each side of the thumb forming a small crescent about an inch in extent; and from each end of the crescent the ridge gently curved backward and passed gradually out of sight.

After all these points had been carefully noted, Mr. Rowley tapped with his forefinger in the space which his thumb had occupied. I still holding the paper firmly to the table. The beautiful ridge gradually dissolved and many of the filings were repelled as far as the middle of the paper.

Now there are three points to notice here:

1. This curve is different in every respect from the magnetic curves shown by iron filings over a steel magnet.

2. The locus of strongest attraction is not in the thumb nor on the surface of the thumb, but constitutes a beautiful curve from three-eighths to three-quarters of an inch from the thumb. If it were not for this peculiarity, the filings would have been drawn against the thumb and adhered to the surface as they would to a steel magnet.

3. The repelling force of the forefinger is not a negative to the attracting force of the thumb, in the same sense that either pole of a steel magnet is a negative to the other; for either pole of a steel magnet will, in turn, attract soft iron filings. (Some of the same filings were repeatedly tested with a steel magnet, first one pole and then the other, to show that there was no appreciable residual magnetism in them; that is they were attracted by either pole in turn, because too soft to retain either kind of magnetism after the magnet had been withdrawn.)

Mr. Rowley mentioned this force having been used to produce telegraphic raps on his collar and cuffs, and proposed trying to receive them again. At this suggestion a smart rap was heard on the mantel about eight feet from where we stood. "Yes," said Mr. Rowley, "that is Dr. Wells. He often raps for us on our table at home, when he desires to approve of anything we propose to do." Mr. Rowley then put his hands together and pressed them up to the side of his neck, leaving a dark space between the hollow of his hands and his collar. I placed my ear to the back of his hand, and heard in clear and distinct telegraphic characters—"How is this? Can you read this?" I named each letter as I heard it made, and all went just right till the last letter in the word "read," the "d" sounded more like an "r" (d and r sound very much alike in telegraphy.) Perceiving the intention I read it according to the sense, "d," and pronounced the word read, after which followed the letter "d" perfectly made.

Now here is a point. When Mr. Rowley heard me name the "d" intended, and pronounced the word thus completed, and understood, too, that I was waiting expectantly for the next word; if he had been making these letters himself, or had been in any secret way imposing upon me, he would not have repeated the letter "d," especially when he knows that I know that "d" and "r," made without backstroke (as these were) are so very nearly alike that only the best trained operators can distinguish between them. Of course, if Mr. Rowley were doing this, he could have repeated the "d," but under the circumstances, it would be altogether contrary to human nature for him to do it; and this, therefore, is incidental evidence in favor of the genuineness of the manifestation. Who knows but that it was so designed by Dr. Wells? Nothing short of demonstrable evidence could have been better designed to indicate genuineness. (End of memoranda for August 8.)

Note.—In connection with this last point, I wish to remind my readers that all my physical propositions are demonstrable; and that while such incidental evidence as the above would be regarded by any court as extremely valuable in increasing the probability of genuineness, yet, even infinite probability is not demonstration, in the sense that people usually regard it. The mere recital of one such case as this must not be allowed to detract from the fact that throughout these papers the conclusions are drawn, or rather are necessitated, by demonstrable scientific principles about which there is and can be no dispute.

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7. That there is a current of animal magnetism within the box when the key is operating, which is not there when the key is not operating.
11. That the slate top has a constant charge of residual magnetism.
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13. That the charge is animal magnetism, not mineral magnetism.

The testing of Mr. Rowley's hands with iron filings, and also with strips of tissue paper, proves that this force resides in, or rather is generated by, his body; but in further proof of the proposition:

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rauda of Dec. 4, 1887. I have seen the same thing occur many times, but always when Mr. Rowley was evidently either sick or very much exhausted. In his usual health, no such symptoms are visible, except it be near the close of a hard day's work:

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"Memorandum:—Mr. Rowley has not recovered much from yesterday's sickness, and we have considerable difficulty in getting things started. It is the first time I have ever witnessed any serious delay. After waiting some time the communications came in a broken manner. The intelligences evidently have to draw on his system for every spark of force, just as they want to use it. On this occasion I frequently saw what appeared like veins across Mr. Rowley's forehead, but I judge them to be nerves from the manner in which they were shocked in exact accord with the dots and dashes of the sounder. I could read many of the letters distinctly from the appearance of these nerves or veins, and also from a general tremor or slight shock which pervaded the whole system at each separate dot or dash. I am certain that no man could simulate these peculiar shocks. Each shock was only strong enough to be distinctly perceptible, yet each one affected his entire frame."

The testimony on this proposition is not yet all in, but no amount of testimony could make it any more certain than it now is. "That the intelligences controlling this instrument derive that current from Mr. Rowley's body." True, after a proposition is proved, it may sometimes be proved again by a different method; but that does not make it any more certain to be true, than if it had been susceptible of but one proof. My own personal experience with these same shocks will be given when we come to cross-question the witness, "Dame Nature."

We shall now address ourselves to the proof of the three most important propositions in the physical department, viz:

2. That the local current cannot be manipulated by any secret device or appliance situated outside the box."

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In testing for secret devices or anything akin to jugglery, no man wants to trust another man's eyes. Every one feels that if he should look the box all over for himself, he could hardly be sure that some cunningly devised appliance had not escaped his notice. For my own part, I had witnessed the performance of this instrument for months together, under such emergencies of mental test, that I was thoroughly convinced that Mr. Rowley did not operate it. The reason which so effectively convinced me and would have convinced any one who might have such extended opportunities to test it, was the intrinsic character of the communications. To be brief, they are in the main, such that Mr. Rowley could not possibly be the author of them; for they often abound in matters of fact, unknowable at the time to any of us, but subsequently proven true. But to convince the public requires quite a different course of experiment; and so for the sake of the millions who are interested in knowing for themselves, I instituted a test which all can appreciate the force of, and which no one can reject as insufficient.

## THE TEST FOR SECRET DEVICES.

To demonstrate that no secret devices are necessary in or about this instrument, I took a common telegraphic key which I had used for more than five years on my own table in the school-room, placed it in a box which I made myself, used for the bottom of the box a slate which had been there in the school-room for years, used for the top of the box a new slate which I bought on Superior street to match the other slate, and used for the branch lever and storage a piece of sheet brass which I obtained from a manufacturing jeweler. These parts I put together in a somewhat clumsy manner and connected the storage plates with a piece of common "office" wire cut from that which I then had in use in the school-room. I hinged the top on with two small hinges, and provided a hook on the front side to hold the top firmly down when the box was shut. I made the branch lever so that it could not possibly touch the underside of the top slate, and then tested it on my own instrument so that I knew "That the key could not be manipulated by pressure upon the top, bottom, sides, ends, corners or any other part of the box, or wires leading to the box."

Thus armed with an instrument which I had constructed myself on the same general principles as Mr. Rowley's, but larger and much less delicate in its operation, and which "contained no secret wires, springs, or other means" by which the current could possibly be manipulated, I sought an interview with Dr. Wells. I disconnected Mr. Rowley's box and set it away. I connected my own exactly as I had it connected in the school-room. I then tested it by pressing, shaking, jarring, and otherwise handling it on the outside but all to no effect; but when I opened it and handled the key, the sounder answered promptly, showing that the connections were all right, providing some force would move the key lever. "Now," said I to Mr. Rowley, "try that." Mr. Rowley placed his hands gently across the top of the box. His body was slightly shocked some four times, and, in less than one minute

(Continued on Eighth Page)



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLIII.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 14, 1888.

No. 21

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well-authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FROM HERE TO HEAVEN  
By Telegraph:

A Scientific Investigation of Occult Telegraphy, and Kindred Topics.

PAPER NO. 3.

Fact vs. Method—Tests With Iron Filings—Magnetic Conditions Established—No Secret Devices Necessary.

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Before proceeding with the new matter for this paper, I desire to explain briefly my attitude toward the subject as thus far given. It has been the practice of investigators to enter this field with a certain sternness of manner and an avowed lack of sympathy which they fancied would, in the first place, protect them the more from admitting anything on insufficient grounds, and, secondly, would give the public more confidence in their findings. If they should be, as it were, convinced in spite of their active efforts not to be convinced.

Now I appreciate fully the strength of this view of the case, yet I had the best of reasons for pursuing the opposite course. The wisdom of this course is destined to revolutionize the whole subject of investigation as applied to mental phenomena. I may investigate the properties of iron, and no mental action or condition on my part can make the iron prove harder or softer, heavier or lighter, because iron is not sensitive to my mental action; but when I undertake to investigate a psychological subject, and know that the individual whom I seek to examine is of all others necessarily sensitive to the mental condition of those around him, how foolish it would be in me to go pretending to seek truth and carrying with me the very conditions which all mental scientists admit are best calculated to drive it away, if there is any there.

Neither is this course any the less wise or necessary because I cannot tell why my state of mind should affect his. To ignore it would be as though I should go into my laboratory to make oxygen, and because I know that the black oxide of manganese which I put into the retort with chlorate of potash is not changed in the least, but comes out just as it went in, and because I can't explain why its mere presence is needed to enable the oxygen to "come over" from the potash at a reasonable temperature, therefore, I will not put the manganese in. Result: I would not get any oxygen. And to follow out the simile and be in harmony with some investigators, I should conclude that oxygen cannot be obtained from chlorate of potash.

In a future paper on the psychological phase of this subject as a whole, I shall en-

large further upon this point of proper conditions, but I felt that this much was needed here to show good reason why I should at the outset seem, at least, to be in perfect accord with Wells, Rowley, et al. My advancing a certain degree of credit does not make a fact where there was none, any more than the clearing away the clouds during the night makes the sun shine in the morning. The sun would shine if the clouds had remained, but not on me. So in these matters, the facts are there and may be tested to your heart's content, after they are captured.

The test experiments given in this number, will establish the remainder of the subordinate propositions under the department of Natural Philosophy or Physics, except the last, "The physical rationale of the operation," and that one has no direct bearing on the conclusion. The terms of our main proposition, "A disembodied spirit, by means of an ordinary telegraph instrument," require us to prove that spirits can or do thus communicate, not how they can thus communicate. True we can prove in the main how they do it, but it is much more important to us to know that they do it than to know how they do it.

To separate the more important idea of fact from the less important idea of method, let the reader reflect for a moment upon his ordinary experiences in everyday life, and he will readily recognize many instances of undeniable fact, about which he knows nothing as to how or why it is so. In fact, the more highly he is educated, the more readily he will find in all his experiences some things which he knows are true, but which he knows nothing about as to how or why they are as they are.

The following is a verbatim report of experiment with iron filings to test for magnetic conditions:

513 Prospect St., Aug. 8, 1887.

Memorandum.—In order to test the slate and box for magnetism, I sprinkled fine filings of soft iron uniformly over the surface of the slate or top of the box, the instrument being quiet. I could see immediately that the slate was slightly charged, because the lighter particles instantly "bristled up" in the manner familiar to those who have experimented for magnetic curves with iron filings on a glass plate. Also, because as each little particle struck the slate, it struck right where it fell, neither rebounding nor rolling as most of them would have done, if the slate had not been magnetic. I then sprinkled some of the filings upon paper and other substances to show that they would thus rebound or roll about. I then placed the same piece of paper on the slate, and upon sprinkling the filings over the paper thus situated, they acted in the same manner as upon the slate; which proves that their sticking was not caused by any dirty or sticky condition of the surface of the slate.

With the slate thus evenly covered, I raised the box up about a foot from the table, and tapped on the under side with my knuckles. After about twenty taps, a few of the particles became dislodged, but if the slate had not been magnetic, the first tap would have caused all of them to jump up, and the whole series of taps would have carried them all to that side of the slate which happened to be the lowest. I repeated this on cardboard, glass, wood, etc., to show that the filings would perform thus differently on surfaces not magnetic.

Returning to the slate, I raised one end of the box about an inch and a half higher than the other and then gave it about a dozen light taps without causing any considerable displacement of the particles. This much with the instruments quiet.

Next I requested Mr. Rowley to place his hands to the corners of the slate. Dr. Wells, anticipating what was wanted, closed the circuit so as to make a very long dash. The sounder lever remaining down was proof that the key in the box was closed during this time, and while this state of things continued, I rapped on the bottom of the box quite violently, so as to force the particles to dislodge that I might observe what tendency they might have to collect into certain nodes or poles. I found that when thus repeatedly forced to dislodge, they collected into a row or ridge over the spiral wire, and into the nodes or poles, one over each side of the knob of the key lever.

Desiring to repeat the experiment, I requested Dr. Wells to "let go," that I might again distribute the filings, but he did not release the key as was plainly proved by the sounder lever remaining down, and also by the filings refusing to be distributed. I then requested Mr. Rowley to leave the table entirely. He went some ten feet away but without the desired effect. Then I laid my hand across the slate from the other side, remarking that possibly my magnetism would either in quality or direction interfere with or neutralize the charge in the box. Still no change. Then Mr. Rowley left the room, but the key did not open. Mr. Rowley returned and disconnected the wire leading from the key to the sounder. That took the local current off, and let the sounder lever up, but still that was no evidence that the key lever was up. It was evidence, however, that there was nothing wrong about the sounder. Replacing the wire to the sounder, the sounder lever immediately came down, which proved that the key was still closed.

After having tried all these methods, Mr.

Rowley opened the box and immediately the key opened. From this it seems that the box as a whole acted as an overcharged storage battery, and that no immediate relief could be obtained without opening the box and allowing the charge to escape. It is my opinion that the admission of light into the box was the principal cause of the diffusion of the force. If Dr. Wells and his operator, John Rife, had it in their power to release the key, they have, by not doing so, demonstrated their ability to at least hold the key lever down during Mr. Rowley's temporary absence. (He was out of the room about one minute.)

This experiment of testing for poles was repeated several times and always with substantially the same result, except that there was no further difficulty in getting them to "let go." The poles over the knob of the key lever (more properly called the thumb plate) were not quite on opposite sides of the knob—the pole nearest Mr. Rowley being always a little further toward the thumbplate.

Two things are proved by these trials with iron filings:

1. The slate and inside of the box is a slightly charged reservoir or storage battery of magnetism.

2. It is not a magnet and the magnetism in it is not in all respects similar to that obtained from a steel magnet; for if the box as a whole were a magnet, it would exhibit opposite polarity, and if the magnetism were in all respects the same as mineral magnetism, there could not be two nodes as if the poles of a horseshoe magnet were on either side of the key-lever handle, and at the same time two ridges as if two bar magnets lay over the spiral wires, yet said bars being of equal strength throughout, that is, having no polarity, and at the same time a general diffusion of magnetic force permanently remaining in all parts of the slate. With mineral magnetism, no one of these three conditions could exist as each does there, much less three such opposing conditions coexist in such close proximity.

Whatever force this slate and box may exhibit must certainly be referred to Mr. Rowley's body for its immediate origin. I know of no way of artificially electrifying or magnetizing such material so as to produce such seemingly incongruous effects. Why call it magnetism at all? Because of its attraction for iron; its effect on a common magnetic needle, its association with electricity in the spiral wires (their electric current being induced by this magnetism); and its general properties of mineral magnetism, except that it has different laws of polarity.

Why call it animal magnetism? Because it is generated in the body of man and other animals. In the case of man, it is given off most freely from the hands. Why not call it human magnetism? Because, in some respects it is not dependent upon the state of the mind, nor subject to the will; and also because other animals than man have been known to exhibit it in a very marked degree. Thus a snake may "charm" a bird, but that is only another way of saying that the bird is magnetized or psychologized. The snake in turn submits to a higher degree of the same influence, when some "snake-charmer" desires his snakeship for a show.

This force is utilized by the brute world in many ways. Only one more I will pause here to mention. Stock raisers know that a cow can magnetize her calf, or in technical language hypnotize it so completely that it will lie in a somnambulant state for hours, and no amount of rousing or rough handling will awaken it. Like the mesmerist subject, it feels nothing, hears nothing and is dead to all except the magnetizer. But when the cow returns the least sound or touch from her restores it to consciousness.

I would not stop in the midst of this experiment for this class of argument were it not for the fact that certain philosophers when cornered on this subject, will boldly deny the very existence of animal magnetism, ascribing the effects to imagination, etc. Such people need to be met with these instances taken from among the lower animals, where the imagination of the infant subject, as in the case of the calf, could certainly not be held responsible. Neither is the bird deceived through a lengthy process of argument with the snake, and being made to believe that thus and so will happen, why, it easily imagines that it does happen.

The results obtained thus far are in harmony with Dr. Wells's statements, and may be summed up thus:

1. The current of animal magnetism is propelled spirally about the spiral wires across the box. Otherwise it would not induce an electric current in said wires.

2. The force of the current is applied in a concentrated manner right above the handle of the key lever. (There is further independent proof of this.)

3. The current is interrupted so as to manipulate the key intelligently.

4. The intelligence which thus propels and applies the force generated in Mr. Rowley's body is an independent intelligence. (This conclusion was based on preceding experiment with magnetic needle. The reader should understand that I am still copying from memoranda of August 8.)

Having thus tested the instrument for attractive force, I proceeded to test Mr. Rowley's hands in the following manner:

Laying a piece of writing paper about six inches square smoothly on the table, I sprinkled it evenly with iron filings. Then I stretched the paper tightly and held

it firmly down at all the corners, while Mr. Rowley tapped gently with the side of his thumb at the middle of one side of the paper. At each successive jar the filings gathered closer and closer about his thumb, until nearly all of them were piled up in a curved ridge which described a compound curve similar to "Hogarth's line of beauty." The nearest approach was opposite the end of the thumb, the vertex of the curve being there within about three eighths of an inch. From this point the ridge passed around each side of the thumb forming a small crescent about an inch in extent; and from each end of the crescent the ridge gently curved backward and passed gradually out of sight.

After all these points had been carefully noted, Mr. Rowley tapped with his forefinger in the space which his thumb had occupied. I still holding the paper firmly to the table. The beautiful ridge gradually dissolved and many of the filings were repelled as far as the middle of the paper.

Now there are three points to notice here:

1. This curve is different in every respect from the magnetic curves shown by iron filings over a steel magnet.

2. The locus of strongest attraction is not in the thumb nor on the surface of the thumb, but constitutes a beautiful curve from three-eighths to three-quarters of an inch from the thumb. If it were not for this peculiarity, the filings would have been drawn against the thumb and adhered to the surface as they would to a steel magnet.

3. The repelling force of the forefinger is not a negative to the attracting force of the thumb, in the same sense that either pole of a steel magnet is a negative to the other; for either pole of a steel magnet will, in turn, attract soft iron filings. Some of the same filings were repeatedly tested with a steel magnet, first one pole and then the other, to show that there was no appreciable residual magnetism in them; that is they were attracted by either pole in turn, because too soft to retain either kind of magnetism after the magnet had been withdrawn.

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(Continued on Eighth Page)



## LETTER FROM DR. WOLFE.

A Graphic Report of a Fire-Test Seance Held in Dr. Wolfe's House in Cincinnati, December 1st, 1887, Under the Mediumship of Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In the third chapter of Daniel is an account of a remarkable fire test given by three men and a son of a—, in the presence of Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews. What the historian writes is worth repeating, as it belongs to the sacred Scriptures, and, therefore, must be true! The report of the seance runs thus:

"Then Nebuchadnezzar, the king, was astonished, and rose up in haste and spake, and said unto his counselors: Did not we cast three men bound in their coats, their hosen, into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king: True, O king! He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the son of God."

"Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace and spake, and said: Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego came forth of the midst of the fire."

"And the princes, governors and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was a hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them."

"Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said: Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, who hath sent his angel and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god except their own God."

"Therefore I make a decree, that every people, nation and language which speak any thing amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dung hill; because there is no other god that can deliver after this sort."

"Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the province of Babylon."

I have long had a desire to witness a fire test of mediumship, and the opportunity came recently. I was alone in my office in the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 30th, when Mrs. Mary Wilson, and her daughter, Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter, with a four year old child, called to make a friendly visit. I had not met the ladies until then. Mrs. Wilson is the widow of the late E. V. Wilson, and Mrs. Porter, their strangely endowed daughter.

During their short stay, I engaged Mrs. Porter to hold a fire-test seance in my house on the evening of Dec. 1st, 1887. To this seance I invited a number of friends, as I was assured their presence would not in any way be detrimental to its success.

I bought two large coal oil lamps for the occasion. Each used a burning wick two inches wide. When lighted the flame was three inches broad, and while experimenting, from four to six inches in height. The chimney at its base was ten inches in circumference, which narrowed to six inches at the top. On a large marble top table the lamps, and other articles with which I intended to experiment, were placed.

The table was moved three feet away from the wall. The space between the table and the wall was occupied with a chair, in which Mrs. Porter sat one hour and thirty-five minutes during the time she was giving the fire tests. About eight feet in front of the table, forming the segment of a semi-ellipse, sat twelve invited guests to witness the manifestations. The place was my office,—time 6:30 P.M.

Before beginning the fire tests, Mrs. Porter removed her rings and washed her hands with soap and water furnished by a domestic. After wiping dry, she submitted them for inspection. The skin presented a clean, healthy appearance, entirely free from scars or eruptions of any kind. No appearance of healed blisters. A fine white hair grew sparsely over the back of the hands and arms. The nails were trimmed close; her pulse beat 75 to the minute.

After the examination, Mrs. Porter soon became lost in entrancement. The medium rose to her feet, and turning her closed eyes upward, extended her hands as if in supplication. She spoke for a few minutes some incomprehensible words, and then stopped this farce with a well pronounced amen!

1. Without loss of time, the medium took hold of the hot chimney of a lamp, in which the blaze almost touched her flesh, and caressed it as she would a favorite pussy cat. When it began to cool, she put the chimney in the hands of a gentleman, who at once threw it to the floor with an exclamation of pain. Of course the chimney was broken.

2. The medium now gave attention to the flame, which being unconfined by the chimney, flared to five or six inches in height, emitting not only an increase of heat, but a large volume of smoke. Into this blaze—without hesitation she put both her hands. They were soon covered with lamplblack, and seemed as if burned to a crisp. While "playing with the fire," she crooned in an undertone, a weird lay seemingly addressed to the fire, as if it was conscious of praise or reprimand. After the flame had been sufficiently instructed what not to do, the medium took from the table a strip of cotton net, 2x10 inches in size. This she attempted to pass through the fire, but failed as it was consumed in a few seconds. For this unruly trick the medium reprimanded the flame in a childing spirit, as a mother would a naughty boy for misbehaving, not omitting to stamp her foot on the floor, in emphasizing her disapprobation.

3. Having sufficiently admonished the fire for burning the cotton netting she next passed an ostrich feather through her hand several times, and then four or five times through the flame. The feather was folded in a single ply of cotton netting. To the surprise of all it manifested as much invincibility to fire as did "the coats and hosen" of the three Jews in the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar.

4. A bunch of human hair, folded in a single ply of bobinet, as the ostrich plume had been, was next put in the flame, but not a hair was singed. Salahi!

5. The medium next passed several pocket handkerchiefs slowly through the flame, but excepting the smoke, they sustained no more injury than did the hair or ostrich feather.

6. The medium asked a gentleman to submit to having his hand put into the fire with her own, assuring him he would be protected from burning. He consented, and passed the ordeal without flinching. Under the same protective power he handled the hot lamp chimney.

7. A satin ribbon was next passed in and out of the fire several times without a thread being charred.

8. A black silk neck-tie was laid in the top of the flaming burner and left to cook. Saving the elastic attachment which was burned, no harm came to the fabric.

9. A Fahrenheit thermometer was held in contact with the flame until it was black with smoke; the mercury rose from 70 to 110° rapidly, when the fragile tube got broken while rubbing the smoke from the dial.

10. Without permission the medium took hold of my hand and held it uncomfortably near the fiery flames. I, of course, flinched, and intimated that if any of my sick relatives were ambitious to win fame in that manner I would not stand in their way. I had promised to keep company with Mr. Ingersoll as far away from the fire as possible. I was resolute and would not be persuaded! The medium was controlled to say that if I got burned, they (who?) would quickly take the fire out of my hand. But, I insisted, what was the good of putting fire into my hand if only to take it out again? I lost courage by the slow approximation of my hand to the fire. If it had been pathetized and then quickly put into the flame without my knowing it, I could have endured as much burning as the Archbishop of Canterbury, or poor Servetus; but my courage, like Bob Acres', oozed out at my finger points when I felt my hand gradually scorching.

The fire looked devilish and malignant, and I shrank from being toasted. I might have stood roasting, but to be toasted was the rub. I was not there to be toasted!

But I finally gave my hand passively to the medium, who after giving it a few magnetic passes drew it several times back and forth through the flame. In the last transit across the fiery track, I felt I was being severely burned—that endurance was no longer a virtue, and jerked my hand quickly from the relentless flame. For this indiscretion, the pain became more acute. However, I was not burned as bad as I thought, for after the medium made a few anti-caloric passes over the burnt district the hurting stopped and I was purified of my doubts.

11. The fire-friend medium, not satisfied with torturing me, called her little daughter, whose delicate little hand she took in hers, and played with it in the fiery blaze. The child looked up into her mamma's entranced face with perfect confidence. The grandmother did all she could to prevent "Ashka," the Egyptian control, from making the experiment, but he was relentless. It is needless to say the child sustained no injury that soap and water could not repair.

12. The next experiment was with a bunch of raw cotton: This was confined like the plume and hair in a piece of netting. The netting burned, but not so the cotton.

13. A bunch of matches, tied together head and tail, held in netting to the flame, would not ignite while under the protection of this mortal Shekinah.

14. A celluloid fabric next passed slowly through the fire several times without harm; but when I tried the same experiment, with the identical fabric, a few minutes later, it burnt almost like gun-cotton. The same is true of the other fabrics experimented with, I could burn them fast enough after the medium had failed.

15. The next experiment was with a new United States greenback. The medium who, has not an itching palm, drew the bill through her hand several times, and then put it as often through the blazing flames, but "the smell of fire had not passed on" it.

16. The medium went through my coat pockets, entranced you know, and found a letter. This she tried to burn, but could not.

17. In like manner she handled the silk guard of my eye glasses, and with like results. It would not burn in a fair trial.

18. The crowning fire test of mediumship for the evening, and the one for which the seance was mainly held, was now given. My object was to ascertain how much burning the medium could endure without being roasted. The other experiments had been introduced without the knowledge of Mrs. Porter. But that she was to be tried, griddled and basted, she perfectly understood.

The lamp chimney was heated to such a degree that a match when touched to it, would instantly ignite. The blaze was large and full, and the glass almost red with heat. The medium took up the lamp and placed this torrid chimney firmly against the left side of her face. There she held and caressed it as she would a baby, while the angry flame was lying from the top of the smoke stack trying to burn her hair. This voluntary torture (for I expected to see the face cooked rare and bleeding when the chimney was taken from it) continued nearly five minutes. The lamp was then set down, and the chimney put upon the marble slab of the table, which it no sooner touched than it shivered into a thousand fragments. The medium's pulse now gave 85 beats to the minute.

Before Mrs. Porter became conscious, the fire control gave way to "Katy." This is a pleasant, chatty, Mexican spirit, who assists the medium to gradually "cool off" from her fire test control. Katy entertained the company an hour, telling individuals of remarkable incidents in their past lives, and something about what would occur in the future. Notwithstanding Katy made some remarkable good hits, there is so much scope for the imagination to play pranks in psychometric science, that I have never valued it, as a form of mediumship, perhaps, as I should. Mrs. Porter, however, it is but just to say, is the most satisfactory medium in this respect I have ever met.

To me the lesson of the evening was in fire tests. The lamps gave out large volumes of smoke and flame. Mrs. Porter's hands and arms, half way to the elbows, were black as my hat, and seemingly burnt to a crisp. I do not think the smoke gave her any protection from the fire. When she commenced the experiments her hands were clean, and from the first evinced as little sensibility to pain as when they were of the color of Poe's Ravens. There was no smoke on her face, when she pressed the almost red-hot chimney to her cheek, and yet she neither squirmed nor burned. After washing the black away, the skin was not even made red by the fiery contact, and the fine white hairs noticed on the back of her hand and arm, before they were exposed to the fire, were not singed. There was fire enough brought in contact with the medium's hands and face ordinarily, to have burnt them to a crisp.

I am puzzled to make a satisfactory diagnosis of this fire-test business. There is no trickery about it, as can be shown by reference to the Nebuchadnezzar's seance with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

The advent of the fourth man in the fiery furnace, who looked "like the son of God," is an interesting incident in connection with this notable seance.

When the medium is not entranced, she cannot handle fire without being burned, no more than you or I. I have tested that fact to my full satisfaction; but when she is under

control for fire tests, she loses all sensibility to pain.

The problem still remains unanswered, why does her hair and flesh not burn when exposed to fire even though another spirit is tenant at will of her physical structure? My theory is that an element is eliminated from the fire itself, with which an anti-caloric atmosphere is generated. Name this, if you prefer, spirit aura. With this aura the medium's hands and face are protected. Plimp-ton says, "The Egyptians understand perfectly well the law of control," and can, by their superior knowledge of spiritual chemistry, do this thing. "It is a well understood problem in chemistry that ice can be made to form in a red hot crucible by the chemical generation of a heat-resisting vapor or aura."

I was told that my lack of faith caused my hand to burn. I don't understand how mental inquietude, or lack of faith, can change a law either of chemistry or ethical philosophy. We have a command to believe and be saved, or disbelieve and be burned. We are not free to believe either a fact or a falsehood. We are ruled despotically by our senses. I am grateful to a healthy and perfect organization that I am in their full possession.

When spirit phenomena appeared in the New England States, Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis made a record of spontaneous fires which occurred in the house of Dr. Phelps in Stafford, Conn. As fast as these fires were extinguished in one part of the house, they appeared in another.

The origin of these fires, and the power to protect persons from burning when exposed to the contact of fires are parallel mysteries to my mind. We all have much to learn, and I hope some time to understand these subjects better than I now do. Let us persevere in our search after truth! Cincinnati, O. N. B. WOLFE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Lesson of the Sunbeam.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

A Sunbeam fell to wondering one day who and what he was. Hitherto he had been content to kiss the flowers and exchange greetings with leaf and tree and brook, happy in that life of active passivity which was acceptance without questioning.

He sought of his daily companions, one after another, the answer to his queries, but they all replied: "We know not! We know only that when you are with us, we are glad and rejoice in you."

He asked of his brother Sunbeams, and they returned answer in kind: "We do not know! Why worry ourselves with questioning? Let us enjoy what we have!"

"Where, then, shall I find that which I seek?" he mused, "if these, my brothers and daily companions can tell me naught?" And perseveringly he continued his search, asking of everything he found the answer to his question. Far and wide he travelled, confident of finding that which he sought, but all in vain. Disappointment was the end of his searching, he still remained unknown to himself.

What was there left for him to do? Had he sought everywhere and asked of all? Yes. Then all that was left was himself. He had exhausted the without; surely, then, the one and only thing to be done was to seek within. Turning from all that he had questioned, he fixed his attention upon himself. A sense of blankness and of dreariness at first overwhelmed him; he seemed to have no incentive to continue his seeking. "All is emptiness and nothing is sure," he thought to himself. But his desire to know sent him farther and farther into himself, and suddenly he perceived that the without where he had searched and questioned, had receded from him; was already so far away that it would have taken him some time to get back to where he could question again. And this thought flashed upon him suddenly: "There must be a road to travel upon in this direction which I have found, or I could not so soon be so far away. Now, to keep on till I find what is at the end." And with renewed strength and courage he pressed forward, pausing now and then to note how much clearer grew the road along which he was traveling, because of the light upon it and around him; and a warmth which seemed to be a part of himself, and still not himself; without and within as well. Stronger and brighter grew this light and warmth; smaller and smaller to his view, as he looked back, grew the world he had left behind, till all inclination so to look was gone, and he pressed on with feet which seemed to be winged; so did this light—which though brilliant with an inconceivable brilliance, was neither dazzling nor blinding,—and the warmth which permeated him and throbbled about him, invigorated him, and speed him on, as if they were at once the cause and the reward of his activity.

Little by little he became conscious of a source of this light and warmth, which lay ahead of him and toward which he was pressing; and he thought: "It must be the end of the road; then I shall know." And with this consciousness there broke upon him suddenly a flood of the divinest music, of which his thought was the keynote, swelling and billowing without and within him. "The way is found! The way is found!"

And finally he came to the end of the road—to the sun itself, throbbing and pulsating with that light and heat which is itself, in itself, and out of itself; for the little Sunbeam found, when he stood face to face with the one source, that he was but the outlet of that source. That, as a ray from the sun, he was out of and from it, yet was one with it; distinct, but not separate. As effect of that cause, he revealed his source, and his existence or being was but the existence of the one sun and its being made manifest. And with this revelation came also the knowledge that the other Sunbeams were like unto himself; yet each distinct by himself, and that they had all to learn for themselves, one by one, the lesson he had learned before they would know themselves or each other. With this perception came the desire to help his brothers, and the knowledge that he must go back to earth to do so, for there was the place where they must begin to seek and question; and the desire sent him flashing earthward with the message, "On earth peace, good will toward men."

Know, oh! man, that thou art the Sunbeam seeking and questioning without for that which can only be found within. That without whose mission it is to send thee back upon and into thyself. As the Sun-ray traveling earth and away from the sun till it reaches earth or resistance; reaches that which impedes it to question and to seek, and finding there no answer to its questions, is driven to turn back to itself; and, so turning, finds and follows its connection with its source, coming nearer and nearer till at last that source discerned, he has the revelation of himself to himself: so art thou, oh! man!

Follow like the sunbeam along thy own eternal oneness with God, thy Cause. Seek

no longer without saying, "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" Turn thy eyes within, searching till that slender but indestructible thread that binds thee to it be found. One end is there, the other here.

Cause and effect are one; a oneness which can be seen and felt by man, if he but seek where only it can be found. Man's power of thought is this slender thread which is vital, living, pulsating ever with the one and only eternal Life or Sun; that Infinite Mind which is the cause of man.

As the sunbeam touching the flowers brings out their beauty and their fragrance; so working for others, you bring to view within them what would otherwise be concealed; draw out from them the undiscovered and undeveloped beauties that flash back a response to the Sun of Truth.

As is one Sunbeam, so are all. As is one man, so are all. The knowledge that brings peace is for all. Found by one, it brings that good will toward all, which is a recognition of the universal brotherhood of man.

## THE SPIRIT SOLDIER'S STORY.

(How I came by this story is not important to the reader. He passed out from Gettysburg.—B. H. ANDERSON.)

The firing had ceased, the battle was over. A bullet had passed through my neck and the pain had been very severe. I was not suffering severely now. An hour ago I had prayed, oh! how earnestly, that our surgeon's men might find me, bind up my throbbing neck and give me a drink of water; but now I did enjoy the quiet repose. My face was turned toward the setting sun. I lay and watched it as it went down behind the western hills. I thought of those pleasant evenings not far back in the past, when a dear loving little brown eyed woman and I had sat and watched it pass below the horizon, over the verdant old hills of our own snug little home. I wondered if the little blue eyed girl and boy at home were watching it now, and if they were thinking of me. Just then the ambulance men came near me; I spoke to them; they made no reply, but went on gathering up the bodies of others who seemed to be suffering. I then called aloud, but still they paid no attention. This puzzled me. I hallooed until it seemed I could have been heard far beyond them, still they paid no attention to me. I was growing dozy now, and I quietly closed my eyes to sleep. Some one raised my arm and placed it across me. I opened my eyes and saw that he carried a lantern. To my surprise he passed on and said nothing about me. How long I had slept! I seemed barely to have closed my eyes when he thus awakened me, and now I saw that it was dark, for they carried lanterns. It was just as well, for I did not suffer now, and it was so sweet thus to lie quietly and dream of those I loved.

A squirrel ran over my feet and aroused me again as I was beginning to sleep. For an instant I thought of him and wondered if his mate in the woods was looking for him. Then sleep again overpowered me. How queer it all appears now when I reflect upon it. I seemed to stroll about the old forests of my youth, with parents and sisters (long since dead) by my side.

The hooting of an owl aroused me to consciousness, and I remembered happy days at home when the hooting of the owl was music to my boyish fancy. Then I again wondered why they did not come and take me to camp. I wondered if they would think me a deserter. I wondered why I did not suffer more. Amidst these reflections, my mind again wandered. I was walking through the groves of the old home. It was early Summer and I was in my youth. The trees were in the full vigor of life; their foliage had never looked so green before, and their boughs were filled with birds of varied plumage. Wild roses clambered up to the tops of the highest trees. There was a song of gladness in the voice of the singing brook; but, oh! what a delightful tinge in the atmosphere. The very air whispered to me in tones of joy. Then there came over me a slight, chilling discordant breath as I remembered my wound, and the fact that I must return to my comrades.

A voice from out the stillly sweetness of the air whispered, "Thy earthly sufferings are over. Never again, oh! mortal, shalt thou know the pangs of physical ill. Thy sorrows and griefs, thy lessons and experiences in earth-life are done; now shalt thou enter upon thy harvest."

To say that I heard this voice in quiet joy, would not be true, nor did I listen in sorrow. I did not in truth comprehend it fully. I seemed to be a boy again, and in a happy grove. Still I could not forget that I was a soldier; but the voice intimated that my earth-life was over. Could it really be that I had passed through the change called death? I looked about me to answer for myself this query. I could not clearly define the outline of the trees; where ended their foliage, and where began the rosy atmosphere I could not discover. There was an Indian Summer haze over all that dazed me. I was overwhelmed with the thought, I was fainting; everything faded from before my eyes, and I became unconscious.

Oh! the sweet strains of music which break upon the rested ear as one awakens from a refreshing slumber; but how much more so the soul-entrancing symphonies of heavenly music, which awake me from my trance. I found myself within the walls of a building whose description finds earthly language bankrupt, and defies my most enthusiastic picture. These walls were to me but an opaque condition of all conceivable colors of light. Above me was a roseate vault. By my side sat one who shed upon me a sweet and happy influence. A tide of love, almost divine in influence, flooded my being, and I could barely refrain from shouting with joy. "Mother, oh! my precious mother!" The soul-like thought gushed forth from my whole being as a relief from the too great burden of joy. Here was I surrounded by all the dear old family ties that had made my youth happy.

Well, I fear I am making my history too long. Let me make it truthful, as well as real. Many were the drawbacks to perfect happiness. So long had I been accustomed to secrete my real feelings in earth-life, that I found it impossible to abandon the habit at once. When these feelings swept over me, I found that I had suddenly condensed a chilly fog about me, and my rosy joy became saddened. At one time I suddenly found myself on board of a ship in the Arctic Ocean, and was compelled to remain there until I had sown the seeds of reform in a young heart which I had helped to injure. Often from delirium of joy I have suddenly felt myself descending to the dark immoral miasma of earth to correct some mundane error; yet I am fast rising above these sorrows. I know now that I shall never be parted again from those I love. Eternal life is assured to me. Indeed, there is no death; I know it now, and I can build my own future. All the possi-

## Public Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having received several letters from magnetic healers and mediums inquiring about what the prospects are for their work in San Diego, I think it my duty to give the plain facts of the situation as I find it here to-day. Many mediums suppose San Diego, and, indeed, Southern California, to be composed principally of Spiritualists. This is an error. The leading and wealthy Spiritualists of Los Angeles and San Diego either belong to the churches or hold aloof from seances and public meetings. Professional healing and test mediumship is not sustained as it used to be. In regard to magnetic healing San Diego is one of the poorest places I know. Invalids who come here expect to be benefited or cured by the pure air, sunlight and sea bathing. Many of them have tried magnetism before coming here. But another potent reason why magnetic physicians do not succeed as in former times is the great success of the Mind Cure or Christian Science. We have here three classes formed for instruction in metaphysics, and I know of many of the leading citizens, not only among Spiritualists but from the churches, who belong to these classes. Spiritualism has nothing to do with it, nor is the subject mentioned at these meetings. Since my year's residence here magnetic healing has not been a success. In my opinion its days are numbered. It has been succeeded by Mind Cure which has undoubtedly come to stay. That process of treating disease has caused a silent but effective revolution in the ranks of modern progress. The sooner the magnetic healers of the old school recognize this fact the better it will be for their pockets.

I have no sentiments or theories to offer in the premises; I only state facts as they exist, and offer the information freely.

I have received many letters from persons in different places with the information that their spirit guides desire them to travel about the world on a kind of mission, and asking my advice. I counsel all such, if they have a home to remain in it. If they have kind friends or relatives, remain near them. I would counsel these misguided persons to have nothing to do with professional mediumship. If their spirit friends are wise they would advise no such attention on their part at the present day. The year 1887 is not the year 1870. It is now a long time since travelling mediums were appreciated and well paid. The public no longer patronize mediums financially as in days past. We are living in a new age, so to speak. New influences are at work, new philosophy is taught, new science is acting. It no longer suffices to declare oneself a medium with a mission. Spiritualists have grown so skeptical and critical, that they no longer accept mere statements for facts. The individuals without gifts who seek success and fame in the world to-day will find themselves disappointed at every turn. Strange to me does it seem that they cannot recognize the fact, that there are too many mediums travelling from place to place. Hundreds of them cannot make a living, and are obliged to borrow and beg support as they move from place to place. Not one in two hundred is successful. In these days neither Spiritualist nor skeptic can be made to believe that a medium has a mission to perform, unless that medium can rise head and shoulders above the others, and show the world something at once grand and novel. Fifteen or twenty years ago certain speakers, possessing talents that were new and startling, were believed by a good many to have special missions. To-day no wise person believes it, because there are too many speakers in the field who speak well, it being a difficult matter to decide which speaks the best, and for this reason, Spiritualists as a body, have ceased to look upon one as better than another, simply engaging and remunerating the different speakers in a purely business and methodical manner, without reference to any mission he or she may profess to entertain. I have not myself given a seance for nearly a year, my time being fully taken up with newspaper and magazine work, but I know what is going on in the movement and can safely say, that professional mediumship all over the world stands a poor chance of making a future showing with any degree of brilliancy. Here and there we have spurts and starts in mediumship, when some new claimant will rise into view for a few days, months or years, destined at last to pass into obscurity. Therefore, I say, that no one in their right mind will think of leaving home, family and friends to engage, at this late day, in the precarious and unprofitable pursuits of public mediumship.

Villa Montezuma. JESSE SHEPARD.

A national character, that is, the description of one, tends to realize itself, as some prophecies have produced their own fulfillment. Tell a man he is a bear, and you help him to become so. The national character hangs like a pattern in every head; each sensibly or insensibly shapes himself thereby, and feels pleased when he can, in any manner, realize it.—Carlyle.

Good men, you know, pay all the taxes of bad men. Virtuous men pay the State bills of dissipated men. Patriotic men pay all the war bills of unpatriotic men. Citizens that stay at home pay the expenses of politicians that go racketing about the country and do nothing but mischief.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—Ruskin.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.—Lord Macaulay.

There is a mountain of coal in Wild Horse Valley, Wyoming, which has been burning for thirty years. It sends up dense volumes of smoke.

The final proof sheets of Senator Blair's book on the temperance movement in this country have been read, and the volume will soon be published.

The retail price of coal at Pasadena, Cal., is \$25 a ton.



### Women Voters.

"May God hasten the time when all the queens of this country shall be invested with their sovereign right and privilege."

LUCIFER. (London.) The fourth number of this monthly is issued and has a varied table of contents. Chas. Johnston writes on Emerson and Occultism; Mabel Collins continues the Blossom and the Fruit; A Remarkable Christmas story is timely and suggestive, and The Esoteric Character of the Gospels by H. P. B. has not yet come to its conclusion.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) That Girl in Black continues to be as interesting in part second as she was in part first. An illustrated article of Antwerp; San Martino Di Castrozza; The Mediation of Ralph Hardelet, and Coaching Days and Coaching Ways complete an instructive and entertaining number.

The large and rapidly growing number of people who have got over all superstition in their view of Jesus, but are giving up the superstition that comes to a higher and deeper faith in the spiritual realities which shine forth in the works and the teachings of the Prophet of Nazareth, will find the *Life of Dr. Clarke* a most helpful book. They can read it with pleasure themselves. They can put it with pleasure into the hands of inquiring young people. They can recommend it, with confidence, to those who are inquiring what the rational and rational view of Jesus is. O. CLUTE.

The newest fashion in ladies' hats will doubtless cause a flutter of pleasurable excitement among fair sex. Ladies are always susceptible to changes of a fashion plate; and the more startling the departure, the more earnest the gossip over new-modes. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription positive cure for the ills which afflict females make their lives miserable. This sovereign pan-

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 14, 1888.

## The Scientific Basis.

The widespread and deep interest in the series of papers on spirit telegraphy is evidenced by the numerous letters bearing upon the matter daily received, and in the notice taken of them by the daily press. The indications of relieved anxiety, keen satisfaction, and encouragement to greater activity in the production of evidence having scientific value is most marked and gratifying. This should be taken as strong corroboration of the JOURNAL's long-time and oft reiterated assertion as to the necessity of presenting such evidence in an orderly, systematic manner. Only in this way will Spiritualism ever reach the influence and dignity which of right belong to it. And this work will not be done nor the end accomplished until those Spiritualists—and there are many of them—whose wealth is a burden, shall come forward and generously endow an activity for the prosecution of the work.

The JOURNAL has very little sympathy with, and does not care to listen to, the frequent stories of regret and apology which come from people in the Spirit-world, who in mortal form clung to their wealth while breath lasted and now come back to whine over lost opportunities and witness the breaking of their "last will and testament" and the dissipation of their accumulations. The JOURNAL confesses to a decided lack of sympathy for such spirits and believes them entitled to all the hell they are getting, and that without it they will never be purified and made fit company for those who dwell in the higher spheres of Spirit-land. They knew their duty when here but failed to do it, allowing comparatively trifling difficulties to deter them; indeed, welcoming such difficulties as justification and excuse for their selfishness, false pride, want of conscientious loyalty to Spiritualism and other mean motives and fears that come to plague even the best of men in this world's maelstrom of conflicting interests.

The JOURNAL believes it the duty of wealthy Spiritualists to at once go about the work of founding aids for the development of both the scientific and philosophical properties of Spiritualism, and that the fact of the non-existence of permanently established activities for these purposes is no excuse for non-action, but rather a greater reason for prompt steps on their part toward founding and endowing permanent institutions. The JOURNAL can not do this, it can only act as a stimulator to duty; it can only point the way that leads to success, satisfaction and lasting happiness both for the donors and for the world of hungry souls now starving for spiritual knowledge and comfort. The editor of the JOURNAL has done his whole share and duty in the past and expects to in the future. He is ready to co-operate in every way toward putting Spiritualism on a basis where it will be relieved of the empiricism, charlatanism, ignorance, superstition and fanaticism which now color the Spiritualist movement, as a distinctive movement; for which condition the well-to-do, rational, order loving body of believers in the continuity of life and spirit return are largely responsible—responsible through their inaction; inertia and want of appreciation of the solemn duties they owe the world in general and Spiritualism in particular.

The editor of the JOURNAL does not aspire to lead such enterprises as are hereinbefore briefly suggested, he only aims to do his level best in his present capacity, but will lend his cordial support

and that of the JOURNAL to any rational scheme looking to the development of the philosophy of life, for that is what Spiritualism is at its biggest measurement.

## The Impending Crisis\*

This is an age of unprecedented intellectual activity, of rapid diffusion of ideas, of widespread and increasing dissatisfaction with much in prevailing systems and social conditions, accompanied by a vague conception that important changes are inevitable, and near at hand. As to what these changes will be, and the manner in which they are to be brought about, there is any amount of theorizing, much of which is crude and chimerical, and wordy discussion by undisciplined minds, whose desire is far greater than their ability to contribute to the solution of the problems that confront us. But even their words are not without significance and value, for while they present some important aspects of the truth, however imperfectly, they help to prepare the popular mind for impending changes, to hear the footfalls of which multitudes are now straining their ears.

Occupied with the contemplation of this profoundly important subject, of immediate practical interest to us all, are thinkers who are giving to the world the results of years of patient, earnest thought, which even though we dissent from some of the conclusions, command our respectful attention. Although none of these writers, perhaps, sees clearly to what the present transition will carry us, or take into consideration all the factors of the problem, the works of some of them are valuable by reason of the facts they contain and the suggestions they offer, respecting questions which render all others for the time of secondary interest.

Among these writings, to which much attention has been attracted, is a work entitled "Ca Ira," by Laurence Gronlund, A. M., from whose pen appeared about a year ago, as some of our readers will remember, a thoughtful book entitled the "Co-operative Commonwealth." "Ca Ira" is dedicated "to the earnest minority who are waiting for the new social order." It is written from the socialistic standpoint and contains evidence of careful study of the history of the French Revolution; it aims to treat the subject in the light afforded by modern thought, with especial reference to social evolution, and it possesses literary merit which can be accorded to but few works of this class by American socialistic writers. The author has drawn largely, however, from a work little known to American readers,—"M. Avenel's *Lundis Revolutionnaires*," especially in describing the French bourgeoisie.

In regard to the words which form the title of the book, the author says that they are of American origin. "Benjamin Franklin," he observes, "while ambassador at the Court of France during the American Revolution, was constantly questioned about the war with England. His usual answer was 'Ah, Ca Ira!' (Oh! it goes!). This gave rise to the first revolutionary song, jubilantly chanted by all patriots on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and commencing, 'Ah, Ca Ira! Ca Ira! Ca Ira!'"

Mr. Gronlund makes the French Revolution serve as a lesson, an example and a warning. Danton is held up as an instrument of Providence employed to work out its designs, or to use the author's own language, "a true instrument in the hands of the Power behind Evolution, and just the kind of leader we in our generation should encourage."

Danton is taken to be the very embodiment of the Revolution, and above all others the typical French revolutionist of his day, the Atlas, who, in its most critical period carried the Revolution on his shoulders, whose constructive genius laid the right foundations for the future, and whose policy is entitled to the credit for most of the good results of that great event, while failure to pursue it to the end brought upon France those crimes and miseries which excited the indignation and pity of the world.

The main object of this author is to show that the next, if not the final stage of social evolution, is to be the "co-operative commonwealth." He finds in Greece and Rome compulsory co-operation in the form of slavery; in the Middle Ages a milder form of compulsory co-operation in serfdom; in the present transition period a voluntary co-operation for those with means, and a still milder compulsory co-operation for those who work for wages.

In the present social order great corporations exist in antagonism to the interests of the community at large, and Mr. Gronlund is confident that private control all along the line, will have to give way to public control, and that the functions hitherto performed by capitalists must sooner or later devolve on the State; that evolution must end in the supremacy of the collective will; that ownership of the means of production by individuals will be replaced by ownership and supreme control of the means of production by the Commonwealth. "From slavery through serfdom and wagemod, we shall attain voluntary co-operation of all social co-operation, having for our motto, 'Laissez pour all, idleness for none!'"

Not that the government is to do the nation's business. It will be "general statistician, general manager, and general arbitrator." These the collectivity will take upon itself, leaving all the rest to perfectly free associations of workers. The government will

Ca Ira! or Danton in the French Revolution. A study by Laurence Gronlund, A. M. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham; Chicago: A. C. McElroy & Co. pp 252. 1888. For sale by RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. Price, \$1.25

be over things rather than over men, and its vigorous administration is to be secured by the competent and skillful, who "will inevitably gravitate toward the leadership of affairs when they are selected from below by free citizens, independent of all individuals, and that is the only way of securing them."

In Great Britain and the United States collectivism is to be realized by political methods. In the former country it must soon be an issue of practical politics. "Here the constitution must first be changed, which requires a three-fourths majority of all the States." Meanwhile the author believes the present business is to "win over the small minority, the choice band of spirits who in the near future will effect the mental revolution."

The power behind evolution proposes this change, and it is an unavoidable outcome of the process now going on.

Such briefly are Mr. Gronlund's arguments and conclusions, from some of which, the JOURNAL is compelled while concurring in much that he advocates, to dissent; but comments are reserved for another article.

## "What Has Jesus Christ Done For Humanity?"

Such is the question asked in a circular sent by the *Christian Register* to a number of prominent Unitarians, lay and clerical, representing all shades of belief, and its issue of December 22nd, has some pages filled with the answers from thirty-five persons, the majority clergymen, and four women among them. These replies dwell largely and eloquently on the enriching benefit and humanizing help which the life and teachings of Jesus have given to the world. Hardly a recognition or mention is made of any supernatural or miraculous events in his life, and he is treated as if a human being—the Son of God as being richly endowed with spiritual gifts, the same in kind but higher in degree than those of others. Practical, spiritual, tender, and full of courageous cheer as well as free from irrational dogmatism, are these replies; and this view of Jesus coming from so many leading persons of large ability and fine culture is a cheering proof of growth.

Of the idea of immortality as taught by Christ, but eight clergymen,—James Freeman Clarke, F. H. Hedge, Samuel Longfellow, A. A. Livermore, R. R. Shippen, E. E. Hale, Brooke Herford, and Robert Collyer, make any mention. Of the men among the laity, Edward Atkinson, and George F. Hoar allude to this great truth. Of the women, Elizabeth Channing, Elizabeth Peabody, and Julia Ward Howe had inspiring words of the message of Jesus touching the higher life, the last telling of "the victory of life over death, and of right over wrong," and Miss Peabody saying that Jesus "left no dust in his grave." The larger proportion of women than of men who feel so much of the glory of immortality that they must speak of it, is significant of the spiritual wealth of womanhood.

The silence of the majority of nearly two-thirds is not to be taken as proof that they disbelieve the future life, some of them we know believe it fully, yet this silence on so momentous a matter in this connection, does not indicate an inspiring and enlightening warmth of conviction which would lead to emphasizing early Christianity as a revival of faith in immortality. Our Unitarian brethren need Spiritualism to warm and make vital and earnest their somewhat shadowy faith in a future life and to add to their power and influence.

## Dr. McGlynn's Denunciation of the Pope in New York.

On the evening of January 8th, Dr. McGlynn delivered a lecture in New York on "The Pope in Politics—A review of the recent utterance on the subject by Archbishop Corrigan and Mgr. Preston." It appears from published reports of his address that from beginning to end there was a terrible arraignment of the Papacy, with scarcely some redeeming word of praise. "The Pope in politics," said the speaker, "what business has the Pope in politics? What has the Pope to do with the politics, and what has politics to do with the Pope? Who is the Pope? In no land should the disciple who inherits the office of Peter be above the Master, and if the Pope is the successor of Peter, he should surpass every other in meekness, in lowliness, in poverty of spirit. Modern delusion, Pope-worship, Pope-deification, attribute to a poor old man tottering on the brink of the grave, ignorant of the geography of the most of the world, all the triumphs of the church throughout the wide world."

He dwelt upon the corruption of morals "in both clergy and laity," and attributed "the interminable confusion of the Middle Ages" to that corruption. He spoke of the Reformation. "It was this corruption which made necessary the Protestant Reformation. It is not in the power of any Pope or council to create any new doctrine of faith. If it is new it is not a doctrine, and they convict themselves out of their own mouths. Did you see the rubbish in the newspapers last Sunday of the Pope sitting in his high chair—somebody suggests the emphasis should be on the word high—as an oracle of doctrine that we are bound to believe? A man in this city actually dared from a Catholic pulpit to preach such rubbish as that. He said substantially that every word of the Holy Father was the utterance of the Ghost. What nonsense! Will the world ever accept such a rot as that? Does not that make the cheek of you Catholics tingle and burn with shame? There is no gift of infallibility to

the Pope in the administration of his office. We want to see the day when we shall have a Pope who will kick in the mouth, literally, the man who is so debased as to come and kiss his foot. The Pope's entrance into politics has been the curse of every nation. God forbid that the hated thing should be revived. There is a sort of revival now, but it is a sort of opera bouffe revival. Let us not indulge in brutal, fulsome, disgraceful flattery of a poor old bag of bones 78 years old; a poor, tottering, absent-minded old man, with one foot in the grave. Imagine Bismarck having any serious business to intrust to the arbitration of the Pope!"

## Faith Versus Physic.

It appears from the New York *Star* that what seems to be a bona fide and successful restoration to health by means of the mind cure has been effected in Brooklyn. Mr. C. M. Whitney, a well known lawyer, has several pretty daughters, the youngest of whom is Estella, 11 years of age. She is a bright little miss, with black eyes and dark hair, and naturally the pet of the household.

Estella was taken sick on Thursday. She grew steadily worse and on Friday the family physician called. He said the child had all the symptoms of remittent fever and that nothing could be done to hurry her convalescence. She must have excellent care, and a turn for the better could not be expected before ten days. Mrs. Whitney was not satisfied with this and called in two other physicians, both of whom said the same thing. They all agreed that it was a genuine case of remittent fever.

On Tuesday, after the child had been sick for five days, Mr. Whitney telegraphed to Julius A. Dresser, a celebrated Boston mind healer, to see what he could do. Mr. Dresser telegraphed back that he would begin treating the child from Boston.

That night at 6 o'clock the fever left the child suddenly. She clamored for ice cream and coffee, which were given her, and she left her bed apparently well. The next day she was playing about the house, and has been well ever since. These facts are vouched for by Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and all the members of their household.

## The Question Settled.

The New York *Independent* settles the question about future life in brief but comprehensive words, as follows:

"The Bible is the only source from which reliable information can be had relating to the next world. We may 'speculate' about the future, talk about it, write about it, preach about it, and insist upon it, that we know more than God has revealed to us, but all such efforts and speculations are practically not worth a straw. 'Who by searching can find out God?' except so far as he is revealed to us in the Bible. 'For who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?' Nobody, except the one who gets direct information from God's Holy Word. The living are in this world, and the dead are in another world. The living may and do think of the dead, and perhaps the dead also think of the living. But between them, so long as the living remain in this world, all conscious intercourse is suspended. It is this feature that makes death so painful to the survivor. He can neither see nor speak to his friend who has gone to the Spirit-world."

This important statement is given in these columns at the earliest possible date. The vocation of mediums is gone! There is no longer need of psychical investigation, and it would seem best to soon close the useless issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Several millions of people are deluded. God is cruel beyond beyond the old Jewish ideal, for he has so made us that the heart must hunger for some sign from the departed, but no sign can possibly be given. Satisfaction for this heart hunger is impossible! In one old book is all that we can know!

But *The Independent* has settled the question and all must accept its word as authority—or else consider it spiritually blind.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter is now located in this city at No. 10 Centre Avenue, near Madison St.

Lyman C. Howe is engaged to speak at Niantic Camp, Aug. 26th, and at Lake Pleasant, Aug. 31st and Sept. 2nd, 1888.

The Ladies of the Young Peoples' Progressive Society will give a Leap Year Party on Friday evening, January 20th, at the society's Hall, 159 22nd street. Tickets 50 cents.

A. E. Tisdale, the blind medium, was called upon for a brief address at the Princess Opera House last Sunday evening. He is a fluent, forcible speaker, and is capable of interesting any audience.

The meeting of the Spiritualist Union, Mrs. DeWolf, President, was well attended on last Sunday evening, at the Princess Opera House. The Boy Medium responded to questions, and then delivered a brief address.

P. Thompson of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. writes: "The annual election of officers of our society took place here last Sunday, re-electing the old officers with but one exception, that of trustee. The year has been a successful one both financially and spiritually. We are doing well."

We have a supply of "The Art of Forgetting," by Prentice Mulford, which is published in the White Cross Library. This pamphlet has made quite a sensation in the world of letters and has been read by many thinking men and women. Price, single copies, 15 cents.

A progressive spiritual society has been formed in St. Augustine Fla., with about 100 believers. The first meeting was held there last month in the spacious and handsome rooms of the Vail block, leased for the society. J. F. Whitney, Sr., was elected president. A set of by-laws were adopted. The association has carpeted its rooms and furnished

them handsomely, and have on file all leading papers and magazines. Mrs. Fox Kane is expected down there soon and will give a series of sances.

A. L. Coverdale writes: "Judge Tiffany will continue next Sunday, and during the month, to lecture before the Young Peoples' Progressive Society. Each lecture becomes more interesting. Our meetings are not largely attended, but all are earnest seekers for light, and hence it is even more gratifying to us to realize that those who do attend are sincere in their object, than if they came merely out of idle curiosity."

A monkey exhibited at a museum established at Tacubaya, Mexico, was condemned to be shot under judicial sentence. It seems that the animal bit a man, who died from the results of the bite. The family of the deceased brought complaint before a judge who was foolish enough to institute criminal proceedings against the monkey and sentenced him to be shot. Luckily the manager of the museum brought influence to bear, and succeeded in obtaining a change of the sentence to perpetual imprisonment. The monkey is now enduring the punishment of his crime behind the bars of an iron cage at the museum.

Mrs. Mary Potter Tripp, daughter of that excellent Boston medium, Mrs. Jennie Potter, has been very dangerously ill, but is now slowly convalescing. We remember, as will all who visited Mrs. Potter years ago, the sweet, beautiful little girl, May, as she was called, and shall always feel an interest in her welfare. As a young lady, Mrs. Tripp exhibited great genius for music and painting and would undoubtedly have become famous had she pursued her studies in these directions. She inherits fine medial gifts which, it is to be hoped, will yet benefit the public in some way.

It is stated that the mystery of a remarkable murder case has just been cleared away in Madison County, Ind., through a medium. Twelve years ago Samuel Lott disappeared, and a search for him at the time proved unsuccessful. That he was murdered was quite evident. The affair has remained a profound mystery, and the murderer was never apprehended nor the remains found. Finally interest in the fate of Lott died away until, at a Spiritualists' meeting at Chesterfield, a communication was received purporting to be from him. It stated that he was murdered by one David Shafer, now deceased. The communication also detailed the mode by which the deed was executed, the location of the skeleton, and where the victim was last seen alive. The latter place was on the White River road bridge near Daleville, and Lott, in company with Shafer, was seen going north on the fatal night. The place where the remains were located in the communication has been visited and the body found.

Word comes from Cleveland, Ohio, that Rev. Jacob Hartzler, by a singular coincidence, arrived from Japan, where he has been engaged in missionary work, just in time to testify in the Evangelical Church trial, in which Pastor Hasenpflug is charged with using profane language. He testified to the existence of a society of "Escherites," known as the "Bruders Bund," or Brothers' Covenant. He said that it was not in perfect consonance with progressive American ideas, and that it recognized Bishop Escher as the head of the church. "This organization," Rev. Hartzler continued, "gave me much trouble by their persecutions in Japan." A verdict was brought in by the church jury that Rev. Hasenpflug must publicly retract the bad language used or be expelled.

Good for Spiritualists as well as for the Christians to whom it is especially addressed is this from *The Advance*: "The idea of proportionate giving is a matter which is arresting attention among Christian people. Is not the time coming when persons with comparatively large means will be found giving to the on-moving causes of Christian enterprises, not in the measures which betoken the narrow mind and the small heart, but in degrees of largeness of beneficence corresponding to their ability, 'as the Lord hath prospered them?' Within the past ten years there have been many shining tokens of Christian progress in this respect. All our great missionary societies are witnesses of this, as are also our Christian colleges all over the land. And yet it can not be denied that there is still a woful disparity between the sums lavished on selfish gratifications, in one form and another, and the amounts devoted to unselfish uses. Dribbling runnels of charity; flood-tides of luxury. But not always will it be so."

Some years ago Mme. Bonicant decided to give all her employees a share in the profits of the establishment, the "Bon Marche," Paris, France. Accordingly each quarter year a third of the entire profits of the place is divided among them, according to their length of service. Then she thought that provision ought to be made for those who grow old and feeble in her service. So she established a pension fund, giving out of her own purse \$1,000,000 toward it. The employees all contributed to it voluntarily from their wages, and it now amounts to more than \$1,800,000. Finally, she decided to give her chief helpers a chance to become part owners in the concern. So she formed a stock company with \$1,000,000 capital. Of this she herself \$2,500,000. The remainder was up in small lots on easy terms by her assistants, to the number of 260. The pany is organized like a republic. Officers are regularly elected every year. Bonicant, of course, was President as she lived. A successor to her will now be elected.



A great deal of interest has been aroused by the prosecution of Christopher Irving and Henry Walters, two Seventh-Day Adventists, for performing servile labor on the Lord's day, in violation of the statute, at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The defendants were represented by Joseph A. Harris, of Moncton, on behalf of the Seventh-Day Adventists' society of the United States. His defense was that the Seventh-Day Adventists are a people who religiously and conscientiously keep the seventh day as the Sabbath, in accordance with the fourth commandment. They find no authority in scripture for keeping the first day as Sunday. If no excuse is afforded to them as conscientious believers, then the act involves religious controversy and is therefore unconstitutional, as being against the vested right of liberty of conscience and religious liberties. The mission of the Seventh-Day Adventists is to emphasize the superiority of the divine law as the only basis for conscience and the only authority on the question of Sabbath observance. Judge Motton reserved judgment.

Thomas Lees writes as follows to the Cleveland, Ohio, Plain Dealer: "Eleven lectures on modern Spiritualism have been given in the Columbia theatre on successive Sunday evenings, accompanied by illustrative test séances. The prime object of the course of lectures was educational or a better understanding of the subject of modern Spiritualism by the general public. In this respect the lectures have been eminently successful. Thanks are due from the friends of the cause to the four gentlemen who have appeared as speakers in the course as exponents of our glorious philosophy: Rev. Samuel Watson, D. D., who was for forty years a prominent pillar in the M. E. Church; Walter Howell, the trance medium, who in himself is a living illustration of Spiritualism and its hand-maiden mediumship; Charles Dawson, the scientific demonstrator of modern Spiritualism and the able exponent of the laws underlying its phenomena, and the versatile J. Frank Baxter, the schoolmaster.

Irving and Terry.

Of the Chicagoese who love the legitimate drama and who have reigned at the latter-day slop which nearly monopolizes the boards, there are thousands. These good people are just now having a feast at McVicker's Theater where Henry Irving and Ellen Terry with their talented company are filling a month's engagement. Every student of Goethe should see the tragedy of Faust as put upon the stage by Irving, whose interpretation of Mephistopheles differs radically from the conventional one so long familiar to the public.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Divine Authority of Reason.

S. L. TYRRELL.

The bitter conflict between science and religion seems now near its end. Bible expositors have recently discovered profound latent meanings in the first chapter of Genesis, which bring it into such unexpected harmony with modern science that there seems no cause for further conflict. Keen theological critics have found in the "poetical cosmogony" of Moses, striking outlines of all the great sciences. It strangely turns out at last, that Moses instead of La Place first suggested the "nebular hypothesis," and revealed true geology many centuries in advance of the uninspired philosophers. Since the new exegesis of Genesis has become orthodox, the outlook for evangelical theology seems far more cheerful; the clergy are assuming an attitude more confident and aggressive. By the aid of this new scientific commentary, the most unlettered D. D. can boldly confront the agnostic philosophers, and show that after all their "shallow" criticism, the bible when interpreted aright, is fully abreast with the science of to-day. It now appears that modern scientists are guilty of plagiarism; merely bringing into some clearer light the pictures outlined in the inspired "panoramic vision" of Moses. The perplexing problems concerning the existence of light before the sun was made, are now easily solved, since we have learned that Moses was not writing of common days, with common "mornings" and "evenings," but speaking scientifically of the "cosmical light" caused by the friction of atoms in the great revolving nebula from which our solar system was evolved. The poetical, mosaic chronology seems also happily adapted to astronomical religion. In its grand, final effort to reconcile Genesis and science. By its miraculous elasticity which makes a scriptural day equivalent to an astronomical or geological era of any necessary or desirable length, it enables theology to date creation as remote in eternity as the most advanced evolutionist demands, and thus all cause for chronological conflict is removed. But such gross distortion of plain language to evade the positive conflict of scripture with known scientific facts cannot be regarded as a reconciliation, but as a virtual surrender to science of everything essential in the conflict. Candid criticism frankly concedes that such perversion of scripture is not admissible, and the fact remains, and must forever remain, that the cosmogony of Genesis is scientifically untrue.

New Testament inspiration endorses "Moses and the prophets," and both Testaments must stand or fall together. Christianity being a historical religion, its theological system rests wholly on the truth of the first chapter of Genesis. Without a literal Adam and Eve, the serpent and the fall, the complicated evangelical "plan of salvation" is "all a troubled dream." The bible of Christendom was so critically reviewed in the late great revision movement, that the world now knows far better than ever before its real place in history. Many startling facts were brought to light concerning "conflicting manuscripts," "different versions," "various readings" and interpolations. These facts, were thought to be infidel slanders when met in liberal literature, but were accepted as true when used by orthodox scholars as grave reasons for "amending the sacred text." The final result of scientific and biblical criticism is, that virtual deism is nearly universal in intelligent Christendom. It cannot be denied that the bible as divine authority is practically obsolete. The ancient oriental bibles, being like the

Christian scriptures, hopelessly committed to the false science of the age in which they were written, must inevitably disappear as fast as Western science spreads. The laws of thought being everywhere the same, no heathen or Christian reason can long be silenced by the theological fallacy that a divine revelation may be false in its science and yet true and trustworthy in religion. Inventive science has made all nations neighbors to-day. Thought moves with lightning speed, and heathen nations must soon repudiate their fabled revelations. The whole earth will soon be infidel and required to construct their religions anew from the original, natural, resources of the human mind. Conservative philanthropy clearly sees the coming moral crisis, and almost in despair asks, what can philosophy give the world in exchange for the bible it is taking away. If the old bibles were really the "very word of God," their loss would be an infinite calamity; but since we have learned they are of human origin, we may cheerfully assume that the scientific moralists of this age can write new scriptures far superior to the old.

In the present unique, religious emergency, the question comes again and again to every earnest soul, is man verily an exile from his father's house? Are the heavens above him forever sealed? His humanity, the possible way of access to the wisdom and will of God? To this supreme inquiry we may most confidently reply, that the whole known universe is an open bible. The student of natural theology need not squander precious years over faded manuscripts, and contested Greek and Hebrew grammar to examine the genuine word of the living God. There is a plainer path. One glorious truth is written throughout the universe: the fact that God is good. This supreme fact of the divine benevolence is to reason a direct revelation of the divine will.

Although the mystery of evil is not yet fully solved, still the proofs of creative goodness, so infinitely exceed all opposing evidence that we know that the controlling attributes of the Deity are eternally and persistently benevolent. On this immutable fact man may safely base his moral philosophy. That God wishes the happiness of his universe is so indisputable that it may be safely taken as a moral axiom. Upon this truth the moralist finds solid ground. Reasoning from this axiom the philosopher needs no acute metaphysics to detect the abstract moral quality of conduct. How sure and simple the analysis, since simply to know an action tends to the universal good, is to surely know the action right and in harmony with the spirit of the supreme eternal moral law.

By the light of history and observation, society has proved that certain actions are opposed to human welfare, and have consequently been branded as crimes, and written down in all the sacred books as transgressions of divine law. Such actions when condemned by the general moral judgment of humanity are virtually condemned by divine authority, for there is verily a profound religious truth underlying the political maxim that, "The voice of the people is the voice of God." Theistic science justly claims that man's physical anatomy to-day has assumed the form it was originally designed to have, and we may as scientifically claim that his moral organism has also been developed according to a definite moral purpose, and that his moral judgments when expressed through his normal intellect and intuitions must accord with the divine idea of morality. As the abnormal human monstrosities in museums do not represent the true natural physical anatomy of man, so neither do the mental and moral abortions in prisons, asylums and cloisters, truly represent man's natural moral image. God's ideal physical form is to be found in the average form of humanity; so also is the divine will to be found in the general verdict of mankind.

The great religions of the world so wonderfully agree upon the fundamental principles of morals that they must have had a common origin in the common religious instincts of the race. In their essential morality they may be called natural religions, such as human nature must of necessity originate. It is plain that the unsupported supernatural faiths must soon disappear and a revised natural religion, or none, must supply their place. The grave inquiry arises here, can any thing compensate the world for the loss of its bibles? It is a persistent objection to natural religion that it provides no penal sanctions to enforce its moral code. This objection has far less force than generally supposed. No government has yet dared to trust the enforcement of its laws wholly to theological penalties. The bells of religion have had much less restraint than has been believed. Primitive Judaism had no hell in its creed, not even the doctrine of a future state, yet it developed a far higher morality than did medieval Christianity with all the fearful sanctions of Dante's hell. The sure and speedy execution of Jewish law proved more efficient on short-lived humanity than the distant, "Post Mortem" fires of Purgatory.

Where, then, shall we look for a practical substitute for the old theologies? In the critical transition era between supernatural and natural religion, representative governments embodying the moral sense of great republics, must boldly assume the former functions of theology, and not only decide what real morality is, but also provide the means to enforce it. Since there is now upon earth no known supernatural way of access to divine wisdom, governments must be very largely theocratic, humanity representing the supreme divinity. Such governments may not prove infallible, but none more divine can be conceived while man's relations to the Deity continue as they are. Civil government has heretofore been too distrustful of its divine jurisdiction over all that pertains to human welfare; it has imagined itself subordinate to some higher supernatural authority; it has not confidently dared to base legislation on the firm, ethical axiom, that reason is divine, that demonstrated truth is positive revelation from God; it has not been clearly enough perceived, that the weight of a planet, revealed through a God-given mathematical brain, is as truly a divine revelation as if revealed through an audible voice from the heavens, for mathematics and logic do not spring from unconscious dust but from the original source of all mind, the eternal mind of Deity. So far as man now knows, nature has entrusted human interests to human governments, and these governments in carrying forward nature's evolutionary designs, will be required to assume unique and surprising powers, yet not any powers or functions not already recognized as legitimate by civilized society.

Quarantine laws embrace principles comprehensive enough to justify any extreme legislation needed to effect the most radical, prospective social reforms. The legal principle which justifies the protection of society from contagious physical diseases, logically includes an equal right to suppress the

spread of moral pestilence. The principle of compulsory education, which excludes false and obsolete science from secular school, includes also the right and duty to supervise religious institutions, to investigate the qualifications of the teachers and exclude all false and retrogressive theology. The important right of the State to protect agriculture from the seeds of noxious weeds does most unquestionably include the right and obligation to exterminate the hereditary, chronic germs of human immorality and crime by the most "heroic" treatment known to medical and surgical skill. The laudable ambition of theology for centuries has been to regenerate humanity; but by ignoring natural laws, and attempting to reconstruct human nature by artificial, supernatural means, its reforms have been spasmodic and transient. The "new hearts" and "new natures" of the creeds being the ephemeral offspring of emotion, and not fixed in the moral organism, are consequently not subject to hereditary laws and do not insure permanent moral progress. But scientific legislation, working by nature's evolutionary processes, may rationally aspire to complete man's religious development.

Two well established and recognized laws are nature's chosen means of human and animal progression; the law of "the survival of the fittest" and "the law of heredity." The law of "survival" selects what most deserves to live, and heredity preserves and transmits the advance, and thus each new generation starts from a higher standpoint than the last. Only by intelligent co-operation with these infallible laws, can man hope to reach his highest destiny. Nature's "law of survival" which consigns the imperfect and unfit to oblivion, is condemned by the pessimist, as barbarous and unbenevolent; and any human system of reform based upon this divine, evolutionary method, must expect the condemnation of illogical moralists, and morbid, unreasoning philanthropy; but regardless of human adverse criticism, the stern, yet benevolent law of survival remains unrepented upon nature's statute book; and in justification of human attempts to obey this divine statute, it may reverently be asked, can man aspire to be more moral and merciful than his maker?

Since it is known that mental and moral instincts are hereditary by "natural law," man has a scientific basis for faith in the world's regeneration. Morality is found to be subject to human control. Social environment gives character and direction to plastic moral instincts, and society has the power to create its own controlling environment. It is the cheering faith of the theistic

evolution, that society and governments will eventually develop sufficient wisdom to remove from the world the serious existing causes for dishonesty and deceit, thus creating a social environment that shall persistently impress the religious instincts of mankind until righteousness becomes incarnate in human nature, and humanity reaches the divine ideal of progress, a state of permanent "organic morality."

Cleveland, O.

#### Errata.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am very charitable about errors of type or proof reading, for I know of aching heads and blurred eyes, and manuscript not quite as plain as print, and all these must be allowed for. But I will ask correction of a few errors in my review of Mr. Powell's "Heredity from God," in your issue of Jan. 7th. In the first half column, for "trace the use" read "trace the rise of intelligence," etc. In the last half of same column for "in all ages but question our own," read "especially in" instead of "question." Near head of next column, for "in this was given," read "in this book were given," etc., and in same line for "complex" read "complete." Last, but not least, near the last paragraph, for "that pseudo-science which ever looks into the mind like Mr. Muckrake," etc., for "mind" read "mud," and think of a poor man who never looks up at the over-arching sky, and is proud to say that he doesn't know about his soul, yet calls himself a scientist.

Detroit, Mich.

G. B. STEBBINS.

[The fault in this instance lies mostly in the illegibility of the manuscript. Even expert proof-readers have their limitations.—ED. JOURNAL.]

#### Passed to Spirit-Life.

Mrs. A. W. Blann, of Cleveland, Ohio, passed to Spirit-Life after a protracted and painful sickness. The funeral at her residence was attended by Hudson Tuttle, and her mortal remains were deposited in the family tomb at Lake View Cemetery.

#### The Cutest Little Things.

"Cutest!" he echoed. "Well, I don't know as the adjective would have occurred to me in just that connection. But if you mean that they do their work thoroughly, yet make no fuss about it; cause no pain or weakness; and, in short, are everything that a pill ought to be, and nothing that it ought not, then I agree that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are about the cutest little things going!"

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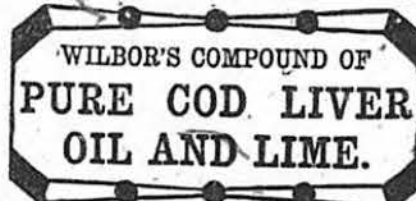
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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

## "Only a Girl."

BY ETHEL ETHERTON.  
(MRS. A. K. N. RICH.)

Close the door carefully—muffle the tread,  
Drop the soft curtains around the white bed;  
A pale mother's sleeping, ay, give her rest,  
See the fresh rosebud upon her white breast,  
She has struggled with pain, she has wrestled with  
death:

Here is the victory; let not a breath  
Awaken her slumber; hark! there's a tread  
Nearer and nearer approaching her bed;  
Manly his bearing—yes, noble his mien;  
Lowly he bends the fair sleeper between;  
Lifts the frail floweret with womanly care,  
Breathlessly gazing, his lips part in prayer?  
Not there's a chill in the ambient air,  
Each word falls distinctly and painfully slow,  
Curdling and freezing the blood in its flow:

"It's ONLY A GIRL!"—a hush as of death  
For the moment suspended each listener's breath:  
In the pause—the pale sleeper uplifts her eyes—  
"I must have been dreaming," she said with sur-  
prise:  
"I thought that a cold hand of iron clutched my  
heart,  
While hard, cruel words, like a poisonous dart,  
Pierced my soul to its core; I sprang for my babe!  
"It's ONLY A GIRL!" were the words I heard said,  
And Elmer! O Elmer! that voice was like thine;  
That hand—angels spare me—once warmly clasped  
mine,  
As you called me more precious than ruby or pearl,  
And yet it was I who was ONLY A GIRL!  
If a girl is thus dear, then the MOTHER and WIFE  
To every true man is as dear as his life!"  
She clasped her cold hands o'er her hot, throbbing  
brow.

The blood it all rushed to that citadel now;  
Then her words, quick and scathing burned into the  
soul:  
Emotion awayed reason beyond her control!  
"It's ONLY A GIRL!" Oh! man, in thy strength,  
Know that God measures souls by their depth—not  
their length:

The streamlet may wind over miles of fair earth,  
Yet bear on its bosom no proud ship of worth;  
A man may hold kingdoms, yea, nations control,  
What is that to the birth of one beautiful soul?  
The germ in your stormy sea unfolded with care  
May, like *Harriet Hosmer*, or *Rosa Bonheur*,  
Move the world by her art, or lull it to rest  
With poetry's magic, the balm of the blest;  
The mission of MOTHERHOOD! Man, do you dare  
With sneers stain this sanctum sanctorum of  
prayer!

This Holy of Holies—this mightiest dower!  
Dare to scoff at the sex in which lies this power?  
Ah! whence were the monarch, the duke and the  
earl?

Had not each a mother, once "only a girl?"  
And whence came thy being, and all the proud van  
You marshaled in battle—yes, every man?  
The magnet that led them through storm and  
through strife

Was a MOTHER, a sister, a sweetheart or wife,  
Each closely enshrined in his heart like a pearl,  
And yet each fair image was ONLY A GIRL!  
It was only a girl that Deity chose  
To incarnate the Christ; the story in prose  
Sweeps down through the ages like stars through  
the night.

To illumine the world with its God-given light;  
'Twas only frail women that wept at the tomb,  
And talked with the angels when Jesus had gone,  
And women that bore the glad tidings to men  
That Christ, the beloved, had risen again;  
'Twas only a girl in a womanly form  
That steered a brave ship through tempest and  
storm.

When the captain lay dying—dismayed the whole  
crew,  
That vessel by woman was piloted through;  
Still another, more noble, courageous and brave,  
Saved a burning ship's crew from a watery grave,  
In an hour of dire peril, when every breath  
Was a prayer, for the breakers were talking with  
death;

When no man on shore would imperil his life,  
This beautiful girl in her beautiful faith  
Gave humanity one hand, the other to God,  
And landed them safe on the brim-washed sod.  
Yet another, as self-sacrificing, brave,  
Whose youth, strength and beauty are given to save  
The aqueous traveler whose bark would strand  
On ocean's jagged rocks and bars of sand,  
Without her beacon-light, outshining far,  
As if God had led down a guiding star,  
To a weak girl, but strong in holy faith,  
But countless numbers like a torrent rush  
Into my mind, I see God's burning bush,  
And by its light I gather gems and pearls  
In every age and clime, from "only girls."  
Go to the reeking battlefields of yore,  
And read the records writ in human gore,  
Of woman's valor, mercy, courage, love,  
And point me to one name that's carved above,  
The name of woman in such deeds as these,  
And I will pray to Heaven on bended knees  
That every child henceforth may be a boy,  
But ere in scorn you breathe "only a girl!"  
Look, lest you cast aside the greater PEARL.

## Spirit Messages.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A neighbor of mine, a respectable and intelligent  
lady, relates a dream or vision which came to her  
twice in 1870, and impressed her as of prophetic  
significance. It will give it in her words as nearly as  
possible:

"I saw an immense throng of working people—  
men from their shops and farms, and women from  
their household duties, some of them with babies in  
their arms. This vast multitude looked sad and  
worn with the oppressive wretchedness that rested  
all over the land, like a cloud, so dense, and black it  
could be felt.

"Above and beyond them was a great temple,  
larger at the bottom than at the top, and on the  
roof or dome, which seemed to be unfinished, lay  
coiled a huge, horrid snake. It lay there quietly  
with its head and part of its body hanging over the  
side of the temple. The people felt that this great  
heavy serpent caused their oppression and misery,  
and were planning and trying to destroy it, but their  
efforts were fruitless. A few people at the temple  
and on the stairway which ran around it, were  
carousing and singing the praises of this serpent and  
jeering the multitude that tried to kill it.

"A part of the throng to my left extended farther  
up the hill, or higher ground toward the temple, and  
seemed to take no part in the conflict. We had  
stood there a long time when the multitude at my  
right seemed to part, making way for a man who  
advanced with a quick, determined step. Stopping  
in an opening which the throng made for him, he  
raised his eyes and right hand toward heaven, saying  
in a distinct, but not loud voice, 'In God's name I  
command thee to burn.' I cannot find words to  
describe the crash and roar which followed. The  
flames burst from every crevice of that temple, and  
I saw that loathsome snake writhing in its death  
agonies."

In Topeka, at a circle composed of Mrs. Enoch  
Chase, Mrs. Clayton and myself, on the evening of  
Nov. 19th, 1884, this message came by the tipping of  
the table and calling the alphabet:

"Four decades of prosperity, then war, bloodshed,  
destitution. O, ye, who seek for power at such a  
fearful cost, remember a day of reckoning will come.  
—It—"

"I asked, 'Who is It?' Mrs. Clayton, the medium,  
said: 'An Italian who seldom communicates, but  
when he does, it is to warn of future events.'  
We were astonished and felt sad at this dismal  
declaration. It was followed by this from Billy,  
whom none of us knew in earth-life, but who claims  
to have been shipwrecked and drowned with a  
brother of Mrs. Chase, and who often communicates  
when she is in the circle: 'This earth-life is filled  
with breakers—keep your sails trimmed.'"

Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Clayton are both well known  
in Topeka as ladies of the highest respectability and  
purity of life and character.

Strong City, Kan. MARGARET L. WOOD.

Well, suppose life is a desert? There are halting-  
places, and shades, and refreshing waters; let us  
profit by them today. We know that we must  
march on when to-morrow comes, and tramp on  
our destiny onward.—*Thackeray.*

## A GHOST EXPLAINS.

The Reason Why a Rich and Beautiful  
Young Lady Committed Suicide.

A distressing tragedy, and one for a long while  
surrounded with mystery, occurred in Brooklyn  
some months ago at the house of George L. Nicolson,  
361 Pierpont street. The house is one of the  
finest mansions on the heights, and its owner a man  
of wealth. Miss Nancy Leele, a beautiful and ac-  
complished young woman from Baltimore, who was  
spending a few weeks with Mr. Nicolson's daughter,  
with whom she had been acquainted since their  
school days, shot herself in the head fatally. She  
died in a short time. She was the only daughter of  
wealthy parents, and there seemed no reason for  
her awful act of self-destruction. Her mind was  
perfectly sound, and she was considered by all who  
knew her as the possessor of an unusual amount of  
sound good sense. On the evening previous to her  
suicide she was unusually bright and cheerful. She  
smiled and chatted at the dinner table in her ac-  
customed lively manner. By no act or word did she  
show that she was suffering from trouble of mind or  
despondency.

At about 10 o'clock she went to her bedroom alone,  
where she engaged in writing a letter. About a  
quarter of an hour elapsed when the inmates of the  
house were startled by hearing the report of a pistol  
issuing from one of the rooms in the upper parts of  
the house. On search being made Miss Leele was  
found stretched on the floor with a revolver by her  
side, and a bullet wound in her forehead. She was  
dying. She was so far gone when the doctors ar-  
rived that she could make no statement, and  
carried her secret to the grave. But secrets will  
not always rest in the grave, and those who die with  
secrets sometimes return to reveal them.

Such has been the case with Miss Leele. Re-  
cently Miss Edith Nicolson, about to retire, turned  
off the gas, when she was greatly horrified to see the  
form of her dead friend, Miss Leele, standing in  
front of a large dressing mirror, running her fingers  
through her long, dark hair, every part of her form  
being luminous, "phosphorescent" as it were. She  
seemed to be coming out of her long, dark curls, and  
trying to arrange them as they would hide an ugly  
bullet hole in her forehead. She paid no heed at  
first to Miss Nicolson who screamed, and almost  
fainting, fell into a chair. As though attracted by  
her screams the ghost, for such it was, approached  
her, and calling her by name, said: "Edith, why do  
you scream? Are you so much afraid of your old  
school chum?" I would not hurt you for anything  
and I have come now to see you. I have felt ever  
since my death that I owed it to you that I should  
come and explain my act which you all thought  
so terrible. The truth is this: I was by nature a  
powerful medium—as you are also, my dear—and I  
was very much interested in the strange and won-  
derful reports that from time to time I had heard  
about the Spirit-world. As you know, while I was  
very young I gave my heart to one of the best and  
handsomest of men, George H. R.-y. My family  
were as much pleased with the match as I was, and  
no wonder, for he was a rich, brilliant young lawyer,  
a credit to any family. One day he left me and  
started for Chicago. The train went  
down into the river at Ashtabula. There was a ter-  
rible loss of life. George was never found. His  
body was burnt beyond recognition, but as he had  
promised to return to me in one week when he left  
me I knew he would come, and he did. I was  
waiting for him in my own room. My gas was  
turned low, for I knew he would come in no earthly  
form. He came as I had expected, materialized by  
my power as a medium, and he has been by my side  
time and again since that evening. At last the long  
years of my betrothal came to an end. I shot my-  
self so that since he could not be as I was I might  
be as he was, and the act was a happy act, for we  
are now united forever in a world whence death and  
evil are impossible."

With these words she closed her narrative and  
silently faded away.—*Globe-Democrat.*

The JOURNAL does not vouch for the truthfulness  
of this story. It is to say the least rather incredible  
to believe that the story told by the alleged spirit  
should be so accurately repeated by a listener who  
was so badly frightened during the purported inter-  
view.

## "Brace Up."

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The truth looked you right in the face when you  
said this. If you pick out from the metaphysical  
repost just this one tiny morsel, "Brace up," it simply  
shows how appetite may be governed by discretion.

Who bids the sick body to brace up?

Who bids the tired mind to brace up?

The will!

What is that energy, which braces up the will?

Where shall we find energy, when we have lost it?

Does spirit supply energy?

If we recognize spirit whenever it manifests itself,

we may know it the next time, and may make use of

it. Here is what Chaucer says:

Or, if the soul of proper kind

Be so perfect as men find

That it wot to know what is to come,

And that he warneth all and some

Of every of their adventures

By previsions or figures

But that our flesh hath not might

It to understand aright

For it is warned too darkly.

Let us ask a mathematician, how much he knows of

spirit! I ask him, what is a point?

Definition: A point is that which has place, or

position, but not magnitude.

My reason laughs at it.

"You mean a point to occupy a place, and not have

any size?"

"Exactly. You must conceive this in your mind."

"In my mind? To conceive a nothing in my

mind, to put it into something?"

My mind says it is absurd. "Spirit" helps me over

this difficulty; with ease it adjusts, where reason re-  
jects, and the mind distrusts.

As from the misty depths the rising sun will glow,

So will from out confusion the simple truth yet  
grow:

A truth can not be vague, but clearly must define

Thus far shall reason go, here Spirit draw the line.

The science most exact, how far does it then reach—

If it cannot explain what mathematics teach?

A point to have a place; but not have any size;

And on this structure then the whole foundation lies

Of reason's argument. In spirit to conceive

A nothingness, a void—that still a truth shall leave.

LOUIS ABRENS.

## A Test by E. V. Wilson.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Many years ago when living in Southern Illinois  
at a small railroad town, mostly inhabited by rail-  
road people, I engaged E. V. Wilson to deliver  
several lectures, and entertain the audiences with  
platform tests, for which he was noted at that time.  
I advertised him attractively, heading my notices  
thus: "E. V. Wilson, The Veteran War Horse of  
Platform at Hall." To avoid appearance  
of collusion I met him, twenty miles away, and on  
landing I drove him directly to my home where he  
rested until supper. After supper I drove him to the  
hall; until there he had not spoken to anyone outside  
of myself and family. The hall was well filled with  
anxious faces, to whom he gave a very interesting  
and entertaining lecture, after which he gave an  
unusual number of tests that seemed to fit just; but  
the climax was capped when he singled out one man  
from a number, and said: "By you, sir, I see a man  
who says his name was — he was killed by a  
burning engine on the railroad, in front of the hall  
we occupy, and you knew the man and the circum-  
stances that killed him."

I was bewildered; there was no railroad in front  
of the hall nor on this street, and so far as I knew,  
never had been. The man came forward, and to the  
astonishment of myself and many others said: "It is  
all true. I knew him well, and the circumstance I  
have just forgot, as I was on the same train." Here  
was positive proof of spirit return. This cir-  
cumstance made a deep impression on those present,  
and many became firm believers in spirit return and  
its teaching, and adhere to it to this day; so, as I  
have said above, the phenomenal will always do its  
work where it can be practically applied.

Upon inquiry I was informed that there was a  
railroad on this street; that it had been abandoned  
for a straight line some ten years before this meet-  
ing.

Detroit, Mich.

WM. C. CLAXTON.

## CONSOLATION.

A Spirit Message Given in a Private  
Home.

In one of your JOURNALS of August, 1886, there  
appeared a report, under the heading, "Passed to  
Spirit Life," of the decease of a youth named Wal-  
ter Rusher. That notice opened as follows: "It  
has never fallen to my lot to record a more sad be-  
reavement, or one which awakened more intense  
sorrow and heart-felt sympathy than that which I  
now transmit to the JOURNAL." The report goes on  
to say that on the evening of July 27th, 1886, Wal-  
ter Rusher, aged 23, went down alone to bathe in  
the lake which borders his father's farm, and was  
drowned.

Although nearly one and a half years have rolled  
away since the sad event referred to, Mrs. Rush-  
er, the mother of this excellent young man, has  
continued to be inconsolable for the loss of her  
only son. Gloomy thoughts were continually arising,  
and he has scarcely ever been absent from her  
thoughts. The lady, who might have been de-  
scribed as an intellectual skeptic, has been in the  
habit of associating him in her mind with every  
circumstance; for instance, when winter set in, she  
would contemplate her frozen soil with storms howling  
above him, while she and his father were living  
in a comfortable home; this thought rendered  
her incapable of enjoying as she might, the ap-  
pointments of her nice home. I had repeatedly re-  
monstrated with her on the folly of needlessly em-  
bittering her life in that way, and sought to make  
her understand that such feelings reacted upon the  
object of her grief, preventing his advancement  
into that peace to which he was entitled, and bind-  
ing his spirit down to earth.

To-day she has received the letter which I subjoin,  
from her sister in Ohio, and she at once came, in  
the fullness of her joy, to my house and handed it  
to me to read. It will be seen how appropriate the  
message is to her case and how satisfactory it must  
be, coming from a private person and that person a  
far distant sister. The following is the letter ver-  
batim:

"HIRAM, Ohio, Dec. 10, 1887.  
"DEAR-SISTER SALINA.—I was sitting this evening  
trying to get a communication from some spirit  
friend through Psycho-Brette, or the Talking Board,  
which I suppose you know is somewhat like Plan-  
chette, when to my surprise Walter's name was  
spelled out. No one was farther from my mind at  
the time than him, as you know my acquaintance  
with him was unfortunately so slight, therefore I  
was the more pleased and surprised to get a mes-  
sage from him. It was so truly a message to me  
from him, that I could not help but send it to you  
right away; it may, perhaps, do you the good it has  
done me. I will give it as Edith wrote it down from the  
Board.

"You tell mother I am not out in the storm, but  
am sheltered by God's loving hand. She must not  
think of me in that way, it grieves me sorely. Help  
my spirit onward by loving whispers, by hopeful  
aspirations. Let the past be buried in the past.  
Grow upward not downward; you (mother) must  
come to me. Be brave as you have been always.  
Love is stronger than death. My love is yours al-  
ways. Do not grieve for me. It is better so. Good  
night."

"I hope this little message will be of comfort to  
you as it was to me. It is so beautiful to me to get  
such things. Your affectionate sister  
MARIETTA L. DODD."

Mrs. Rusher has kindly permitted me to take the  
copy of her sister's letter for insertion in the JOUR-  
NAL, and even if one person similarly circumstanced  
is helped to a new found hope, but one spirit  
given freedom from earthly chains, by it, I shall be  
more than satisfied.

STURGIS, Mich.

THOS. HARDING.

## PASTE IT IN YOUR BIBLE.

A Chapter Very Like the Original—  
How Benj. Franklin Surprised His  
Friends.

Over 100 years ago the following so-called  
"Genesis 51" was used to puzzle Bible scholars,  
and to-day, were it read aloud in any mixed com-  
pany, it is questionable if its fraudulent nature  
would be discovered, so beautifully is the spirit and  
language of the Old Testament imitated:

1. And it came to pass after these things, that  
Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going  
down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came  
from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said  
unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet,  
and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the  
morrow, and go thy way.

4. But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under  
this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he  
turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham  
baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed  
not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not  
worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and  
earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not  
worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call  
upon his name; for I have made to myself a God,  
which abideth always in my house and provideth me  
with all things.

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the  
man and he arose and drove him forth with blows  
into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham  
saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

10. And Abraham answered, and said, Lord, he  
would not listen unto me, neither would he call upon  
thy name, therefore have I driven him out from be-  
fore my face into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I not borne with him  
these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished  
him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion  
against me, and couldst not thou, that art thyself a  
sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my  
Lord wax against his servant; lo! I have sinned,  
forgive me, I pray thee.

13. And Abraham arose and went forth into the  
wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and  
found him and returned with him to the tent, and  
when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him  
away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham saying,  
For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted 400 years  
in a strange land.

15. But for thy repentance will I deliver them,  
and they shall come forth with power, and with  
gladness of heart, and with much substance.

In 1759, when in England as agent for the colony  
of Pennsylvania, Benjamin Franklin privately  
printed this "Chapter," as he always termed it.  
Taking only a sheet of paper, he kept it laid in his  
Bible at the end of Genesis, and used to amuse him-  
self by reading it aloud to his friends, and bearing  
them expressing their surprise that they had never  
recollected reading it, and they openly expressed ad-  
miration on the moral it carried with it. Its origin  
is unknown. It has been traced back 700 years to a  
Persian poet, who simply says, "It was so related."  
It must be very old.—*Ez.*

## A Medium's Mind.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have expected to receive a letter from you re-  
minding me of my delinquency, and have mentally  
framed many an excuse in reply, and here I am,  
absolutely forced to remit without having once  
heard from you; and all this mental strain and  
trouble wasted. I shall certainly hold you responsible  
if I go into early decline therefore.

I just glory in you, Brother Bundy, and wish I  
were rich, that I might prove it, by drawing my  
check for whatever you might need to place your  
feet upon the Rock (not of Ages) of Safety, that you  
might defy your enemies, and march right on in the  
path you have been and are now pursuing, until  
you are able to plant the standard of this glorious  
"Gospel of the Skies," free from all stain upon the  
hill tops of every clime. God and angels bless you,  
for every word spoken, and every line written, in  
defense of pure Spiritualism, and true mediumship.

Enclosed you will find the necessary order for the  
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

H. E. ROBINSON, 308 17th St.  
San Francisco, Cal.

## A Protest Against Sectarianism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I have for a long time desired to say a few words  
to the contributors of the JOURNAL regarding the  
injury they are doing Spiritualism by their persist-  
ent tirades against Christianity and the Christian  
Church in general through the columns of spiritual  
exponents throughout the land. I am no church-  
man myself nor believer in any creed, yet I gladly  
admit that there are many conscientious sincere  
Christians, members of the various denominations,  
who are in every way entitled to worthy consid-  
eration and respect when found honestly living up to  
their belief, leading pure lives and working in the  
cause of humanity. According to my idea of jus-  
tice it is fruitless and vain for any one who may  
differ with the Christians in opinion on creed mat-  
ters to ridicule and abuse in order to convince  
that they are wrong, and Spiritualism the only be-  
lief and religion that will carry humanity over the  
dark river and through the valley and shadow of  
death.

It's a hard matter to persuade the Christians to  
leave the old religion of their fathers and join a new  
society which must have more time to purify itself  
of the grossness within its ranks ere it can claim to  
be the only true religion of the world; and for those  
who have any desire for the good of Spiritualism  
and have its welfare at heart I would say, "Give the  
Christians a rest or you will forever disgust them  
with Spiritualism or the exponents of the same;"  
while, if let alone, they will surely seek further  
light and consideration within the fold of pure Spir-  
itualism on their own account."

Attacks through the press on the old religion so  
dear to the hearts of its believers, do no good, but  
instead is great injury to the cause of Spiritualism,  
and the less said in a Spiritualist paper about creeds,  
the better, as such paper should be very liberal and  
just in all matters appertaining to the various views  
of the sects and humanity in general on religious  
subjects. Of course, I except the Roman Church,  
the only bitter enemy of Spiritualism. If we  
wish to convince the world that our new dispensa-  
tion proves immortality to be a fact, and that there  
is no death, with all of the beautiful lessons taught  
from a higher plane, with the messages of consola-  
tion from the loved ones, and with a view of the  
sweets in store for us hereafter, let us show by our  
deeds and words, pure lives and honest purposes,  
that we are what we claim to be, sincere Spiritu-  
alists, and not frauds. With every effort of our lives,  
let us strive to down and wipe off the face of the  
earth all pretenses and tricksters in the Spiritual-  
ist ranks until none remain except the honest and  
true believers in justice and fair dealing. Not until  
Spiritualism is purified and cleansed will it be the  
religion of the world, which time, and time only can  
accomplish with the efforts of the passive heart.

B. W. MORROW.

Rifle, Garfield Co., Colo., Dec. 18, '87.

## A Spirit Message.

Capt. D. B. Edwards, of Orient, N. Y., who has re-  
ceived many wonderful messages by means of the  
Psychograph, sends us the following, which we pub-  
lish as a charming illustration of the preservation of  
the leading characteristics of this life in the next.  
The message is a letter addressed to the matron of  
a Health Institution in Maine where Mr. Edwards'  
daughter, Della, stayed for a year immediately pre-  
ceding her death. The doctor referred to was the  
physician of the Institution, and recently dead, and  
Lewis, a brother, who died last spring of wasting  
disease.—Mr. Edwards, as is his custom, took down  
the message letter by letter as indicated:

"Dear Nellie.—I am going to write you a letter  
through papa and Sarah. I wish I could come to  
you and cheer you up. I know how lonely you are  
and how you miss the cheerful face of the Doctor.  
What a dear good friend he was to us all. There is  
no one to take his place. I often think of the many  
happy days we spent together. Dear Nellie, I wish  
I could see you as firm a believer as papa and  
had a good medium to sit with. I would then come  
and talk with you and my other dear friends. You  
would receive a great deal of comfort in talking  
with us. Papa can tell you what joy it is to him.  
Dear Nellie, I was with you last Sunday morning.  
I want to tell you what a beautiful home I have.  
My dear mother, sister and brothers are with me,  
never to be parted more. There is no sickness or  
trouble here. When papa joins us we will be a  
happy band. Do not fret, dear Nellie. It is only  
a struggle for a better home. You know what a  
dear brother Lewis was to me. It is a great com-  
fort for me to take care of him. His mind is not  
strong enough to talk. He is gaining all the time  
and will come to papa and talk with him when he  
gets stronger. He seems to be a long way from us.  
When I see him again I will ask him to send you a  
message. Give my love to all my dear friends at  
Waterville. I close this letter full of love to my  
dear Nellie."  
DELLA.

In a letter in answer to the above, Nellie (whose  
full name we are not at liberty to disclose), says she  
felt the presence of Della on the Sunday morning  
she wrote that she was with her, so much so that  
she "broke down" and was compelled to leave the  
room. She is also so much impressed with the gen-  
uineness of this letter, that she wrote a direct re-  
ply to Capt. Edwards that he might read it to his  
"a."

## A Strange Experience.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosoph







Continued from First Page.

from the time he put his hands on my box, the sounder began to operate. This was on Monday afternoon, October 3d, 1887.

On Saturday, October 1st, when passing by the office with the unfinished box in my hands, I called in and tested Dr. Wells on the question of interference of light. One or two other strong points were made incidentally in this trial test on the unfinished box. This phase of the subject will be continued in the next paper, and the propositions thus demonstrated will be summed up therein. Demonstrative evidence will also be forthcoming that there are no secret appliances necessary under the carpet, under the table, about the room, or anywhere else, and that no confederate plays any part in the operation.

H. D. G.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## THE DANGERS NOW THREATENING SPIRITUALISM.

Sensuous Ultra-Phenomenalism and Hindu Theosophy.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Two grave dangers, among others, now beset Modern Spiritualism; and much harm is being done to the cause of a rational, common-sense, scientific Spiritualism by the progress and growth in our midst of two widely-various systems of thought. These two represent, in some respects, antipodal elements in the constitution of the spiritual movement of to-day. Two elements have ever inhered in the spiritual movement, the phenomenal and the philosophical. Both of these are equally valuable, and neither should be ignored for the exclusive upbuilding of the other. The two great sources of danger now threatening Spiritualism arise from the extreme manifestation of each of these elements, the phenomenal and the intellectual. On the one hand we have sensuous phenomenalism carried to a ridiculous extreme, as evidenced more particularly in the recent articles of Dr. N. B. Wolfe. On the other hand, we have intellectualism run to seed in the phases of mysticism, more especially manifested in theosophy. The irrational, credulous phenomenalism rampant in many spiritual circles, and the equally as irrational and credulous theosophy, alike pandering to a depraved and demoralizing marvelousness, one from a sensuous point of view, the other from an intellectual standpoint—these two twin forms of error, similar in their origin and root, namely, an overweening love of the marvelous and the mystic, are the prolific sources of direful consequences to the good and true in Spiritualism.

Recognizing the danger arising from these two elements, I am moved to submit some plain, homely truths concerning them, the second one of these two more especially. In the presence of such powerful foes to truth, sturdy measures of antagonism and resistance are demanded.

There is much that I agree with in the remarks of Mr. Jesse Shepard on Spiritism, Black Magic, etc., in the JOURNAL of Nov. 19; but to portions of his article I must express my decided dissent. So far as he protests against the extremes of phenomenal test-hunting, of Spiritism as against Spiritualism; so far as he urges the importance of culture and intellectual improvement alike on the part of mediums and of Spiritualists generally; and so far as he antagonizes the prevalent delusion among certain classes of Spiritualists, that the learned and the great among the world's workers are mediums, deriving their powers and gifts unconsciously from the spirits, and that whatever of merit is done or written on our planet is of spiritual origin—so far as these points are involved I am heartily in sympathy with Mr. Shepard.

There are serious dangers affecting the cause of rational Spiritualism in the several directions outlined by Mr. Shepard, and it is well that the note of warning be sounded long and sharp. Ultra-phenomenal Spiritualism is tending largely to ruin the cause. A potent illustration of this is seen in the recent articles of Dr. N. B. Wolfe in the JOURNAL. The laudation as a genuine medium possessing most extraordinary mediatic gifts, of one of the most unprincipled adventuresses and frauds that California, the land of spiritual "dead beats" and "cheats," has produced, followed by the apotheosis of phenomenal work in Spiritualism to the total exclusion of the philosophical—the ridicule and denunciation of the platform and the rostrum as useless—these things "must give us pause." They indicate an alarming state of affairs in American Spiritualism—a condition largely brought about by the prevalence of so-called materialization in our land, nearly all of which is rank fraud, destitute of the least particle of genuine mediatic manifestation.

And now the climax seems to have been reached in the demand of Dr. Wolfe, that the platform work be abandoned, that the work of intellectual and moral culture in our ranks be given up, and that the field of Spiritualism be left entirely in the hands of those masking in the guise of mediums and their credulous dupes; for it virtually amounts to this, as the great influx of pretended mediums has steadily crowded to the wall the genuine mediums; and if Spiritualism as a whole were given over to mediatic wonder-working, as recommended, the genuine mediums would be almost wholly crowded out of sight. It is safe to say that no such action as that demanded by Dr. Wolfe will ever be generally taken. Such "Spiritism" as this should be sharply segregated from "Spiritualism"; and the sooner the unclean thing is separated from Spiritualism pure and simple, the better will it be for the latter.

The mass of devilry that is being constantly practiced in the name of Spiritualism, and upheld and sustained by leading journals, both on the Atlantic and Pacific coast, is disheartening, nay, sickening. Here in California we have fraudulent materializing spirit photographers, trance test mediums, and slate-writers galore, flourishing in their iniquity. I am glad to be able to state that the *Carrier Dove*, an illustrated weekly spiritual journal in San Francisco, lends neither countenance nor support to the numerous predatory sharks in this vicinity claiming to be mediums and systematically robbing the people by bogus spiritual communications, pictures, etc. For journalistic support and encouragement, these knavish gentry have to go elsewhere; and they usually find no difficulty in obtaining it, particularly if their efforts in that direction are backed with a little California gold.

I cordially agree with Mr. Shepard as regards the primary importance of intellectual and moral culture in contrast to the demoralizing wonder-hunting mediaticism so prevalent now a days. The foundation stone of the spiritual philosophy is progression—progression in love and wisdom, advancement

and improvement in knowledge and in virtue. The spiritual philosophy ever urges us to growth in intelligence and in goodness; and those Spiritualists who linger year after year upon the purely sensuous, phenomenal plane, ignoring all the avenues of culture and mental improvement, are scarcely worthy of the name of Spiritualists. They may more appropriately be called Spiritists. The true Spiritualist, in my judgment, is one who, while carefully accepting and giving due heed to all well-attested or reliable phenomena, at the same time does not make that "the be-all and the end-all" of spiritual truth. He ever strives to embody in his life the divine, uplifting principles of the philosophy of Spiritualism, to his own betterment and that of the world in which he lives; and continually seeks to improve himself in all directions according to his needs and opportunities, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, never neglecting an opportunity to do good and to grow good, wise, and strong in spirit and in soul. True spiritual development, legitimate spiritual culture, should be the desideratum of the genuine Spiritualist; not the spurious soul culture, falsely so-called, vaunted by the theosophists and the other variant classes of nineteenth century mystics. The rational Spiritualist will have nothing to do with any of these conflicting forms of untruth, save to refute their extravagant pretensions, and to warn the unwary.

The central thought of Mr. Shepard in his article adverted to above is the superiority of theosophy to current Spiritualism. To this erroneous conclusion I most unqualifiedly dissent. Mr. Shepard is convinced that both theosophy and "metaphysics" have come to stay. For a time, yes. There are still a number of people in the world of mystical, dreamy tendencies, fond of the recondite, of the queer and the uncanny, with no comprehension of the truly scientific spirit, and such people readily become victims to the occult-metaphysical pretensions, such as Madame Blavatsky, Eliphas Levi, Mrs. Eddy, and the rest. For a time, therefore, these delusions may flourish among a limited number of such adherents; but as true light and knowledge advance, as the truths of science prevail and the scientific spirit becomes paramount, every form or variety of speculative mysticism will inevitably perish. The essential teachings of theosophy and metaphysical science (?) are in opposition to established facts of modern science, and hence they are necessarily doomed. No truly sensible or scientific person could possibly believe in the rubbishy-taught in those pretended systems of philosophy.

Whence was derived the teachings of theosophy? Is their source of such a character as to inspire confidence in their truth? By no means; their very origin is demonstrative of their untruth. They are as a whole, the ingenious fabrication of one mind, concocted to deceive those weak enough and silly enough to be led astray by them. They emanated from the fertile, subtle brain of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, whom the London Society for Psychical Research has truthfully declared to be "one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting impostors in history." She is really the impostor and fraud par excellence of this century. Even her best friends, the officers of the Theosophical Society in India, have in an official publication acknowledged her habit of systematic lying. For years this designing woman has lived in an atmosphere of deceit and falsehood, her life during that period being one constant succession of hypocrisy and deception. From her inner consciousness she has evolved, from time to time, during the last dozen years, some four or five different conflicting theosophical systems of philosophy, culminating in the current system often called "Esoteric Buddhism," a formulated statement of which latter phase of this gigantic fabrication is contained in Mr. Sinnett's publications, and which is lyingly palmed off upon the world as the production of certain mythical mahatmas, falsely alleged as dwelling in the Himalaya Mountains. It has been satisfactorily proven that these mahatmas or adepts exist but in Madame Blavatsky's vivid imagination, and that the communications purporting to come from them are written by Blavatsky herself and her Hindu confederate.

As illustrative of the ever changing character of Blavatsky's systems of philosophy, the positive and radical contradiction in many essential particulars, between the teachings in her "Isis Unveiled" and the tenets of "Esoteric Buddhism," her latest fabrication, are worthy of note. It is impossible to reconcile the two; if one is true the other is a falsehood; the fact is, both are destitute alike of truth or good sense, both being manufactured by Madame Blavatsky. The discrepancies between the two have been found so great, that for some years the Madame has been writing a new edition of "Isis Unveiled," to be called "The Secret Doctrine," in which the contradictions referred to will be expunged, and the entire work made to harmonize with her latter-day theories.

The so-called "Esoteric Buddhism" is a mongrel mixture of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Christianity, Rosicrucianism, Kabbalism, European medieval magic, the hermetic philosophy, Kardecian re-incarnation, astrology, modern Spiritualism, and Eliphas Levi's Parisian system of magic, with a little morsel of modern science and philosophy thrown in to give it a slight coloring in conformity to 19th century modes of thought. And this hotch-potch of rubbish, fabricated by Madame Blavatsky, the product of the mind of one old woman, has been and is being accepted by a number of other old women of both sexes, some of them being those who were formerly Spiritualists.

It is pitiable that otherwise worthy people allow themselves to be led away by any novel or strange theory that presents itself. No matter how preposterous a system of thought may be, how opposed to the plainest incitements of common sense, followers and advocates will flock to its embrace; and certainly, when taken in its entirety, it would be exceedingly difficult to find in the civilized world to-day a so-called philosophical system, or a system of thought of any kind, more absurd and irrational or more opposed to the trend of modern thought than the theosophy of Blavatsky, Sinnett and Co. The doctrine concerning elemental and elemental spirits, the crude, unscientific speculations of the mystagogues of ancient, medieval, and modern times, of Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Eliphas Levi, Allen Kardec, and Madame Blavatsky, are called the "Wisdom of God!" Is this not blasphemy, if such a thing as blasphemy there be,—blasphemy most audacious in its littleness and triviality? The assumption that the deliberately fabricated balderdash of such a woman as Madame Blavatsky—a woman addicted to tobacco-smoking and to the use of alcoholic beverages in intoxicating quantities, and whose conversation plentifully interlarded with sonorous oaths and slang, in French, Russian and English, is reminiscent of the

demimonde rather than of the inspired instrument of Divine Revelation,—the assumption that the fabrications of such a brain as this, constitute and embody the Wisdom of God himself, would be only a fitting subject for laughter and derision, were it not that a more serious side is presented in the matter.

From the inception of the theosophic movement it has found favor with a portion of those calling themselves Spiritualists; and of late, owing to the prevalent abuses of what has been called "machine mediumship," to the frauds and follies so conspicuous in much that passes for Spiritualism, to the extremes of ultra-phenomenalism in the Spiritualist ranks, and to other imperfections and abuses in the distinctively spiritualist movement, many good Spiritualists have become disgusted with the Spiritualism of the day, and have taken up with some form of theosophy as a substitute. Now it is very natural that dissatisfaction and disgust should arise with much that calls itself Spiritualism at this time, and I do not blame any one for thus feeling. I am myself as much disgusted with these aspects of Spiritualism as any incipient or full-fledged theosophist can be. But I do blame these dissatisfied Spiritualists for forsaking the partially disabled ship of Spiritualism for the piratical craft of theosophy. To avoid Seylla they have plunged into Charybdis—a Charybdis, in this instance, a thousandfold worse than the Seylla. Instead of valiantly sticking to the gallant old vessel, and helping the true hearts and strong hands still found in portions of its crew and passengers to repair its damages and land it safely in port, these deserters have elected to sail under the black flag of theosophy,—that theosophy which has been and is exerting its utmost, with its piratical bombardment, to seriously disable and sink the good old ship of Rational Spiritualism. For it is a truth, that theosophy to-day is one of the worst enemies of Spiritualism, and can only hope to survive as an organized movement of any moment through the death of Modern Spiritualism. From the beginning of its action some dozen years ago to the present time its leaders and representative workers have bitterly assailed and ridiculed Spiritualism and its fundamental principles. Mediumship is constantly denounced as degrading and demoralizing, and all are warned against allowing themselves to be used in any manner as instruments for spiritual communication. Mediumship is classed with black magic, and it is denied that good and elevated spirits can communicate with earth. Spiritual manifestations are the work of elemental and elementary spirits, of non-human spirits and of undeveloped, non-immortal human spirits,—fragments of humanity, wandering "shells," destined to annihilation, human spirits who have lost their higher soul-principles and such-like mythical beings, none of whom really have an objective existence, they being one and all the fabrication of Madame Blavatsky's brain, teeming as it is with fanciful conceits and bizarre speculations. And yet Spiritualists forsake their rational common-sense philosophy to embrace with fervor such rubbish as this, and lend their aid to a system of thought which is the bitterest foe of rational spiritual truth. To avoid affiliation with the mountebanks and gophers, they prostrate themselves at the feet of the high-priestess of Humbug, and humbly accept as the wisdom of God the nonsense that Madame Blavatsky has given to the world under the name of theosophy.

What can these recalcitrant Spiritualists hope to gain from theosophy that cannot be found in Spiritualism? There is not a single truth in theosophy that is not in Spiritualism, and that was not stolen from Spiritualism to season theosophy with a little rational truth. Madame Blavatsky was a kind of Spiritualist before she determined to be the founder of a new cult, and the few grains of truth in theosophy were stolen by her from the Spiritualism which she denounces and ridicules. Theosophy prates loudly of soul-culture, of development of man's higher nature, and of culture of the latent psychic powers inherent in man. All this has formed a component part of the Spiritual Philosophy from its inception in the world, with this distinction: The soul-culture of Spiritualism is rational, healthful, scientific, in its character, adapted to man's needs and to his highest uses, while that of theosophy is largely impracticable, fanatical, nonsensical, leading the mind into wild extravagances, calculated to injure rather than benefit those indulging in this fantastic kind of "culture." Theosophy prompts its devotees to the development and exercise of the occult psychic powers of the human being; so does Spiritualism, and in a more rational and sensible manner.

Be it understood that in here speaking of Spiritualism I am referring to the spiritual philosophy in its higher phases, not to the phenomenology, divorced from rational philosophy, which is masking in the robes of Spiritualism to-day. The psychic culture of the theosophist consists in attempts to teach an impossible adeptship, to become master of the forces of nature and of the elemental spirits, so that various kinds of occult phenomena, in seeming variance with the laws of nature, may be performed, including the projection of the astral body into any locality desired, no matter how distant from the material body. Now, all the alleged phenomena of so-called adeptship have been known in Spiritualism for many years. Madame Blavatsky stole them from Spiritualism, made a few modifications in them, and rechristened them occultism, theosophy, magic, only capable of accomplishment by the theosophic adept.

Who and where are these adepts? There is not a scrap of trustworthy evidence that any living theosophist ever saw an adept, ever saw a person in India or Tibet perform any of the marvelous feats ascribed to them, except in a few cases of well-established fraud and jugglery. These mythical adepts are conveniently located in an inaccessible region, amid the snows of the Himalaya Mountains; and in the few cases where it has been claimed that one of these mysterious brotherhood has been seen for a few moments, no evidence has been presented that the parties thus seen were in reality adepts, but instead we have conclusive evidence that they were confederates of the Blavatsky, personating the adepts. I repeat, where are the adepts? There is no proof whatever that there ever was one in existence, but plenty of evidence that they are mythical concoctions of Blavatsky's brain. It is a significant fact, that since the exposure of the imposture of Blavatsky in India, wherein it was proven that the pretended feats performed by the spurious adepts were all jugglery tricks, and that the letters purporting to be written by them were the work of Blavatsky and Damodar, we have heard nothing more of the mahatmas, Koot Hoomi and Co., and the feats of magic erstwhile so plentiful in India have ceased. Repeat again, where now are the adepts? Are they dead? Did the Blavatsky

exposed kill them? Since then, and since Blavatsky left India, they are as silent as the grave. In India now we hear nothing any more of the occult feats indicating the potent exercise of the psychic faculties of man while still in the body, with which we were wont to be periodically regaled; and which have since been proven to be frauds as flagrant a character as the bogus materializations, etc., of American Spiritualism. I have been a careful student of theosophy in all its ramifications since it was first promulgated in America by Blavatsky, and have read the evidence relative to the alleged wonderful psychic facts, occultic and magical phenomena, said to have occurred in presence of Blavatsky, and by and through the adepts; and I unhesitatingly affirm that there is no reliable evidence of a solitary genuine occultic phenomenon having ever occurred in the entire history of theosophy. There is substantial evidence that everything of this character that has really taken place was due to fraud and jugglery. At one time I thought that there might be something genuine in some of the alleged phenomena, but a scientific examination thereof has shown that I was mistaken, and that it has invariably been fraud. Even the alleged cases of projection of the so-called astral body, a phenomenon well known in Spiritualism as "the double," were shown to be mythical,—exhibitions of trickery and falsehood.

Theosophy has been one continuous fraud from beginning to end. Note the contrast between the phenomena of theosophy and those of Spiritualism. The former are exclusively and entirely fraudulent; the latter are largely genuine manifestations of psychic powers, supplemented by an extensive addition of spurious phenomena. The one is all fraud, the other is partly genuine and partly fraudulent. Those Spiritualists who have left Spiritualism in disgust with the frauds and follies of many of its alleged adherents, and have betaken themselves to the embrace of the Blavatsky cult, in order to obtain a higher spiritual culture, have linked their fortunes with a much worse aggregation of knavery, imposture, nonsense and folly than is found in Spiritualism. In the latter there is, it is true, much fraudulence and folly, much rubbish and bosh; but there is in addition much that is true and healthful, sound and wholesome. Moreover, its philosophy in general, even that accompanying the fraudulent phenomena, has a large proportion of rational truth in it. On the other hand, in theosophy, the whole of its phenomena is fraudulent, and nearly the whole of its philosophy is as false and pernicious as its alleged phenomena; the only truths contained in its philosophy being those stolen by Blavatsky from the spiritual philosophy. What folly, then, for Spiritualists to connect themselves with such an iniquitous system of thought and fancy as theosophy! In every way it is inferior to Spiritualism, with all the defects of the latter. No possible good can accrue to any one from connection therewith, but, rather, harm must inevitably ensue. I urge, then, all Spiritualists, who may have been seduced into the folds of this wily demon, to at once sever the bonds connecting them therewith. Be free men and women once more; rid yourselves of the chains fettering your minds and understandings; emerge from the darkness of the theosophic mysticism, false and delusive, into the full sunlight of God's eternal truth. Have done once and forever with the jargon of elemental, elementary, the seven principles of man, Karma, loka, Devachan, shells, astral bodies, adeptship, Koteric Buddhism, black and white magic, and all the other tomfoolery conjured up by Madame Blavatsky to deceive and mystify the unwary and the mystically inclined. The world needs none of this fanfare of pretended mystical truth, and the sooner the whole of it is buried deep in the waters of eternal oblivion, the better for all humanity.

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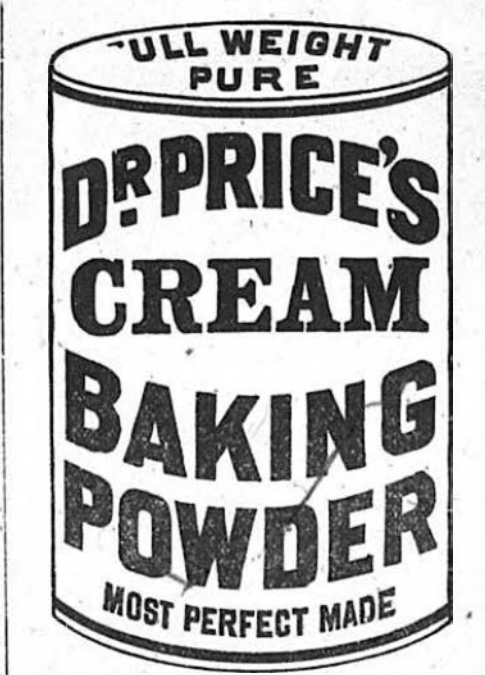
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PAPER NO. 4.

Physical Demonstration Continued—  
Trial of the Unfinished Box—Instrumental Duet—Cliffhangers on the Question of Secret Means—Personal Proof of the Source of Power.

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As stated in the closing paragraph of the last paper, I stopped to see Mr. Rowley and Dr. Wells on October 1, having with me the unfinished box. The box appeared to have all the essential parts in working order, but I knew that when the box was closed, a large amount of light was admitted through a space caused by the hinges not being sunk into the slate-frame. This space did not show its weakness when the box was open as the lower side of each hinge was properly sunk, and Mr. Rowley did not hold the box up between himself and the window to test for leakage of light. He had no idea but that I considered the box finished and that I fully expected to see it work upon attaching it. Another point of difference at that time was that instead of a brass lever inclining upward from the middle of the main lever, I had curled a piece of brass into the form of a spiral like the mainspring of a watch, and had fastened the outer end of this under the thumbplate at the end of the lever. This brought the spiral vertically over the thumbplate, and the top of the spiral being a little too low to come near the underside of the slate, I raised and adjusted it with a broad thin wooden wedge, which I slipped in on the top of the thumbplate. This wedge nearly covered the thumbplate from view. I had no storage plates on the box yet, but a spiral wire was run through the inside of the box and fastened at the points opposite the proper location of the storage plates outside. These parts, however, were acknowledged nonessential, and had been demonstrated so by working his box without the wire in it connecting them.

Mr. Rowley opened the box, looked it over for a moment, said it appeared to be all right, and concluded to try it. We disconnected his and set it aside, connected mine, tested the connections by handling the key within, and he placed his hands upon it for trial. It was a "shocking" trial. Dr. Wells or his operator, John Rife, seemed determined to make it work, if possible, despite the daylight which I knew was streaming into it from under the back part of the lid.

After some five minutes thus spent in "exercising" Mr. Rowley, there were no further shocks administered, and seeing that they had quit trying, we took that box off and replaced Mr. Rowley's. No sooner was his connected than the sounder was full of snap, and obviously ready to explain the situation. Then came the following interview, all of which I give verbatim.

513 Prospect St., Oct. 1, 1887.

G.—Can you give any reason why you did not succeed in sending through my box?

Dr. Wells.—Too large for one thing; too luminous for another; a lack of a rubber lever that we have in this one, and a centre rivet on the thumbplate.

G.—What is the necessity for a rivet at that place?

Dr. W.—It is positive and attracts the current downward at that point, my noble duke. Nevertheless, currents could be so manipulated that they could be altered to suit your instrument. I would suggest that you use an elongated spring instead of a

curled one, as you get a more direct action. Remember, you are dealing with an extremely sensitive and subtle force. Which is it in your mind to-day; foreordination, or foreknowledge, or free moral agency untrammelled?

G.—I am hardly ready to give a final opinion. The matter is undergoing mental digestion.

Dr. W.—It is in statu quo then, since yesterday.

G.—Now, Doctor, what alteration would you advise me to make in this box; or shall I make a new one and make it smaller?

Dr. W.—Shut out the light; put on storage plates, and your elongated wire or metal spring about a sixteenth of an inch from the under side of the slate,—then, like a noted General of history, "Trust in God and keep your power dry."

G.—Will it be necessary to change the brass lever for a rubber one?

Dr. W.—No; the brass lever is not a serious hindrance.

G.—Is there any one still endeavoring to control my hand for writing? I have been sitting according to agreement for more than two months, and although I often feel a strong influence in my arm, it is still not sufficient to make it write. Why does it not succeed?

Dr. W.—Too much on your mind. There is a noted electrician, B.—F.—, "poor" Benjamin, and others who wish to give you some important points in electricity that the world does not know now. Edison gets all of his that way, but not from them. You have too much on your mind to be passive enough for that class of manifestation; students and flunkeys and blanks, and telegraphs and mental philosophy, and moral philosophy, household cares, meals, sleep, and various other minutiae, that it reminds me of the young lady I used to read about in my reader at school. You no doubt remember the place where she returned from college and enumerated the studies she had passed through and said—here I quote verbatim—"The only wonder is that one head can contain it all." Very respy, Wells.

Dr. Whitney asked me if I had ever heard of any such piece. He said he had not, and Mr. Rowley said the same. I told them that it was in McGuffey's Reader which I used when I was a boy, and that I distinctly remembered that the young lady in question had but a very superficial education. They burst out laughing at me while the sounder put in hurriedly for

Dr. W.—"No reflections intended."

After the fun had subsided, I said:

G.—Well, Doctor, I shall make these alterations immediately, and we will try it again.

Dr. W.—Yes. Then sit an hour or as much more as you can, at least three times per week. Try it with patience. You can lay your hand on it, and read or study or do anything else you wish, so as not to make it so monotonous. Light reading preferred. Better to have no animals in the room during this time. No tobacco smoke under any circumstances. Spirits and smoke never go together, excepting in saloons, and that is ardent spirits, not our kind.

Dr. Whitney asked me if I smoked. I replied "No; I have no such habits of any kind."

Dr. W.—I only spoke so that if your friend comes in who smokes, you may ask him to desist.

G.—All right. Good-bye for to-day.

This interview speaks for itself and needs no further comment except that Dr. Wells's reference to the rivet in the thumbplate is further proof of his ability to observe some things which are not visible to Mr. Rowley. The wooden wedge on the top of my thumbplate prevented Mr. Rowley from seeing whether there was any rivet there or not. Even if Mr. Rowley could read my mind, (which Dr. Wells can but seldom do), he could not have determined, for although I had used that key for more than five years, I did not know until Dr. Wells told me, that there was no rivet in the thumbplate.

After this interview, I took my box to my room, and immediately shut out the light by tacking a strip of thick, black, woolen goods all round the top of the box, affixing the catch to suit. Then I put on storage plates and changed the curled spring for an elongated branch lever. I also drilled the thumbplate and put a brass-headed tack through it. These are all the changes that I made and with the box thus completed, I went on Monday, October 3d, to have it tried again; though this was the first time that I had any reason to expect it to work. It worked as reported at the close of the last paper, in less than one minute from the time it was attached. Several short sentences were said through it, but the letters were often badly bungled. However, enough had been done to demonstrate that "secret wires, springs, and other means" played no part in it, and for that purpose, one minute was as good as an hour. We then changed the boxes and the following interview ensued, which is also given entire and verbatim:

513 PROSPECT ST., CLEVELAND, Oct. 3, '87.

G.—What report have you to make on that, Doctor?

Dr. W.—It will work after a time if you stick to it; that is, if your magnetism is such that we can use it for telegraphy. Better adjust your key a little finer, though. It would be better for you not to have Mr. Rowley handle it much so as to mix the magnetic currents maintained from two different people. Make it as sensitive as you can and wait in patience.

G.—All right; I've got lots of patience.

Dr. W.—That's what Dr. Whitney would like to have—spelled differently. But how do you do to-day, Prof.?

G.—I am very well, thank you, Doctor. I am very much encouraged.

Dr. W.—I have something in mind for you to consider. Why cannot we and you together get up a series of lectures or classes or anything to advance science in general and of the spiritual school especially; taking in thinking people only and no numbskulls? Think it over and formulate something that we may talk over, if it meets your approbation in any way. Every one should have an opportunity who wants it and has mind enough to grasp it, and pocketbook enough to pay for it.

G.—I would be glad to do my part to the best of my ability, in carrying out any plan that will be of real benefit to the cause of science and spirit growth in particular. If some programme can be formed that will awaken general interest, and enable us to set the matter forth in the light that its importance deserves, I shall be willing to serve in whatever capacity I can do the most good. Here followed some desultory conversation in which Dr. Wells took part, through the instrument, after which the regular business of the hour proceeded.

G.—Now, Doctor, I will try this box a week and then I will bring it back here again. Then I want to connect both boxes with the same sounder, and we will try to have an instrumental duet—a piece for hour hands on two instruments—and I don't want Mr. Rowley to do all the playing, either.

Dr. W.—So far yours has been all rests.

G.—Yes; all rests and no music.

The next interview is largely in the form of memorandum for the reason that my own hands were so engaged that I could not take down my usual shorthand copy of the conversation.

513 PROSPECT ST., Oct. 12, 1887.

Dr. W.—Good P. M., Professor. How are you to-day?

G.—Pretty well, Doctor. Are you ready to play that duet?

Dr. W.—Ready to try.

Memorandum—Mr. Rowley sat at the north end of the table, and I at the southeast corner. The sounder was between us, but nearer his box than mine, yet within reach of me. I ran wires from my box to the sounder and battery, but in doing so I tapped his wires. Thus the sounder was in two circuits at once, and would work for either key, provided the other were open; whereas if the two keys had been in the same circuit, the sounder would work for either key, if the other were closed. Mr. Rowley was completely nonplussed with that seemingly paradoxical arrangement, and said repeatedly that he was not electrician enough to understand how I had turned things so completely contrary to all his experience in telegraphing. Either key would work the sounder, if the other were open. Neither key would work it, if the other were closed. The reason, in brief, was, that each key controlled an independent circuit through the same sounder, and, therefore, neither key could open the other key's circuit. But there is nothing so convincing as fact based upon experience, so by handling the keys, he was soon satisfied.

Note—This arrangement, the reader will see, would enable Dr. Wells to talk to us through Mr. Rowley's box about the efforts being made in my box, even if my key would not close; and yet, if my box would work under my hands, he could use mine, providing he would immediately cease to use Mr. Rowley's, or else use them both in exact unison, and there would be no interruption in the message from the sounder.

Thus prepared, we placed our hands on our respective boxes, and immediately the following ensued:

Dr. W.—How are you G—?

G.—Which key are you writing that with?

Dr. W.—The "How are" was written with your key and the "you G—" with Rowley's.

G.—Well, Doctor, I have no reason to doubt your word, but for the sake of the public, I shall have to take nothing for granted, but prove everything. Now I must know that my key moves, and so I will put my ear on the slate between my hands, and see if I can hear it move. By the way, is it my magnetism that you are using?

Dr. W.—More than half is your own, but we have to supply a little from Mr. Rowley's body to help it.

By this time I had got my head adjusted to the slate so that I could hear well from below it. Dr. Wells went on telling us about the positive and negative character of the two magnetisms, something about neutral magnetism and how the magnetism from either or both the bodies may be combined with free magnetism in the air. During all this I thought I could hear my key moving according to the dots and dashes of the sounder, but before I was satisfied, a street car passing by so jarred the table, that I feared that my key, being delicately adjusted might have responded to the jarring of the car. Then as I listened longer, the beating of the sounder lever seemed to me strong enough to make a key lever tremble; and if that were so, what I was hearing would be the effect, not the cause. But the favorable moment soon came, and when all else was quiet, I put my finger firmly on the sounder lever which stopped both its noise and its jarring, (but of course did not interfere with the electric currents through its helices), and then I heard my own key under my own hands distinctly tick off the word "magnetism." Being thoroughly satisfied that the key moved, I took my head from the slate

and we continued for some time to discuss with Dr. Wells the subject of magnetic properties. A drawing sensation had been gradually growing in my hands, and the palms began to tingle exactly as when one holds the poles of a weak galvanic or medical battery. Within five minutes my magnetism had become so far utilized that I could feel a stinging pain in the point of each finger, as of a needle being thrust from the inside outward. Then as the currents were too much exhausted to keep up a steady stream, I soon began to feel a separate shock for each separate dot and dash.

We kept on discussing matters in this way for some fifteen minutes, when Dr. Wells proposed that we change seats, Mr. Rowley to sit at my box, and I at his. We did so. The messages were at once resumed but came at first with a little more difficulty than before. Dr. Wells continued to converse with us in that position for some twenty minutes, and I was feeling so faint and exhausted that I could hardly sit up. Yet, I supposed that after changing seats my instrument had been operating by Rowley's magnetism, though I still felt irregular shocks through my body; but near the close, Dr. Wells said that since changing, nearly all had been done with my magnetism, through Rowley's key. From the all-zone sensation within me, I could believe it. I had received abundant proof, both at his box and mine, that the force used is derived from the human body; and from the limp condition in which it left me, I thought they must have wasted power enough to run a saw mill.

The faint and sickening feeling lasted some three hours and was exactly like what I had experienced four years previously, upon taking too strong a shock from a medical battery.

It needs no skilled logician to see that here is a strong case. The conclusion necessitated is so plain that "a wayfaring man though a fool, need not err therein." I am certain that I heard my own key lever move under my own hands, and at the same time felt electric shocks through my own body preceding and corresponding with its movements. My key could not have been moved by any operations of Mr. Rowley's key, even if they had both been in the same circuit; for there is no helix nor magnet, nor other electrical appliance about any telegraph key, by which a current of electricity can move the key lever. No two keys in the same circuit can by any means operate each other. Much less could his operate mine when they were situated in different circuits. Suppose it were argued that all the magnetism used in moving my key were propelled from Mr. Rowley. Then the main case I am proving for Mr. Rowley is all the stronger; for my box was at least four feet from him, and besides all that, it is known to contain no "secret means."

True, these conclusions depend on sensation (what I heard and felt), but so do nearly all the conclusions of everyday life. Suppose you are walking on the railroad. A train dashes up behind you. The whistle sounds the alarm. Do you say, "Oh well; that's only sensation. I may be deceived and so I guess I'll not be in any hurry about getting off of the track till I get hold of some method of reasoning by which I can prove that there is a train coming, without having to depend upon my senses for it?" Absurd; is it not? Well now suppose that you are a skeptical reader, and are just that absurd; and that you won't believe that I heard my key move or felt what I have described, though I can hear and feel other things perfectly well. Or, for argument's sake, suppose I did not hear or feel anything. Then comes the irresistible reasoning process which we hope will get you off the track, and out of the way of the car of Juggernaut in time to save you for the rest of your life from combating that which you should encourage,—namely Truth.

Now for the reasoning:

To operate perfectly after we had changed seats | is to operate perfectly without secret means.

The instrument | operated perfectly after we had changed seats.

∴ The instrument | operated perfectly without secret means.

In form it stands.

All M is P,  
All S is M,  
∴ All S is P.

In which S is subject and P predicate of the conclusion, and M the middle term with which they are both compared.

It would be pleasant to enlarge upon the figure and mode of logic employed here, but hardly necessary or even appropriate in a newspaper column. In view of the facts as now presented in this paper, I submit as concerning the box.

3. That there are no secret wires, springs, or other means intended to be used for that purpose.

4. That the key can not be manipulated by pressure upon the top, bottom, sides, ends, corners, or any other part of the box, or wires leading to the box.

5. That the intelligences controlling this instrument derive that current from Mr. Rowley's body.

I had hoped ere this to close the physical department of this investigation, but the more I review my records the more I find that will clinch the nails already driven. The reader will kindly indulge me in one more paper on the physical proofs, and I will therein demonstrate that there are no "secret means" under the carpet, about the room, nor anywhere else, and that no confederate plays any part in the operation.

H. D. G.

## "CHARLATANS!"

Translated From "Le Lotus" for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and Respectfully Dedicated to the American Society for Psychical Research.

BY PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES.

A certain smart fellow\* having lately cried "Wolf!" for want of anything better to do, the rest of them are put on their guard against Theosophists, whom he calls "charlatans," and we should starve to death if such clever people were not scarce. But, stupid as we are we do not despair of cockney idiots even. It is great fun for us to drum up that squirming, sweating swarm of imbeciles, and make them play low comedy for our private amusement. For we are the only real comedians. Come in, then, ladies and gentlemen, and see our performance. Sit down—there is room for you all. Do not go to those shows over the way—to Congress, College, or Church, where they do nothing but hit each other over the head to amuse their patrons; but come to us who fear no competition. They are well enough in their way, but not quite up to our mark. What is the matter with them, did you say? The matter is the way they wrangle and squabble over what they know not, with their everlasting talk, talk, talk. For ages people have been wrangling simply because they misunderstand one another, because everybody talks at once, and nobody perceives they are all saying the same thing. So come to our show, which you will be able to understand, because we shall have no really clever people in the audience.

But we hope to have something quite as good, and that is, solemn people, or what is better still, rich folks. They understand the business; and whether they ride, walk, talk, eat, sleep, marry or die on the stage of the world, they never forget the gallery. This is encouraging to the profession. They go to the theatre after dinner. They prefer to bottle up emotion. They cry lie upon their unhappy brethren in the flesh whose hair is unkempt, and on those hopeless cases whose nails are in mourning. Yes, you of such ilk, you fill the bill exactly—you with the latest style of hat on your empty noddles. And about the tickets, we will let you in at half-price if you will bring your wives along. We know their dressmakers, and they do look so pretty, especially in comparison with yourselves, that we will make any sacrifice to have them at our opening. Besides these dear creatures want nothing better. It sets them up to dabble in Theosophy between the five-o'clock tea and the beastly stupid ball, don't you know. To be a baroness and busy with Occultism is very select. So bring them along, gentlemen, quite as confidently as you would take them to church. We have some rising young stars, who have already turned some pretty heads with messiah-eyed glances without meaning to, who will preach to you and yours of the renunciation of all worldly things, and make you understand by their looks, perhaps, if not in so many words, that it is better to be master of one's self than of many servants; that to possess every thing, you must first learn to do without anything, and that respectability does not consist in putting on the airs of an offended turkey-cock before your inferiors. Does not your mask of reserve fall at a touch of the stern realities of life? Must we not all alike take off the fig-leaf of frigidity,—if not before babies can be born, at any rate when they die, since a mother's grief is always the same, however unlike the graves in which their hopes are buried! And after all, ladies, beneath your laces, as under the rags of those other women, is the same shuddering flesh, and destined to the same corruption!

Seeing, then, that you are not remarkable, for all your fine clothes, and but for your money would be of no account at all, what are you going to do when you come to die and lose even your bodies? What are your wormy souls, now gorged with folly, going to find to feed upon then? In fact, you and the maggots will change places, and it will be their turn at the feast of death to you. *Severites, mais verites*, and you need not rebuke us for telling you such-shocking things by reminding us that the priests cover the ugliest matters of the confessional with decent words at least, and clothe their infernal fancies in Latin. At heart you are more afraid of these very things than you are of their names, and boggy-stories have a secret charm for your infantile minds by way of contrast to the rude shocks of experience with the ways of the world.

As for the realities of life, how rude and shocking they are indeed! and the facts of existence, how unruly! yet they serve to make you open your eyes—those pretty eyes you would like to keep shut—open them, too, upon what numberless sad disillusion! O, you miserable, solemn fools, and you, poor rich idiots, come and hear our piece, realistic enough, we assure you—terribly real indeed! Take a seat in the front row, with

\*Alluding to a young Englishman named R. Hodgson, who was hired by the "London Society for Spiritual Research" to go out to India and discover the "wisdom of God" to his employers. Perhaps God never moved in a more "mysterious way," his wonders to perform, than when he confided his plans and purposes to this young gentleman. Let us trust that Mr. Hodgson, being fuller of God's counsel than he can hold, apparently, may give also the American Society for Spiritual Research, of which he is now Secretary, the benefit of his luminous Sephiroth.—E. C.]

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



### Nits for The Psychological Society to Crack.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The rule adopted for selecting the philosophical experts of the Psychological Society, who are expected to examine and report upon Spiritualism, was very nearly as absurd as the one used by the courts to obtain jurymen. In steering clear of the dreaded bias which a trial jurymen must not have, they generally succeed in getting very good honest men who are so dull and pig-headed as to be incompetent to try the question of fact before them. An intelligent, reading, hearing, thinking person is avoided because he is likely to have formed an opinion and an opinion is a something to be removed by evidence.

Alway once said, "The Lord deliver me from a man with an opinion." What troubles the lawyers is, that a jury of persons having opinions cannot be cheated. An intelligent, wide-awake community, in which a crime has been committed, have by the time the case is called for trial, already tried the accused upon the evidence they have received, and such a community is far more competent to arrive at just conclusions, even where the evidence upon trial varies from what they have previously received, than those dullards who are never troubled with opinions.

In an important criminal trial I once attended, the following questions were asked each person summoned for jury: "Have you formed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?" If the answer was in the affirmative he was promptly excused. "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence, when the punishment is death?" If the answer was in the affirmative the person was excused by the prosecution; if in the negative he was excused by the defence. Twelve men were at last found and every one had formed no opinion, and were so dull as not to be able to give an intelligent answer to the other question. Each one said it will depend on the evidence, which is no answer at all.

Just fancy for a moment a jury of 12 men, when the question was asked: "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence where the punishment is death?" all answering, "It will depend on the evidence."

The accused was cleared when the evidence was overwhelming, and the crime one of the most aggravated ever found in the annals of courts.

In selecting the experts of the Psychological Society, all the well recognized rules governing such cases have been departed from. The persons chosen are no doubt experts, but not experts in relation to the questions involved. It would be like selecting a doctor as an expert in shoemaking, or a lawyer in blacksmithing, or some fellow who had never seen or heard of a gun, in a case of murder from gun shot, or a man who knew nothing of prestidigitation to judge of the merits of sleight-of-hand performers.

Baron von Humboldt remarked that he never saw a person who had traveled so much and seen so little as Bayard Taylor; a very cruel and unjust remark, but one which throws into bold relief the peculiar and very important significance of the question before us. Both Humboldt and Taylor were great observers, but in entirely different fields. Taylor saw what the great philosopher did not see, and vice versa, although they traveled over the same ground. Taylor saw visions of beauty in the snows and ice of Lapland; Humboldt saw the snow and ice, too, and his mind was busy in studying the effect they would have upon the earth's surface and their relation to general laws. Taylor saw and admired the author of *Cosmos*, and gave in fitting and most beautiful language what he perceived in the noble face, expressive eyes and grand dome of thought of that wonderful old man. It is not at all surprising that Humboldt saw nothing in Taylor except that he was not a philosopher.

Whether Taylor or Humboldt were endowed so as to be fit instruments for examining the phenomena of Spiritualism could not be known without trial. Their success, the one in science and the other in literature, afford no guarantee of success in the spiritual field. The test for finding experts is what I would call natural selection.

Mathematicians are found in mathematics, geologists in geology, and so on through the whole range of science, abstract and concrete. Selective affinity is the law here as in chemistry. A mathematician may not be a moralist and a moral philosopher may be wholly incompetent as a mathematician. George Combe was one of the ablest reasoners and investigators of physio-moral subjects, but he had no capacity for calculating in numbers. Though a fine philosopher he would not have been an expert in arithmetic. There is no better illustration of the natural diversity of the intellectually able and scientific men than that afforded in the fact that the branch or branches of philosophy represented by Dr. Carpenter, of England, Prof. Youmans, Henry, Newcomb and several others of this country, continually call such men as Combe, Fowler, Gall and Spurzheim professors of a pseudo science.

Would it be considered pertinent and highly scientific to employ Dr. Carpenter and confer as experts to examine the claims of phrenology? Indeed it would be as reasonable as to employ them to examine and report upon the spiritual phenomena, for in the former case they have decided it to be a pseudo-science, and the latter is fraud or jugglery. The spiritual phenomena, or that portion of it comprehended by the term modern Spiritualism, has been prominently before the civilized portion of mankind for nearly forty years. It has made more noise, attracted more attention and produced a deeper impression upon such of human kind as were fitted to receive it than all other phenomena in human nature. It has been a source of positive knowledge to many, but strange as it may seem, there are thousands who must accept it as faith and thousands more who have no capacity or fitness for its belief or comprehension. The strangest part of the whole matter is the common idea that the latter class must furnish the scientific investigators of Spiritualism. An unbelieving critic asks, "Would you declare all persons unfit examiners except those who have embraced the doctrines of Spiritualism?" I answer, "No!" But would you think a person fit for the business, who, though claiming to be a scientist or philosopher, has for a period of forty years, i. e., during the whole life of the questioned phenomena, seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, thought of nothing that has prevented him from classing it among the supernatural, a word used among that class of scientists to express in a mild and humorous way that it is only one form of superstition. Indeed such scientists have a postulate that the ghost business ended with the advent of science, as astrology was repealed by astronomy, and they look upon us poor, good, extra-credulous fellows with a commiseration which is truly

admirable and which only their kind of philosophers can enjoy. Yes, they smile at our credulity and wonder how long before science shall destroy all forms of superstition, and the same persons at the same time will accept the most absurd explanations and believe the most impossible stories rather than admit for a moment the only theory which can be made to account for the phenomena. They would sooner admit that Dr. Slade had the faculty of lengthening his legs ten feet, or that his fingers were invisible, or that he prepared messages fittingly addressed and conveying information and knowledge which could be explained only by the persons receiving them rather than admit that there is spirit as well as matter and force.

Natural selection is the rule for obtaining investigators; who can or will give the world valuable results, and there will be degrees of excellence among these. Not all mathematicians can approach to an understanding of the method of Newton or Laplace, and notwithstanding their dispassionate spirit and the exactness of their beloved science they are still subject to mathematical vagaries and absurdities quite equal to the Katie King humbug in Spiritualism.

Many years ago Prof. Rollwyn, assistant astronomer royal of England, published a large and costly work upon his favorite science, astronomy, at the end of which he introduced for the first time an entirely new theorem, discussing the quadrature of the circle. Several pages are occupied by the demonstration, and he comes to the most astounding conclusion that the ratio of the diameter to the circumference is as one to three exactly. He seems to have no doubts as to the correctness of his conclusion as he invites the critical attention of his brother mathematicians throughout the world to the proposition, and I understand that the book with the aforesaid addendum has passed through several editions.

Prof. Chaney, in writing to me of the curiosity, says: "I am too rusty in analytics to perceive where the blunder comes in and it appears that the fellow has really gone and done it." I wish you would point it out to me."

Prof. Rollwyn handles the mathematical tools, algebraic symbols, expertly; in fact he shows extensive knowledge in the use of them, and mathematicians generally would expect him to conclude, from the result at which he arrived, that he had committed an error somewhere in the course of his demonstration.

The fact that he did not so conclude is a striking illustration that Herbert Spencer can use in his work upon mental discipline. Prof. Rollwyn in his youth had gone over the tedious work of shutting up a circle between two approximating polygons, and it would seem as though the result ought to have produced an unalterable conviction in his mind that the old geometricians could not possibly be wrong, and have also given him a standard of truth by which every result he might obtain must be compared, and to which his demonstrations must conform. But it appears otherwise. And right here is the most suggestive place for indulging in a few reflections as to the causes of divergences or aberrations in so-called reasoning generally.

One philosopher defines reasoning as "the faculty of drawing inferences from the perceived equivalence of relations, which may do very well as a starter for criticism, but no definition has ever been given which includes all the manifestations and results of reason." Giving it another name (a favorite resort) as ratiocination or comparison may, expand the idea somewhat without reaching the bounds of its variations. The dialecticians have found several kinds of reasoning, as *a priori*, *a fortiori* inductive, deductive, etc., and maybe it would be well to add another, the seductive, expressive of a kind the oftentimes used in every day practice. The *a priori* division, i. e., reasoning from cause to effect, and the *a fortiori*, passing from effect to cause, may answer to give notice or direct the mind of the reader either up or down the chain of causation, very much as the child goes when he says, "now I will count forwards to 100, or I will count a hundred backwards." The ability to do the other one implies of necessity the ability to do the other, and reason as usually exercised would say "with equal facility," but experience enlightens reason by adding "with equal practice." A child who has counted from 1 to 100 so often that his mind and organs of speech are practically synchronous, finds upon trial that he cannot count from 100 downwards without blundering, and that to do them equally well requires equal practice. So it is with reasoning. The disciplined mind must be able like the spider, to pass with equal facility either way along its web, to stop at any place and mend the weak points or attach branches thereto.

This is education in its true sense and can only be obtained by self discipline and probably as well in the field or woods as in the school room.

Abraham Lincoln is said to have been uneducated, a very erroneous saying to those who know the true meaning of education. The very reverse was true. In the knowledge and practice of reasoning he was the best educated man in the United States. The spider passing either way along its web, taking it up, mending it, or extending it is a very striking illustration of the free use of the faculties of reason, as to direction, but the operation of reason implies much more than freedom of direction. There must be also the ability to weigh each link of the reason chain accurately, and in this particular Abe Lincoln excelled all of his contemporaries. It is this faculty which gives wisdom. It is said of some noted men that they perceive resemblances but not differences. Whether this depends upon a difference of faculty or only of activity, I shall not now inquire. Suffice to say that Lincoln saw the resemblances which others saw and many differences which they did not see. It is said that he practiced the reasoning of geometry both upwards and downwards; not, however, as a mere matter of word memorizing, but scanning, observing, relating, building, step on step to the conclusion, and then descending step by step to the base. Would not such a practice discover relations or differences which might otherwise escape? Certainly such would be the tendency, but after admitting the superiority of such discipline there is much, very much in this world that must be accepted as facts whether acceptable to reason or not.

Lincoln accepted Spiritualism as a fact and did not think the phenomena unreasonable. Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Carpenter, Youmans, all of them able and well disciplined men in certain directions, accept the phenomena merely as a phase of superstition, and use them for illustrating that tendency in human nature.

It is really amusing to be classed, by the learned, with the inferior tribes of men as Negroes, Indians, etc., to complete a scientific view of man's slow emergence from barbarism. The most amusing part of the

play, however, is when the Soybert commission perform their part on the stage stating facts which are not facts and giving reasons which are not reasons to those who were observant of the phenomena from natural selection or from sympathetic responsiveness in the same manner that musical instruments are thrown into vibration by the tones with which they accord.

I have not seen a Spiritualist anywhere who is the least shaken or mystified by the report of the aforesaid Commission. There is really nothing in it, either as an exposé or elucidation, and more than ever, psychical inquiry is stimulated and the spiritual philosophy becoming more and more interwoven with every day thought and life.

T. W. DAVENPORT.

### "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the first page of your issue of December 3rd, appeared a sermon by Dr. Fay, Unitarian, entitled "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit." With most of its deductions I can largely unite; but in the tortuous methods by which the Doctor arrives at them and in the sometimes false position that he assumes and incorrect illustrations that he uses, I take no pleasure. I have a passion for the established truths of accurate science, since the universe being a united whole, these truths are ever ours to fall back upon as a Gibraltar of refuge and repose from the vagaries and misconceptions of our yet very imperfect condition as respects knowledge and attainment. I trust, therefore, the preacher will not take it unkindly, if, without making a regular review of his sermon, I point out some things in it which seem entirely incorrect or misapprehended.

About the middle of his second column after speaking very justly of the wonderful accuracy with which the motions of some of the heavenly bodies are known and their phenomena "predicted to a minute," he adds: "But what of comets that dash through the very same space in seeming defiance of order and law? Does any one know whence they come, whither they go, how they move, or of what order they constitute a part? Certainly not."

This answer to this question is very misleading. We surely do know "whence they come, whither they go, especially how they move, and, in a good degree, of what order they constitute a part."

Comets are not, I admit, all alike; but many of them—most of them, it is probable—are children of the Sun, either legitimately developed as the planets and their satellites are—belonging in the same family and carried along by the sun in his flight through the realms of space; or otherwise caught as strays or homeless wanderers through those realms and adopted into the family to take their chances with the rest throughout the almost endless eons of solar life. They come to us from the out-lying fields of space, mostly beyond even of our outermost discovered planet; but still far, very far this side of even the nearest fixed stars.

That notable comet of 1831, for instance, that seemed to blaze so conspicuously, and at the first to wander so aimlessly amongst the stars, was soon reduced to order and its orbit defined by our skilled observers. That it wheeled its perihelion (if my memory serves) within one-fourth of the sun's diameter from his "cyclones of flame," and with a velocity almost inconceivable—the accumulations of nearly four hundred years of solar attraction—swept forth on its return journey from whence it came outward bound for about four hundred years more, reaching out into the depths of space many millions of miles beyond our outermost planet (yet reaching with all only a small fraction of the immense distance of the stars), thence to return again in about eight hundred years, in obedience to precisely the same laws as to "how they move" as the laws governing the planetary motions or even the motion of our next neighbor, the moon. Let me assure Dr. Fay that the orbits of several comets are well defined. Some of them, I repeat, may seem erratic when first appearing, but let the skilled astronomer catch sight of any one of them and measure its precise angular place at three nicely specified times—a considerable number of days apart (the longer the better for accuracy) and he obtains hence in any case the data from which to define its orbits as to dimensions and position as well as the time of its periodic return.

The Doctor seems to doubt our capability to testify "under oath" to scientific facts; but were I a "swearing man" it would be easy to make oath on the steadiness of the law of gravity and that comets as well as planets are subject, in due order, to its requirements. Yet, put upon the witness stand, it would not be by the Jewish writings, but by the "Holy evangelists of Almighty God" in the great Book of Nature, that we might swear.

Were it not for brevity's sake it might be explained that some comets are of uncertain origin, as before stated, but when they come within the reach of our great solar orb, he inevitably compels them to bow in obedience to him, if only to wheel before his face and depart in a new direction, indicated by his mighty arm, even should the visitor return no more.

In the next following paragraph our preacher says: "It is a law of nature that frost expands and heat contracts objects—excepting iron in which case the law is 'completely reversed.'" And he adds: "Do you know why? Can you explain the anomaly? I suppose not."

Surely we can explain all the "anomaly" that will remain after the facts are correctly stated. It is passing strange that any one should so carelessly state natural phenomena as to say: "Heat contracts objects—excepting iron." The reverse is true. As a general rule heat expands and cold contracts all bodies; not only iron but copper, gold, silver, lead, tin, rocks, water, air, gases, etc. The explanation of the reason why cold contracts water down to freezing and then expands it, is that in that event the heat has been reduced sufficiently to allow the particles of water to become subject to the laws of crystallization, causing them to arrange themselves so as to occupy more space and thus in the form of ice, to become lighter, bulk for bulk, than when in the liquid form.

Again: It is very easy to explain the reason (as Dr. Fay requests) why in reality "the mouth of the Mississippi is higher (farther from the earth centre) than its sources in the lakes of Wisconsin, and that its waters 'run up-grade.'" A simple experiment will illustrate the reason; hang a bucket partly full of water by a cord, and while the bucket is quiescent the water will take its equilibrium level; but give the bucket a whirling motion around the suspending cord as an axis, and the centrifugal force generated by the motion will immediately pile the water more or less according to the speed of revolution against the sides of the bucket—in fact cause it to flow up hill.

Well! Old Mother Earth, in the Mississippi

case, is the whirling bucket on a large scale and her waters are piled in the same way towards the equatorial regions.

The waters of the lakes of Wisconsin being nearer to the earth's axis than the waters of the gulf, and hence less affected by the earth's revolution than the latter, leaves a balance of centrifugal force in favor of the gulf, sufficient, in co-operation with gravity, to cause the flow that seems so anomalous. It is the same and for the same reason with other rivers on the earth that flow towards equatorial regions.

Thus our preacher seems unlucky in his illustrations. There are none of them really anomalous, but just as they should be, ever orderly and law-abiding. If theology could show as good a record, we would not so often put her on trial for absurdity.

Still again does not our friend beg the question when he so positively states: "Once this material universe was not. Now it is."

How does he know that? It is just as easy for our limited powers to conceive of an eternally existing universe of matter as of an eternally existing or self-creating mind. As we now know matter and spirit they are co-existent; the origin of both is utterly beyond our comprehension.

It is equally futile to say: "Once every particle of matter was non-vital." We know nothing of the kind. So while we believe in the "scientific evidences of the existence of Spirit," we think several of our friend's illustrations darken counsel, and instead of helping rather tend to weaken the argument.

J. G. JACKSON.

### INSPIRATIONAL ART.

#### The Drawings of Gurner Fisher.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There is nothing for which I have greater reason to thank the JOURNAL during the past year, than that, by means of it, I have become acquainted with the charcoal drawings of Mr. J. Gurner Fisher of Grand Rapids, Mich. The letter of Mr. G. B. Stebbins, published by you last May, stating that he had seen Mr. Fisher draw a really artistic picture while blindfolded, and giving a slight sketch of the man and his work, interested me greatly. My father being an amateur and collector of pictures, I have, during the last twenty-five years, seen and studied very many of the best works that have been imported into this country, either in the galleries of other collectors or of dealers in paintings. Thus long before I knew aught of the laws and phenomena of Spiritualism, I had lived in an atmosphere of art. You may judge, therefore, what desire I had to ascertain the quality of these landscape drawings, that were said to be produced by inspirational power. Having learned that Mr. Fisher proposed to offer his drawings for sale, I sent him an order for one. That which I received in return pleased me so well, that I sent him another order, and another, until now I have a fine collection of twenty, or more, of his drawings. Moreover, I do not feel that I can spare any of them; not only because together they are interesting as showing the development of his genius, and steady improvement in breadth, quality and finish, but also because they are all entirely different from one another in subject and sentiment.

When I remember that the first rude efforts of this artist began but little more than a year ago, I cannot view my collection of his works without astonishment and admiration. They do not look like the feeble and constrained attempts of the beginner, but have rather the freedom, force and delicacy of the master. This is particularly true of his more recent pictures. But more wonderful even than their execution, is the originating power shown in these drawings. Here are a great variety of subjects treated. Landscape in storm and sunshine, the ocean with rock-bound coast, and the quiet lake with sandy shore, woody scenes and the open country, the domestic quiet of the farm, and the solemn grandeur of the lonely canon, night scenes on land and water, with moonlight effects, and picturesque groups of medieval buildings, are all depicted with fine artistic feeling, in my collection of Mr. Fisher's drawings. The creative power herein displayed is, in fact, little short of marvelous.

What is the explanation of the sudden development of such artistic ability? Of course, it goes without saying, and upon any theory, that Mr. Fisher has by nature the mind and temperament of an artist. But what has stirred into activity faculties and powers that had long remained dormant? A very "scientific" explanation would be to say that Mr. Fisher had inherited through generations a strong artistic tendency, which had only awaited a favorable opportunity, or an exciting cause, to start it into phenomenal action. In this way was explained the mathematical genius of an entirely uneducated old lady, who was able, at times, instantly to give correct answers to difficult problems in calculus, which her sons had brought home from college. But those of us who believe in the power of unseen intelligences to influence mortals, will say, rather, that certain "viewless artists of the skies" have been attracted to Mr. Fisher, and are enabled by his sensitiveness and susceptibility to guide his hand to the results that seem to us so extraordinary. Mr. Fisher himself makes no concealment of his belief that this is, indeed, the source of his power, but he does not thrust it forward as a claim to attention which his work would not otherwise receive. He prefers to have his productions judged and sold on their merits like the works of any other artist. In view of the fact that these pictures are not presented as "manifestations," this is unquestionably an entirely dignified and judicious position for Mr. Fisher to take in the premises. But it will not prevent many of us from seeing in his inspirational artwork an interesting and beautiful form of the ministry of angels. And what ministrations is just now more needed in our country than that which seeks to refine and uplift the thought and sentiment of the people by the teachings of art. Great as we are in material development, we are, as a people, dull and insensible to the truth and beauty that is in art.

It is the mission of these drawings of Mr. Fisher's hand—full of the grandeur and the subtle poetic beauty of nature as they are—to soften, elevate and spiritualize all who are daily brought under their influence. And I know no greater favor than I can do the readers of the JOURNAL than to recommend them to secure and hang upon the wall of the room they live in most, one or more of these genuine works of art. The material used in their production—charcoal—is, next to color, the very best for the expression of artistic effects, and is so recognized by authorities on art. I have never met Mr. Fisher personally, but from his letters know that he holds his gift as a trust for the benefit of humanity. I know nowhere else where pictures of the same quality can be had for so small a charge. Every one of the drawings is an original work of art.

A. A. HEALY.

New York, City.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### The Haunted Quarters.

Life at the Military Posts—Return of a Party of Custer's Brave Officers to their Old Haunts.

L. A. CLEMENT.

Probably the most demoralizing place in the world is a frontier military post in winter. I have in mind, particularly, Fort Rice, upon the Missouri River, about 450 miles northwest of St. Paul, abandoned in 1876 after the establishment of Fort Yates.

The officers when not on duty usually spend the day in playing cards or billiards at the officers' club room, and at night congregate in quarters most agreeable to them for whist, poker or other games, often drinking much. Occasionally dramatic entertainments are given, and dances frequently, officers and men eagerly catching on to anything that affords amusement.

In the days of which I write liquor was sold without restriction to both officers and men. The men were charged twenty-five cents for the cheapest stuff; the officers were furnished the best at two for a quarter. The charge was made against the enlisted man, if he was without money, and reported to the paymaster who deducted it from his pay and paid it over to the trader instead. The trader discounted the officers' pay accounts, sometimes for months in advance, using the vouchers in place of exchange for his eastern remittances.

Gambling was almost universal among officers and men, and instances were known to me where professional gamblers joined the regular army to prey upon their associates, and they usually got away with the pay of those easily led into that kind of temptation. Occasionally among the officers could be found a shrewd and mercenary man who would take advantage of his brother officers by every means in his power, and he would grow rich on their squandered substance, but usually the trader got the pay of both officers and men. So well did these traderships pay that as high as \$12,000 per annum was paid for the "influence" that secured the appointment.

In the fall of 1873, I made my first visit to Fort Rice. I had hardly taken off my overcoat before one of the officers, one of the bravest men I ever knew, though recently dismissed from the service for drunkenness, ordered a basket of champagne. He said it was the first time a newspaper correspondent had ever visited that post and he proposed to entertain him in true frontier style. Champagne flowed as freely as water, and toast after toast was drunk, stories were told and songs were sung. There were few officers at the post who did not join in the "fun." Sometimes the more joyous indulged in imitations of the Sioux war dance, and others in a walk-around singing the while. Finally I succeeded in getting excused, and leaving them studying the mysteries of a jack pot. I spent the evening from 9 to 12 with the family of an officer of my acquaintance. When I returned I found my friends anxiously awaiting me. They held me till 2 A. M., and when I managed to slip off to bed the officer who started in to entertain me, crawled through my window and taking all of the bed clothes with him, returned to the club room, obliging me to return and help finish the second basket of wine before he would allow me to rest. I have witnessed similar affairs at Fort Hayes. I was blockaded three nights at Fort A. Lincoln, once, and every night was in the main a repetition of the one described. The officer at whose quarters I stopped was a comrade of mine in the volunteer service; and though dissipated he was as warm hearted a man as ever lived. Indeed, I would almost have given my life for him for his impulses were so generous and his friendship so true. Finally he got into trouble that was likely to result in his dismissal, and in his distress he sent for me. I urged him to get a detail, get a leave of absence, get anything that would enable him to get away from his life of dissipation, and then get married. I urged him to find a woman who would make him a pure and noble wife, marry her and make love to her afterward. He did so, marrying a widow at one day's sight, and through her influence he left his wicked ways and became an active church worker. His bachelor quarters where in the old time the officers used to meet for card parties and walk-arounds—where they whiled the hours away in poker or billiards or over the flowing bowl, became the most attractive at the post. The open-hearted generosity of the officer continued after his conversion, and when in distress I have travelled all day to spend the evening with him at his home. In the mean time the Custer massacre occurred. This officer was one of Custer's nearest friends, and though with the expedition, he was saved. It was during the winter that followed the massacre that he was married, and in the course of two or three years his life was changed as I have stated.

Finally his family was visited by the Episcopal minister and his wife from a neighboring village. Both the minister and his wife were interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and both were decidedly mediumistic. They are now located in Northern Indiana, but having suffered persecution on account of our cause, are doubtless careful about proclaiming their knowledge of, or interest in, Spiritualism. The old room where the officers used to congregate had been turned into a bed room, and to this room our friend and his good wife was assigned. They had scarcely dropped to sleep when they were awakened by the sound of marching upon a stairway. They heard the rattle of swords and of spurs, and the sound of revelry apparently in a room above them. They heard the roll of balls as in a ten pin alley, and the sounds peculiar to billiard playing. They heard the clink of glasses and the wild and merry laugh of men. They heard confused voices as if in conversation or in song. These things were so real, although it was Sunday night, that they were confident that they were occupying quarters directly under the officers' club room. Judge of their surprise when they learned at breakfast that the house was but one story, and that there was no stairway or bowling alley or billiard table anywhere near it; that there was not, and had not been, a drinking or card-playing party in the house since the long ago. Others had complained of similar noises, but they had carefully guarded the secret and supposed that some natural explanation would be given of it sometime.

Our friends realized too well what it meant, but nothing could tempt them to spend another night in the haunted quarters. Nearly ten years have since elapsed. The old quarters were long since torn down and the officer was ordered to Idaho. I have often heard the good minister and his wife with whom I used to sit once a week, tell this story. Our manifestations during these sittings were usually of a physical nature.



### Hits for The Psychological Society to Crack.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The rule adopted for selecting the philosophical experts of the Psychological Society, who are expected to examine and report upon Spiritualism, was very nearly as absurd as the one used by the courts to obtain jurymen. In steering clear of the dreaded bias which a trial jurymen must not have, they generally succeed in getting very good honest men who are so dull and pig-headed as to be incompetent to try the question of fact before them. An intelligent, reading, hearing, thinking person is avoided because he is likely to have formed an opinion and an opinion is a something to be removed by evidence.

Alway once said, "The Lord deliver me from a man with an opinion." What troubles the lawyers is, that a jury of persons having opinions cannot be cheated. An intelligent, wide-awake community, in which a crime has been committed, have by the time the case is called for trial, already tried the accused upon the evidence they have received and such a community is far more competent to arrive at just conclusions, even where the evidence upon trial varies from what they have previously received, than those dullards who are never troubled with opinions.

In an important criminal trial I once attended, the following questions were asked each person summoned for jury: "Have you formed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?" If the answer was in the affirmative he was promptly excused. "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence, when the punishment is death?" If the answer was in the affirmative the person was excused by the prosecution; if in the negative he was excused by the defence. Twelve men were at last found and every one had formed no opinion, and were so dull as not to be able to give an intelligent answer to the other question. Each one said it will depend on the evidence, which is no answer at all.

Just fancy for a moment a jury of 12 men, when the question was asked: "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence where the punishment is death?" all answering, "It will depend on the evidence."

The accused was cleared when the evidence was overwhelming, and the crime one of the most aggravated ever found in the annals of courts.

In selecting the experts of the Psychological Society, all the well recognized rules governing such cases have been departed from. The persons chosen are no doubt experts, but not experts in relation to the questions involved. It would be like selecting a doctor as an expert in shoemaking, or a lawyer in blacksmithing, or some fellow who had never seen or heard of a gun, in a case of murder from gun shot, or a man who knew nothing of prestidigitations to judge of the merits of sleight-of-hand performers.

Baron von Humboldt remarked that he never saw a person who had traveled so much and seen so little as Bayard Taylor; a very cruel and unjust remark, but one which throws into bold relief the peculiar and very important significance of the question before us. Both Humboldt and Taylor were great observers, but in entirely different fields. Taylor saw what the great philosopher did not see, and vice versa, although they traveled over the same ground. Taylor saw visions of beauty in the snows and ice of Lapland; Humboldt saw the snow and ice, too, and his mind was busy in studying the effect they would have upon the earth's surface and their relation to general laws. Taylor saw and admired the author of *Cosmos*, and gave in fitting and most beautiful language what he perceived in the noble face, expressive eyes and grand dome of thought of that wonderful old man. It is not at all surprising that Humboldt saw nothing in Taylor except that he was not a philosopher.

Whether Taylor or Humboldt were endowed so as to be fit instruments for examining the phenomena of Spiritualism could not be known without trial. Their success, the one in science and the other in literature, afford no guarantee of success in the spiritual field. The test for finding experts is what I would call natural selection.

Mathematicians are found in mathematics, geologists in geology, and so on through the whole range of science, abstract and concrete. Selective affinity is the law here as in chemistry. A mathematician may not be a moralist and a moral philosopher may be wholly incompetent as a mathematician. George Combe was one of the ablest reasoners and investigators of physio-moral subjects, but he had no capacity for calculating in numbers. Though a fine philosopher he would not have been an expert in arithmetic. There is no better illustration of the natural diversity of the intellectually able and scientific men than that afforded in the fact that the branch or branches of philosophy represented by Dr. Carpenter, of England, Prof. Youmans, Henry, Newcomb and several others of this country, continually call such men as Combe, Fowler, Gall and Spurzheim professors of a pseudo science.

Would it be considered pertinent and highly scientific to employ Dr. Carpenter and confer as experts to examine the claims of phrenology? Indeed it would be as reasonable as to employ them to examine and report upon the spiritual phenomena, for in the former case they have decided it to be a pseudo-science, and the latter is fraud or jugglery. The spiritual phenomena, or that portion of it comprehended by the term modern Spiritualism, has been prominently before the civilized portion of mankind for nearly forty years. It has made more noise, attracted more attention and produced a deeper impression upon such of human kind as were fitted to receive it than all other phenomena in human nature. It has been a source of positive knowledge to many, but strange as it may seem, there are thousands who must accept it as faith and thousands more who have no capacity or fitness for its belief or comprehension. The strangest part of the whole matter is the common idea that the latter class must furnish the scientific investigators of Spiritualism. An unbelieving critic asks, "Would you declare all persons unfit examiners except those who have embraced the doctrines of Spiritualism?" I answer, "No!" But would you think a person fit for the business, who, though claiming to be a scientist or philosopher, has for a period of forty years, i. e., during the whole life of the questioned phenomena, seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, thought of nothing that has prevented him from classing it among the supernatural, a word used among that class of scientists to express in a mild and humorous way that it is only one form of superstition. Indeed such scientists have a postulate that the ghost business ended with the advent of science, as astrology was repealed by astronomy, and they look upon us poor, good, extra-credulous fellows with a commiseration which is truly

admirable and which only their kind of philosophers can enjoy. Yes, they smile at our credulity and wonder how long before science shall destroy all forms of superstition, and the same persons at the same time will accept the most absurd explanations and believe the most impossible stories rather than admit for a moment the only theory which can be made to account for the phenomena. They would sooner admit that Dr. Slade had the faculty of lengthening his legs ten feet, or that his fingers were invisible, or that he prepared messages fittingly addressed and conveying information and knowledge which could be explained only by the persons receiving them rather than admit that there is spirit as well as matter and force.

Natural selection is the rule for obtaining investigators; who can or will give the world valuable results, and there will be degrees of excellence among these. Not all mathematicians can approach to an understanding of the method of Newton or Laplace, and notwithstanding their dispassionate spirit and the exactness of their beloved science they are still subject to mathematical vagaries and absurdities quite equal to the Katie King humbug in Spiritualism.

Many years ago Prof. Rollwyn, assistant astronomer royal of England, published a large and costly work upon his favorite science, astronomy, at the end of which he introduced for the first time an entirely new theorem, discussing the quadrature of the circle. Several pages are occupied by the demonstration, and he comes to the most astounding conclusion that the ratio of the diameter to the circumference is as one to three exactly. He seems to have no doubts as to the correctness of his conclusion as he invites the critical attention of his brother mathematicians throughout the world to the proposition, and I understand that the book with the aforesaid addendum has passed through several editions.

Prof. Chaney, in writing to me of the curiosity, says: "I am too rusty in analytics to perceive where the blunder comes in and it appears that the fellow has really gone and done it." I wish you would point it out to me."

Prof. Rollwyn handles the mathematical tools, algebraic symbols, expertly; in fact he shows extensive knowledge in the use of them, and mathematicians generally would expect him to conclude, from the result at which he arrived, that he had committed an error somewhere in the course of his demonstration.

The fact that he did not so conclude is a striking illustration that Herbert Spencer can use in his work upon mental discipline. Prof. Rollwyn in his youth had gone over the tedious work of shutting up a circle between two approximating polygons, and it would seem as though the result ought to have produced an unalterable conviction in his mind that the old geometricians could not possibly be wrong, and have also given him a standard of truth by which every result he might obtain must be compared, and to which his demonstrations must conform. But it appears otherwise. And right here is the most suggestive place for indulging in a few reflections as to the causes of divergences or aberrations in so-called reasoning generally.

One philosopher defines reasoning as "the faculty of drawing inferences from the perceived equivalence of relations, which may do very well as a starter for criticism, but no definition has ever been given which includes all the manifestations and results of reason." Giving it another name (a favorite resort) as ratiocination or comparison may, expand the idea somewhat without reaching the bounds of its variations. The dialecticians have found several kinds of reasoning, as *a priori*, *a fortiori* inductive, deductive, etc., and maybe it would be well to add another, the seductive, expressive of a kind the oftentimes used in every day practice. The *a priori* division, i. e., reasoning from cause to effect, and the *a fortiori*, passing from effect to cause, may answer to give notice or direct the mind of the reader either up or down the chain of causation, very much as the child does when he says, "now I will count forwards to 100, or I will count a hundred backwards." The ability to do the other one implies of necessity the ability to do the other, and reason as usually exercised would say "with equal facility," but experience enlightens reason by adding "with equal practice." A child who has counted from 1 to 100 so often that his mind and organs of speech are practically synchronous, finds upon trial that he cannot count from 100 downwards without blundering, and that to do them equally well requires equal practice. So it is with reasoning. The disciplined mind must be able like the spider, to pass with equal facility either way along its web, to stop at any place and mend the weak points or attach branches thereto.

This is education in its true sense and can only be obtained by self discipline and probably as well in the field or woods as in the school room.

Abraham Lincoln is said to have been uneducated, a very erroneous saying to those who know the true meaning of education. The very reverse was true. In the knowledge and practice of reasoning he was the best educated man in the United States. The spider passing either way along its web, taking it up, mending it, or extending it is a very striking illustration of the free use of the faculties of reason, as to direction, but the operation of reason implies much more than freedom of direction. There must be also the ability to weigh each link of the reason chain accurately, and in this particular Abe Lincoln excelled all of his contemporaries. It is this faculty which gives wisdom. It is said of some noted men that they perceive resemblances but not differences. Whether this depends upon a difference of faculty or only of activity, I shall not now inquire. Suffice to say that Lincoln saw the resemblances which others saw and many differences which they did not see. It is said that he practiced the reasoning of geometry both upwards and downwards; not, however, as a mere matter of word memorizing, but scanning, observing, relating, building, step on step to the conclusion, and then descending step by step to the base. Would not such a practice discover relations or differences which might otherwise escape? Certainly such would be the tendency, but after admitting the superiority of such discipline there is much, very much in this world that must be accepted as facts whether acceptable to reason or not.

Lincoln accepted Spiritualism as a fact and did not think the phenomena unreasonable. Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Carpenter, Youmans, all of them able and well disciplined men in certain directions, accept the phenomena merely as a phase of superstition, and use them for illustrating that tendency in human nature.

It is really amusing to be classed, by the learned, with the inferior tribes of men as Negroes, Indians, etc., to complete a scientific view of man's slow emergence from barbarism. The most amusing part of the

play, however, is when the Soybert commission perform their part on the stage stating facts which are not facts and giving reasons which are not reasons to those who were observant of the phenomena from natural selection or from sympathetic responsiveness in the same manner that musical instruments are thrown into vibration by the tones with which they accord.

I have not seen a Spiritualist anywhere who is the least shaken or mystified by the report of the aforesaid Commission. There is really nothing in it, either as an exposé or elucidation, and more than ever, psychical inquiry is stimulated and the spiritual philosophy becoming more and more interwoven with every day thought and life.

T. W. DAVENPORT.

### "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the first page of your issue of December 3rd, appeared a sermon by Dr. Fay, Unitarian, entitled "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit." With most of its deductions I can largely unite; but in the tortuous methods by which the Doctor arrives at them and in the sometimes false position that he assumes and incorrect illustrations that he uses, I take no pleasure. I have a passion for the established truths of accurate science, since the universe being a united whole, these truths are ever ours to fall back upon as a Gibraltar of refuge and repose from the vagaries and misconceptions of our yet very imperfect condition as respects knowledge and attainment. I trust, therefore, the preacher will not take it unkindly, if, without making a regular review of his sermon, I point out some things in it which seem entirely incorrect or misapprehended.

About the middle of his second column after speaking very justly of the wonderful accuracy with which the motions of some of the heavenly bodies are known and their phenomena "predicted to a minute," he adds: "But what of comets that dash through the very same space in seeming defiance of order and law? Does any one know whence they come, whither they go, how they move, or of what order they constitute a part? Certainly not."

This answer to this question is very misleading. We surely do know "whence they come, whither they go, especially how they move, and, in a good degree, of what order they constitute a part."

Comets are not, I admit, all alike; but many of them—most of them, it is probable—are children of the Sun, either legitimately developed as the planets and their satellites are—belonging in the same family and carried along by the sun in his flight through the realms of space; or otherwise caught as strays or homeless wanderers through those realms and adopted into the family to take their chances with the rest throughout the almost endless eons of solar life. They come to us from the out-lying fields of space, mostly beyond even of our outermost discovered planet; but still far, very far this side of even the nearest fixed stars.

That notable comet of 1831, for instance, that seemed to blaze so conspicuously, and at the first to wander so aimlessly amongst the stars, was soon reduced to order and its orbit defined by our skilled observers. That it wheeled its perihelion (if my memory serves) within one-fourth of the sun's diameter from his "cyclones of flame," and with a velocity almost inconceivable—the accumulations of nearly four hundred years of solar attraction—swept forth on its return journey from whence it came outward bound for about four hundred years more, reaching out into the depths of space many millions of miles beyond our outermost planet (yet reaching with all only a small fraction of the immense distance of the stars), thence to return again in about eight hundred years, in obedience to precisely the same laws as to "how they move" as the laws governing the planetary motions or even the motion of our next neighbor, the moon. Let me assure Dr. Fay that the orbits of several comets are well defined. Some of them, I repeat, may seem erratic when first appearing, but let the skilled astronomer catch sight of any one of them and measure its precise angular place at three nicely specified times—a considerable number of days apart (the longer the better for accuracy) and he obtains hence in any case the data from which to define its orbits as to dimensions and position as well as the time of its periodic return.

The Doctor seems to doubt our capability to testify "under oath" to scientific facts; but were I a "swearing man" it would be easy to make oath on the steadiness of the law of gravity and that comets as well as planets are subject, in due order, to its requirements. Yet, put upon the witness stand, it would not be by the Jewish writings, but by the "Holy evangelists of Almighty God" in the great Book of Nature, that we might swear.

Were it not for brevity's sake it might be explained that some comets are of uncertain origin, as before stated, but when they come within the reach of our great solar orb, he inevitably compels them to bow in obedience to him, if only to wheel before his face and depart in a new direction, indicated by his mighty arm, even should the visitor return no more.

In the next following paragraph our preacher says: "It is a law of nature that frost expands and heat contracts objects—excepting iron in which case the law is 'completely reversed.'" And he adds: "Do you know why? Can you explain the anomaly? I suppose not."

Surely we can explain all the "anomaly" that will remain after the facts are correctly stated. It is passing strange that any one should so carelessly state natural phenomena as to say: "Heat contracts objects—excepting iron." The reverse is true. As a general rule heat expands and cold contracts all bodies; not only iron but copper, gold, silver, lead, tin, rocks, water, air, gases, etc. The explanation of the reason why cold contracts water down to freezing and then expands it, is that in that event the heat has been reduced sufficiently to allow the particles of water to become subject to the laws of crystallization, causing them to arrange themselves so as to occupy more space and thus in the form of ice, to become lighter, bulk for bulk, than when in the liquid form.

Again: It is very easy to explain the reason (as Dr. Fay requests) why in reality "the mouth of the Mississippi is higher (farther from the earth centre) than its sources in the lakes of Wisconsin, and that its waters 'run up-grade.'" A simple experiment will illustrate the reason; hang a bucket partly full of water by a cord, and while the bucket is quiescent the water will take its equilibrium level; but give the bucket a whirling motion around the suspending cord as an axis, and the centrifugal force generated by the motion will immediately pile the water more or less according to the speed of revolution against the sides of the bucket—in fact cause it to flow up hill.

Well! Old Mother Earth, in the Mississippi

case, is the whirling bucket on a large scale and her waters are piled in the same way towards the equatorial regions.

The waters of the lakes of Wisconsin being nearer to the earth's axis than the waters of the gulf, and hence less affected by the earth's revolution than the latter, leaves a balance of centrifugal force in favor of the gulf, sufficient, in co-operation with gravity, to cause the flow that seems so anomalous. It is the same and for the same reason with other rivers on the earth that flow towards equatorial regions.

Thus our preacher seems unlucky in his illustrations. There are none of them really anomalous, but just as they should be, ever orderly and law-abiding. If theology could show as good a record, we would not so often put her on trial for absurdity.

Still again does not our friend beg the question when he so positively states: "Once this material universe was not. Now it is."

How does he know that? It is just as easy for our limited powers to conceive of an eternally existing universe of matter as of an eternally existing or self-creating mind. As we now know matter and spirit they are co-existent; the origin of both is utterly beyond our comprehension.

It is equally futile to say: "Once every particle of matter was non-vital." We know nothing of the kind. So while we believe in the "scientific evidences of the existence of Spirit," we think several of our friend's illustrations darken counsel, and instead of helping rather tend to weaken the argument.

J. G. JACKSON.

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To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There is nothing for which I have greater reason to thank the JOURNAL during the past year, than that, by means of it, I have become acquainted with the charcoal drawings of Mr. J. Gurner Fisher of Grand Rapids, Mich. The letter of Mr. G. B. Stebbins, published by you last May, stating that he had seen Mr. Fisher draw a really artistic picture while blindfolded, and giving a slight sketch of the man and his work, interested me greatly. My father being an amateur and collector of pictures, I have, during the last twenty-five years, seen and studied very many of the best works that have been imported into this country, either in the galleries of other collectors or of dealers in paintings. Thus long before I knew aught of the laws and phenomena of Spiritualism, I had lived in an atmosphere of art. You may judge, therefore, what desire I had to ascertain the quality of these landscape drawings, that were said to be produced by inspirational power. Having learned that Mr. Fisher proposed to offer his drawings for sale, I sent him an order for one. That which I received in return pleased me so well, that I sent him another order, and another, until now I have a fine collection of twenty, or more, of his drawings. Moreover, I do not feel that I can spare any of them; not only because together they are interesting as showing the development of his genius, and steady improvement in breadth, quality and finish, but also because they are all entirely different from one another in subject and sentiment.

When I remember that the first rude efforts of this artist began but little more than a year ago, I cannot view my collection of his works without astonishment and admiration. They do not look like the feeble and constrained attempts of the beginner, but have rather the freedom, force and delicacy of the master. This is particularly true of his more recent pictures. But more wonderful even than their execution, is the originating power shown in these drawings. Here are a great variety of subjects treated. Landscape in storm and sunshine, the ocean with rock-bound coast, and the quiet lake with sandy shore, woody scenes and the open country, the domestic quiet of the farm, and the solemn grandeur of the lonely canon, night scenes on land and water, with moonlight effects, and picturesque groups of medieval buildings, are all depicted with fine artistic feeling, in my collection of Mr. Fisher's drawings. The creative power herein displayed is, in fact, little short of marvelous.

What is the explanation of the sudden development of such artistic ability? Of course, it goes without saying, and upon any theory, that Mr. Fisher has by nature the mind and temperament of an artist. But what has stirred into activity faculties and powers that had long remained dormant? A very "scientific" explanation would be to say that Mr. Fisher had inherited through generations a strong artistic tendency, which had only awaited a favorable opportunity, or an exciting cause, to start it into phenomenal action. In this way was explained the mathematical genius of an entirely uneducated old lady, who was able, at times, instantly to give correct answers to difficult problems in calculus, which her sons had brought home from college. But those of us who believe in the power of unseen intelligences to influence mortals, will say, rather, that certain "viewless artists of the skies" have been attracted to Mr. Fisher, and are enabled by his sensitiveness and susceptibility to guide his hand to the results that seem to us so extraordinary. Mr. Fisher himself makes no concealment of his belief that this is, indeed, the source of his power, but he does not thrust it forward as a claim to attention which his work would not otherwise receive. He prefers to have his productions judged and sold on their merits like the works of any other artist. In view of the fact that these pictures are not presented as "manifestations," this is unquestionably an entirely dignified and judicious position for Mr. Fisher to take in the premises. But it will not prevent many of us from seeing in his inspirational artwork an interesting and beautiful form of the ministry of angels. And what ministrations is just now more needed in our country than that which seeks to refine and uplift the thought and sentiment of the people by the teachings of art. Great as we are in material development, we are, as a people, dull and insensible to the truth and beauty that is in art.

It is the mission of these drawings of Mr. Fisher's hand—full of the grandeur and the subtle poetic beauty of nature as they are—to soften, elevate and spiritualize all who are daily brought under their influence. And I know no greater favor than I can do the readers of the JOURNAL than to recommend them to secure and hang upon the wall of the room they live in most, one or more of these genuine works of art. The material used in their production—charcoal—is, next to color, the very best for the expression of artistic effects, and is so recognized by authorities on art. I have never met Mr. Fisher personally, but from his letters know that he holds his gift as a trust for the benefit of humanity. I know nowhere else where pictures of the same quality can be had for so small a charge. Every one of the drawings is an original work of art.

A. A. HEALY.

New York, City.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### The Haunted Quarters.

Life at the Military Posts—Return of a Party of Custer's Brave Officers to their Old Haunts.

L. A. CLEMENT.

Probably the most demoralizing place in the world is a frontier military post in winter. I have in mind, particularly, Fort Rice, upon the Missouri River, about 450 miles northwest of St. Paul, abandoned in 1876 after the establishment of Fort Yates.

The officers when not on duty usually spend the day in playing cards or billiards at the officers' club room, and at night congregate in quarters most agreeable to them for whist, poker or other games, often drinking much. Occasionally dramatic entertainments are given, and dances frequently, officers and men eagerly catching on to anything that affords amusement.

In the days of which I write liquor was sold without restriction to both officers and men. The men were charged twenty-five cents for the cheapest stuff; the officers were furnished the best at two for a quarter. The charge was made against the enlisted man, if he was without money, and reported to the paymaster who deducted it from his pay and paid it over to the trader instead. The trader discounted the officers' pay accounts, sometimes for months in advance, using the vouchers in place of exchange for his eastern remittances.

Gambling was almost universal among officers and men, and instances were known to me where professional gamblers joined the regular army to prey upon their associates, and they usually got away with the pay of those easily led into that kind of temptation. Occasionally among the officers could be found a shrewd and mercenary man who would take advantage of his brother officers by every means in his power, and he would grow rich on their squandered substance, but usually the trader got the pay of both officers and men. So well did these traderships pay that as high as \$12,000 per annum was paid for the "influence" that secured the appointment.

In the fall of 1873, I made my first visit to Fort Rice. I had hardly taken off my overcoat before one of the officers, one of the bravest men I ever knew, though recently dismissed from the service for drunkenness, ordered a basket of champagne. He said it was the first time a newspaper correspondent had ever visited that post and he proposed to entertain him in true frontier style. Champagne flowed as freely as water, and toast after toast was drunk, stories were told and songs were sung. There were few officers at the post who did not join in the "fun." Sometimes the more joyous indulged in imitations of the Sioux war dance, and others in a walk-around singing the while. Finally I succeeded in getting excused, and leaving them studying the mysteries of a jack pot. I spent the evening from 9 to 12 with the family of an officer of my acquaintance. When I returned I found my friends anxiously awaiting me. They held me till 2 A. M., and when I managed to slip off to bed the officer who started in to entertain me, crawled through my window and taking all of the bed clothes with him, returned to the club room, obliging me to return and help finish the second basket of wine before he would allow me to rest. I have witnessed similar affairs at Fort Hayes. I was blockaded three nights at Fort A. Lincoln, once, and every night was in the main a repetition of the one described. The officer at whose quarters I stopped was a comrade of mine in the volunteer service; and though dissipated he was as warm hearted a man as ever lived. Indeed, I would almost have given my life for him for his impulses were so generous and his friendship so true. Finally he got into trouble that was likely to result in his dismissal, and in his distress he sent for me. I urged him to get a detail, get a leave of absence, get anything that would enable him to get away from his life of dissipation, and then get married. I urged him to find a woman who would make him a pure and noble wife, marry her and make love to her afterward. He did so, marrying a widow at one day's sight, and through her influence he left his wicked ways and became an active church worker. His bachelor quarters where in the old time the officers used to meet for card parties and walk-arounds—where they whiled the hours away in poker or billiards or over the flowing bowl, became the most attractive at the post. The open-hearted generosity of the officer continued after his conversion, without his former tendency to dissipation, and when in distress I have travelled all day to spend the evening with him at his home. In the mean time the Custer massacre occurred. This officer was one of Custer's nearest friends, and though with the expedition, he was saved. It was during the winter that followed the massacre that he was married, and in the course of two or three years his life was changed as I have stated.

Finally his family was visited by the Episcopal minister and his wife from a neighboring village. Both the minister and his wife were interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and both were decidedly mediumistic. They are now located in Northern Indiana, but having suffered persecution on account of our cause, are doubtless careful about proclaiming their knowledge of, or interest in, Spiritualism. The old room where the officers used to congregate had been turned into a bed room, and to this room our friend and his good wife was assigned. They had scarcely dropped to sleep when they were awakened by the sound of marching upon a stairway. They heard the rattle of swords and of spurs, and the sound of revelry apparently in a room above them. They heard the roll of balls as in a ten pin alley, and the sounds peculiar to billiard playing. They heard the clink of glasses and the wild and merry laugh of men. They heard confused voices as if in conversation or in song. These things were so real, although it was Sunday night, that they were confident that they were occupying quarters directly under the officers' club room. Judge of their surprise when they learned at breakfast that the house was but one story, and that there was no stairway or bowling alley or billiard table anywhere near it; that there was not, and had not been, a drinking or card-playing party in the house since the long ago. Others had complained of similar noises, but they had carefully guarded the secret and supposed that some natural explanation would be given of it sometime.

Our friends realized too well what it meant, but nothing could tempt them to spend another night in the haunted quarters. Nearly ten years have since elapsed. The old quarters were long since torn down and the officer was ordered to Idaho. I have often heard the good minister and his wife with whom I used to sit once a week, tell this story. Our manifestations during these sittings were usually of a physical nature.



### Nits for The Psychological Society to Crack.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The rule adopted for selecting the philosophical experts of the Psychological Society, who are expected to examine and report upon Spiritualism, was very nearly as absurd as the one used by the courts to obtain jurymen. In steering clear of the dreaded bias which a trial jurymen must not have, they generally succeed in getting very good honest men who are so dull and pig-headed as to be incompetent to try the question of fact before them. An intelligent, reading, hearing, thinking person is avoided because he is likely to have formed an opinion and an opinion is a something to be removed by evidence.

A lawyer once said, "The Lord deliver me from a man with an opinion." What troubles the lawyers is, that a jury of persons having opinions cannot be cheated. An intelligent, wide-awake community, in which a crime has been committed, have by the time the case is called for trial, already tried the accused upon the evidence they have received and such a community is far more competent to arrive at just conclusions, even where the evidence upon trial varies from what they have previously received, than those dullards who are never troubled with opinions.

In an important criminal trial I once attended, the following questions were asked each person summoned for jury: "Have you formed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?" If the answer was in the affirmative he was promptly excused. "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence, when the punishment is death?" If the answer was in the affirmative the person was excused by the prosecution; if in the negative he was excused by the defence. Twelve men were at last found and every one had formed no opinion, and were so dull as not to be able to give an intelligent answer to the other question. Each one said it will depend on the evidence, which is no answer at all.

Just fancy for a moment a jury of 12 men, when the question was asked: "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence where the punishment is death?" all answering, "It will depend on the evidence."

The accused was cleared when the evidence was overwhelming, and the crime one of the most aggravated ever found in the annals of courts.

In selecting the experts of the Psychological Society, all the well recognized rules governing such cases have been departed from. The persons chosen are no doubt experts, but not experts in relation to the questions involved. It would be like selecting a doctor as an expert in shoemaking, or a lawyer in blacksmithing, or some fellow who had never seen or heard of a gun, in a case of murder from gun shot, or a man who knew nothing of prestidigitation to judge of the merits of sleight-of-hand performers.

Baron von Humboldt remarked that he never saw a person who had traveled so much and seen so little as Bayard Taylor; a very cruel and unjust remark, but one which throws into bold relief the peculiar and very important significance of the question before us. Both Humboldt and Taylor were great observers, but in entirely different fields. Taylor saw what the great philosopher did not see, and vice versa, although they traveled over the same ground. Taylor saw visions of beauty in the snows and ice of Lapland; Humboldt saw the snow and ice, too, and his mind was busy in studying the effect they would have upon the earth's surface and their relation to general laws. Taylor saw and admired the author of *Cosmos*, and gave in fitting and most beautiful language what he perceived in the noble face, expressive eyes and grand dome of thought of that wonderful old man. It is not at all surprising that Humboldt saw nothing in Taylor except that he was not a philosopher.

Whether Taylor or Humboldt were endowed so as to be fit instruments for examining the phenomena of Spiritualism could not be known without trial. Their success, the one in science and the other in literature, afford no guarantee of success in the spiritual field. The test for finding experts is what I would call natural selection.

Mathematicians are found in mathematics, geologists in geology, and so on through the whole range of science, abstract and concrete. Selective affinity is the law here as in chemistry. A mathematician may not be a moralist and a moral philosopher may be wholly incompetent as a mathematician. George Combe was one of the ablest reasoners and investigators of physio-moral subjects, but he had no capacity for calculating in numbers. Though a fine philosopher he would not have been an expert in arithmetic. There is no better illustration of the natural diversity of the intellectually able and scientific men than that afforded in the fact that the branch or branches of philosophy represented by Dr. Carpenter, of England, Prof. Youmans, Henry, Newcomb and several others of this country, continually call such men as Combe, Fowler, Gall and Spurzheim professors of a pseudo science.

Would it be considered pertinent and highly scientific to employ Dr. Carpenter and confer as experts to examine the claims of phrenology? Indeed it would be as reasonable as to employ them to examine and report upon the spiritual phenomena, for in the former case they have decided it to be a pseudo-science, and the latter is fraud or jugglery. The spiritual phenomena, or that portion of it comprehended by the term modern Spiritualism, has been prominently before the civilized portion of mankind for nearly forty years. It has made more noise, attracted more attention and produced a deeper impression upon such of human kind as were fitted to receive it than all other phenomena in human nature. It has been a source of positive knowledge to many, but strange as it may seem, there are thousands who must accept it as faith and thousands more who have no capacity or fitness for its belief or comprehension. The strangest part of the whole matter is the common idea that the latter class must furnish the scientific investigators of Spiritualism. An unbelieving critic asks, "Would you declare all persons unfit examiners except those who have embraced the doctrines of Spiritualism?" I answer, "No!" But would you think a person fit for the business, who, though claiming to be a scientist or philosopher, has for a period of forty years, i. e., during the whole life of the questioned phenomena, seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, thought of nothing that has prevented him from classing it among the supernatural, a word used among that class of scientists to express in a mild and humorous way that it is only one form of superstition. Indeed such scientists have a postulate that the ghost business ended with the advent of science, as astrology was repealed by astronomy, and they look upon us poor, good, extra-credulous fellows with a commiseration which is truly

admirable and which only their kind of philosophers can enjoy. Yes, they smile at our credulity and wonder how long before science shall destroy all forms of superstition, and the same persons at the same time will accept the most absurd explanations and believe the most impossible stories rather than admit for a moment the only theory which can be made to account for the phenomena. They would sooner admit that Dr. Slade had the faculty of lengthening his legs ten feet, or that his fingers were invisible, or that he prepared messages fittingly addressed and conveying information and knowledge which could be explained only by the persons receiving them rather than admit that there is spirit as well as matter and force.

Natural selection is the rule for obtaining investigators; who can or will give the world valuable results, and there will be degrees of excellence among these. Not all mathematicians can approach to an understanding of the method of Newton or Laplace, and notwithstanding their dispassionate spirit and the exactness of their beloved science they are still subject to mathematical vagaries and absurdities quite equal to the Katie King humbug in Spiritualism.

Many years ago Prof. Rollwyn, assistant astronomer royal of England, published a large and costly work upon his favorite science, astronomy, at the end of which he introduced for the first time an entirely new theorem, discussing the quadrature of the circle. Several pages are occupied by the demonstration, and he comes to the most astounding conclusion that the ratio of the diameter to the circumference is as one to three exactly. He seems to have no doubts as to the correctness of his conclusion as he invites the critical attention of his brother mathematicians throughout the world to the proposition, and I understand that the book with the aforesaid addendum has passed through several editions.

Prof. Chaney, in writing to me of the curiosity, says: "I am too rusty in analytics to perceive where the blunder comes in and it appears that the fellow has really gone and done it." I wish you would point it out to me."

Prof. Rollwyn handles the mathematical tools, algebraic symbols, expertly; in fact he shows extensive knowledge in the use of them, and mathematicians generally would expect him to conclude, from the result at which he arrived, that he had committed an error somewhere in the course of his demonstration.

The fact that he did not so conclude is a striking illustration that Herbert Spencer can use in his work upon mental discipline. Prof. Rollwyn in his youth had gone over the tedious work of shutting up a circle between two approximating polygons, and it would seem as though the result ought to have produced an unalterable conviction in his mind that the old geometricians could not possibly be wrong, and have also given him a standard of truth by which every result he might obtain must be compared, and to which his demonstrations must conform. But it appears otherwise. And right here is the most suggestive place for indulging in a few reflections as to the causes of divergences or aberrations in so-called reasoning generally.

One philosopher defines reasoning as "the faculty of drawing inferences from the perceived equivalence of relations, which may do very well as a starter for criticism, but no definition has ever been given which includes all the manifestations and results of reason." Giving it another name (a favorite resort) as ratiocination or comparison may, expand the idea somewhat without reaching the bounds of its variations. The dialecticians have found several kinds of reasoning, as *a priori*, *a fortiori* inductive, deductive, etc., and maybe it would be well to add another, the seductive, expressive of a kind the oftentimes used in every day practice. The *a priori* division, i. e., reasoning from cause to effect, and the *a fortiori*, passing from effect to cause, may answer to give notice or direct the mind of the reader either up or down the chain of causation, very much as the child goes when he says, "now I will count forwards to 100, or I will count a hundred backwards." The ability to do the other one implies of necessity the ability to do the other, and reason as usually exercised would say "with equal facility," but experience enlightens reason by adding "with equal practice." A child who has counted from 1 to 100 so often that his mind and organs of speech are practically synchronous, finds upon trial that he cannot count from 100 downwards without blundering, and that to do them equally well requires equal practice. So it is with reasoning. The disciplined mind must be able like the spider, to pass with equal facility either way along its web, to stop at any place and mend the weak points or attach branches thereto.

This is education in its true sense and can only be obtained by self discipline and probably as well in the field or woods as in the school room.

Abraham Lincoln is said to have been uneducated, a very erroneous saying to those who know the true meaning of education. The very reverse was true. In the knowledge and practice of reasoning he was the best educated man in the United States. The spider passing either way along its web, taking it up, mending it, or extending it is a very striking illustration of the free use of the faculties of reason, as to direction, but the operation of reason implies much more than freedom of direction. There must be also the ability to weigh each link of the reason chain accurately, and in this particular Abe Lincoln excelled all of his contemporaries. It is this faculty which gives wisdom. It is said of some noted men that they perceive resemblances but not differences. Whether this depends upon a difference of faculty or only of activity, I shall not now inquire. Suffice to say that Lincoln saw the resemblances which others saw and many differences which they did not see. It is said that he practiced the reasoning of geometry both upwards and downwards; not, however, as a mere matter of word memorizing, but scanning, observing, relating, building, step on step to the conclusion, and then descending step by step to the base. Would not such a practice discover relations or differences which might otherwise escape? Certainly such would be the tendency, but after admitting the superiority of such discipline there is much, very much in this world that must be accepted as facts whether acceptable to reason or not.

Lincoln accepted Spiritualism as a fact and did not think the phenomena unreasonable. Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Carpenter, Youmans, all of them able and well disciplined men in certain directions, accept the phenomena merely as a phase of superstition, and use them for illustrating that tendency in human nature.

It is really amusing to be classed, by the learned, with the inferior tribes of men as Negroes, Indians, etc., to complete a scientific view of man's slow emergence from barbarism. The most amusing part of the

play, however, is when the Soybert commission perform their part on the stage stating facts which are not facts and giving reasons which are not reasons to those who were observant of the phenomena from natural selection or from sympathetic responsiveness in the same manner that musical instruments are thrown into vibration by the tones with which they accord.

I have not seen a Spiritualist anywhere who is the least shaken or mystified by the report of the aforesaid Commission. There is really nothing in it, either as an exposé or elucidation, and more than ever, psychical inquiry is stimulated and the spiritual philosophy becoming more and more interwoven with every day thought and life.

T. W. DAVENPORT.

### "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the first page of your issue of December 3rd, appeared a sermon by Dr. Fay, Unitarian, entitled "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit." With most of its deductions I can largely unite; but in the tortuous methods by which the Doctor arrives at them and in the sometimes false position that he assumes and incorrect illustrations that he uses, I take no pleasure. I have a passion for the established truths of accurate science, since the universe being a united whole, these truths are ever ours to fall back upon as a Gibraltar of refuge and repose from the vagaries and misconceptions of our yet very imperfect condition as respects knowledge and attainment. I trust, therefore, the preacher will not take it unkindly, if, without making a regular review of his sermon, I point out some things in it which seem entirely incorrect or misapprehended.

About the middle of his second column after speaking very justly of the wonderful accuracy with which the motions of some of the heavenly bodies are known and their phenomena "predicted to a minute," he adds: "But what of comets that dash through the very same space in seeming defiance of order and law? Does any one know whence they come, whither they go, how they move, or of what order they constitute a part? Certainly not."

This answer to this question is very misleading. We surely do know "whence they come, whither they go, especially how they move, and, in a good degree, of what order they constitute a part."

Comets are not, I admit, all alike; but many of them—most of them, it is probable—are children of the Sun, either legitimately developed as the planets and their satellites are—belonging in the same family and carried along by the sun in his flight through the realms of space; or otherwise caught as strays or homeless wanderers through those realms and adopted into the family to take their chances with the rest throughout the almost endless eons of solar life. They come to us from the out-lying fields of space, mostly beyond even of our outermost discovered planet; but still far, very far this side of even the nearest fixed stars.

That notable comet of 1831, for instance, that seemed to blaze so conspicuously, and at the first to wander so aimlessly amongst the stars, was soon reduced to order and its orbit defined by our skilled observers. That it wheeled its perihelion (if my memory serves) within one-fourth of the sun's diameter from his "cyclones of flame," and with a velocity almost inconceivable—the accumulations of nearly four hundred years of solar attraction—swept forth on its return journey from whence it came outward bound for about four hundred years more, reaching out into the depths of space many millions of miles beyond our outermost planet (yet reaching with all only a small fraction of the immense distance of the stars), thence to return again in about eight hundred years, in obedience to precisely the same laws as to "how they move" as the laws governing the planetary motions or even the motion of our next neighbor, the moon. Let me assure Dr. Fay that the orbits of several comets are well defined. Some of them, I repeat, may seem erratic when first appearing, but let the skilled astronomer catch sight of any one of them and measure its precise angular place at three nicely specified times—a considerable number of days apart (the longer the better for accuracy) and he obtains hence in any case the data from which to define its orbits as to dimensions and position as well as the time of its periodic return.

The Doctor seems to doubt our capability to testify "under oath" to scientific facts; but were I a "swearing man" it would be easy to make oath on the steadiness of the law of gravity and that comets as well as planets are subject, in due order, to its requirements. Yet, put upon the witness stand, it would not be by the Jewish writings, but by the "Holy evangelists of Almighty God" in the great Book of Nature, that we might swear.

Were it not for brevity's sake it might be explained that some comets are of uncertain origin, as before stated, but when they come within the reach of our great solar orb, he inevitably compels them to bow in obedience to him, if only to wheel before his face and depart in a new direction, indicated by his mighty arm, even should the visitor return no more.

In the next following paragraph our preacher says: "It is a law of nature that frost expands and heat contracts objects—excepting iron in which case the law is 'completely reversed.'" And he adds: "Do you know why? Can you explain the anomaly? I suppose not."

Surely we can explain all the "anomaly" that will remain after the facts are correctly stated. It is passing strange that any one should so carelessly state natural phenomena as to say: "Heat contracts objects—excepting iron." The reverse is true. As a general rule heat expands and cold contracts all bodies; not only iron but copper, gold, silver, lead, tin, rocks, water, air, gases, etc. The explanation of the reason why cold contracts water down to freezing and then expands it, is that in that event the heat has been reduced sufficiently to allow the particles of water to become subject to the laws of crystallization, causing them to arrange themselves so as to occupy more space and thus in the form of ice, to become lighter, bulk for bulk, than when in the liquid form.

Again: It is very easy to explain the reason (as Dr. Fay requests) why in reality "the mouth of the Mississippi is higher (farther from the earth centre) than its sources in the lakes of Wisconsin, and that its waters 'run up-grade.'" A simple experiment will illustrate the reason; hang a bucket partly full of water by a cord, and while the bucket is quiescent the water will take its equilibrium level; but give the bucket a whirling motion around the suspending cord as an axis, and the centrifugal force generated by the motion will immediately pile the water more or less according to the speed of revolution against the sides of the bucket—in fact cause it to flow up hill.

Well! Old Mother Earth, in the Mississippi

case, is the whirling bucket on a large scale and her waters are piled in the same way towards the equatorial regions.

The waters of the lakes of Wisconsin being nearer to the earth's axis than the waters of the gulf, and hence less affected by the earth's revolution than the latter, leaves a balance of centrifugal force in favor of the gulf, sufficient, in co-operation with gravity, to cause the flow that seems so anomalous. It is the same and for the same reason with other rivers on the earth that flow towards equatorial regions.

Thus our preacher seems unlucky in his illustrations. There are none of them really anomalous, but just as they should be, ever orderly and law-abiding. If theology could show as good a record, we would not so often put her on trial for absurdity.

Still again does not our friend beg the question when he so positively states: "Once this material universe was not. Now it is."

How does he know that? It is just as easy for our limited powers to conceive of an eternally existing universe of matter as of an eternally existing or self-creating mind. As we now know matter and spirit they are co-existent; the origin of both is utterly beyond our comprehension.

It is equally futile to say: "Once every particle of matter was non-vital." We know nothing of the kind. So while we believe in the "scientific evidences of the existence of Spirit," we think several of our friend's illustrations darken counsel, and instead of helping rather tend to weaken the argument.

J. G. JACKSON.

### INSPIRATIONAL ART.

#### The Drawings of Gurner Fisher.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There is nothing for which I have greater reason to thank the JOURNAL during the past year, than that, by means of it, I have become acquainted with the charcoal drawings of Mr. J. Gurner Fisher of Grand Rapids, Mich. The letter of Mr. G. B. Stebbins, published by you last May, stating that he had seen Mr. Fisher draw a really artistic picture while blindfolded, and giving a slight sketch of the man and his work, interested me greatly. My father being an amateur and collector of pictures, I have, during the last twenty-five years, seen and studied very many of the best works that have been imported into this country, either in the galleries of other collectors or of dealers in paintings. Thus long before I knew aught of the laws and phenomena of Spiritualism, I had lived in an atmosphere of art. You may judge, therefore, what desire I had to ascertain the quality of these landscape drawings, that were said to be produced by inspirational power. Having learned that Mr. Fisher proposed to offer his drawings for sale, I sent him an order for one. That which I received in return pleased me so well, that I sent him another order, and another, until now I have a fine collection of twenty, or more, of his drawings. Moreover, I do not feel that I can spare any of them; not only because together they are interesting as showing the development of his genius, and steady improvement in breadth, quality and finish, but also because they are all entirely different from one another in subject and sentiment.

When I remember that the first rude efforts of this artist began but little more than a year ago, I cannot view my collection of his works without astonishment and admiration. They do not look like the feeble and constrained attempts of the beginner, but have rather the freedom, force and delicacy of the master. This is particularly true of his more recent pictures. But more wonderful even than their execution, is the originating power shown in these drawings. Here are a great variety of subjects treated. Landscape in storm and sunshine, the ocean with rock-bound coast, and the quiet lake with sandy shore, woody scenes and the open country, the domestic quiet of the farm, and the solemn grandeur of the lonely canon, night scenes on land and water, with moonlight effects, and picturesque groups of medieval buildings, are all depicted with fine artistic feeling, in my collection of Mr. Fisher's drawings. The creative power herein displayed is, in fact, little short of marvelous.

What is the explanation of the sudden development of such artistic ability? Of course, it goes without saying, and upon any theory, that Mr. Fisher has by nature the mind and temperament of an artist. But what has stirred into activity faculties and powers that had long remained dormant? A very "scientific" explanation would be to say that Mr. Fisher had inherited, through generations a strong artistic tendency, which had only awaited a favorable opportunity, or an exciting cause, to start it into phenomenal action. In this way was explained the mathematical genius of an entirely uneducated old lady, who was able, at times, instantly to give correct answers to difficult problems in calculus, which her sons had brought home from college. But those of us who believe in the power of unseen intelligences to influence mortals, will say, rather, that certain "viewless artists of the skies" have been attracted to Mr. Fisher, and are enabled by his sensitiveness and susceptibility to guide his hand to the results that seem to us so extraordinary. Mr. Fisher himself makes no concealment of his belief that this is, indeed, the source of his power, but he does not thrust it forward as a claim to attention which his work would not otherwise receive. He prefers to have his productions judged and sold on their merits like the works of any other artist. In view of the fact that these pictures are not presented as "manifestations," this is unquestionably an entirely dignified and judicious position for Mr. Fisher to take in the premises. But it will not prevent many of us from seeing in his inspirational artwork an interesting and beautiful form of the ministry of angels. And what ministrations is just now more needed in our country than that which seeks to refine and uplift the thought and sentiment of the people by the teachings of art. Great as we are in material development, we are, as a people, dull and insensible to the truth and beauty that is in art.

It is the mission of these drawings of Mr. Fisher's hand—full of the grandeur and the subtle poetic beauty of nature as they are—to soften, elevate and spiritualize all who are daily brought under their influence. And I know no greater favor than I can do the readers of the JOURNAL than to recommend them to secure and hang upon the wall of the room they live in most, one or more of these genuine works of art. The material used in their production—charcoal—is, next to color, the very best for the expression of artistic effects, and is so recognized by authorities on art. I have never met Mr. Fisher personally, but from his letters know that he holds his gift as a trust for the benefit of humanity. I know nowhere else where pictures of the same quality can be had for so small a charge. Every one of the drawings is an original work of art.

A. A. HEALY.

New York, City.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### The Haunted Quarters.

Life at the Military Posts—Return of a Party of Custer's Brave Officers to their Old Haunts.

L. A. CLEMENT.

Probably the most demoralizing place in the world is a frontier military post in winter. I have in mind, particularly, Fort Rice, upon the Missouri River, about 450 miles northwest of St. Paul, abandoned in 1876 after the establishment of Fort Yates.

The officers when not on duty usually spend the day in playing cards or billiards at the officers' club room, and at night congregate in quarters most agreeable to them for whist, poker or other games, often drinking much. Occasionally dramatic entertainments are given, and dances frequently, officers and men eagerly catching on to anything that affords amusement.

In the days of which I write liquor was sold without restriction to both officers and men. The men were charged twenty-five cents for the cheapest stuff; the officers were furnished the best at two for a quarter. The charge was made against the enlisted man, if he was without money, and reported to the paymaster who deducted it from his pay and paid it over to the trader instead. The trader discounted the officers' pay accounts, sometimes for months in advance, using the vouchers in place of exchange for his eastern remittances.

Gambling was almost universal among officers and men, and instances were known to me where professional gamblers joined the regular army to prey upon their associates, and they usually got away with the pay of those easily led into that kind of temptation. Occasionally among the officers could be found a shrewd and mercenary man who would take advantage of his brother officers by every means in his power, and he would grow rich on their squandered substance, but usually the trader got the pay of both officers and men. So well did these traderships pay that as high as \$12,000 per annum was paid for the "influence" that secured the appointment.

In the fall of 1873, I made my first visit to Fort Rice. I had hardly taken off my overcoat before one of the officers, one of the bravest men I ever knew, though recently dismissed from the service for drunkenness, ordered a basket of champagne. He said it was the first time a newspaper correspondent had ever visited that post and he proposed to entertain him in true frontier style. Champagne flowed as freely as water, and toast after toast was drunk, stories were told and songs were sung. There were few officers at the post who did not join in the "fun." Sometimes the more joyous indulged in imitations of the Sioux war dance, and others in a walk-around singing the while. Finally I succeeded in getting excused, and leaving them studying the mysteries of a jack pot. I spent the evening from 9 to 12 with the family of an officer of my acquaintance. When I returned I found my friends anxiously awaiting me. They held me till 2 A. M., and when I managed to slip off to bed the officer who started in to entertain me, crawled through my window and taking all of the bed clothes with him, returned to the club room, obliging me to return and help finish the second basket of wine before he would allow me to rest. I have witnessed similar affairs at Fort Hayes. I was blockaded three nights at Fort A. Lincoln, once, and every night was in the main a repetition of the one described. The officer at whose quarters I stopped was a comrade of mine in the volunteer service; and though dissipated he was as warm hearted a man as ever lived. Indeed, I would almost have given my life for him for his impulses were so generous and his friendship so true. Finally he got into trouble that was likely to result in his dismissal, and in his distress he sent for me. I urged him to get a detail, get a leave of absence, get anything that would enable him to get away from his life of dissipation, and then get married. I urged him to find a woman who would make him a pure and noble wife, marry her and make love to her afterward. He did so, marrying a widow at one day's sight, and through her influence he left his wicked ways and became an active church worker. His bachelor quarters where in the old time the officers used to meet for card parties and walk-arounds—where they whiled the hours away in poker or billiards or over the flowing bowl, became the most attractive at the post. The open-hearted generosity of the officer continued after his conversion, and when in distress I have travelled all day to spend the evening with him at his home. In the mean time the Custer massacre occurred. This officer was one of Custer's nearest friends, and though with the expedition, he was saved. It was during the winter that followed the massacre that he was married, and in the course of two or three years his life was changed as I have stated.

Finally his family was visited by the Episcopal minister and his wife from a neighboring village. Both the minister and his wife were interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and both were decidedly mediumistic. They are now located in Northern Indiana, but having suffered persecution on account of our cause, are doubtless careful about proclaiming their knowledge of, or interest in, Spiritualism. The old room where the officers used to congregate had been turned into a bed room, and to this room our friend and his good wife was assigned. They had scarcely dropped to sleep when they were awakened by the sound of marching upon a stairway. They heard the rattle of swords and of spurs, and the sound of revelry apparently in a room above them. They heard the roll of balls as in a ten pin alley, and the sounds peculiar to billiard playing. They heard the clink of glasses and the wild and merry laugh of men. They heard confused voices as if in conversation or in song. These things were so real, although it was Sunday night, that they were confident that they were occupying quarters directly under the officers' club room. Judge of their surprise when they learned at breakfast that the house was but one story, and that there was no stairway or bowling alley or billiard table anywhere near it; that there was not, and had not been, a drinking or card-playing party in the house since the long ago. Others had complained of similar noises, but they had carefully guarded the secret and supposed that some natural explanation would be given of it sometime.

Our friends realized too well what it meant, but nothing could tempt them to spend another night in the haunted quarters. Nearly ten years have since elapsed. The old quarters were long since torn down and the officer was ordered to Idaho. I have often heard the good minister and his wife with whom I used to sit once a week, tell this story. Our manifestations during these sittings were usually of a physical nature.







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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 21, 1888.

## Competition and Co-operation.\*

Mr. Gronlund claims that corporations which, by absorbing the efforts of individuals have grown to enormous power and influence, and that are opposed in all civilized countries to the public interests, must now face the "collectivity"—the nation—which is also a constantly growing centralization. "Of course private control," he says, "will have to give way to public control. The function hitherto performed by capitalists, that of being social paymasters, will devolve on the State." The "collective will" must be supreme, and that will must be embodied in the nation. The State will own and control the means of production.

Not that the government is to do all the business of the people. "There will be centralization of power, but not of functions, except say these three,—that of being general statistician, general manager and general arbitrator. These the collectivity will take upon itself, leaving all the rest to perfectly free associations of workers." "There will hardly be a government at all, but there will be a vigorous administration of affairs; that is to say, government over things, instead of over men." The government will be administered by the "competent, skillful and wise," who will be "selected from below by free citizens independent of all individuals."

The JOURNAL agrees with Mr. Gronlund that, with the progress of civilization the functions of government increase in number, and that it has to take charge of many enterprises of public interest and impose restrictions upon others. It is also undeniable that labor has become specialized to an extent that many of the most important industries can be conducted to advantage only by individuals and corporations able to employ large numbers of men. The functions of government are increasing; the number of corporations is growing larger, and many of them gaining in wealth.

These facts afford good reasons for the belief that corporations will in the future be made to comply with such reasonable conditions as the public interest demand, but what logical connection is there between these facts and the destruction of corporate bodies and the relegation of their business to the government? How does evolution, which has produced the individual and organized industrial enterprise of the age, imply the transfer of their ownership and management to the State, and the substitution of the collective will for the will of the individual and organizations that have done and are now doing the work?

It is clear enough why some kinds of business, for instance the trial and punishment of criminals, and the postal service should be under State control, but why should the government do more in regard to the raising of corn or the publication of books than to protect all the workers, employers and employed, in their legal rights.

If the rapid growth of corporations and their great power is unquestionable, it should not be forgotten that the competition between them is also keen and increasing, and this must necessarily tend to make them feel their dependence upon the people and lead them to bring their methods and their influences into harmony with the public interests. The general intelligence of the masses is increasing, their leaders are be-

\*Cf. *Tralor Danton in the French Revolution*. A study by Lawrence Gronlund, A. M., author of "The Co-operative Commonwealth." Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. 1888, pp. 252. For sale by Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Price, \$1.25.

coming more wise and sagacious, the power to correct legal wrongs is in their hands if they will but use it, and it is not likely that in the future there are to be any combinations—so powerful and oppressive that the government will, as a *desperate resort*, have to take possession of all the means of production and assume the general management of the business of the nation.

That the complex interests of the people may demand the extension of governmental control or supervision is very probable, is, indeed, certain. Experience has acquainted the American people with the evils of the control of the railroad system in a rapidly growing country, by unrestricted private enterprise. The railroad was followed by railroad monopolies, "pooling" the enormous power and influence used for their own ends often against the public good. Indifference frequently shown to the proper service of the people, and negligence resulting in disasters. These with other evils, are sufficient reasons with many for desiring that all our railroad lines be owned and managed by the State. In time even this change may be effected. In France, in 1877, ten competing lines failed, when the State purchased them and made them the basis for acquiring the railroad property of the country. It at once assumed the management of its own lines, and soon constructed many miles of additional railroads, laying them out when they were needed and prohibiting private enterprise from constructing competitive lines. This policy in France has been successful. Belgium owns the greater part of the railroads of the kingdom. Germany and Italy have been moving in the same direction. In England the railroads are simply under close government surveillance. In this country railroad corporations have things about, but not entirely, their own way, and of course, use all their influence against State interference, for which there is as yet no great demand here. Our telegraph system is likely sooner to come under government management, as in England. Certainly the increased control by the government of the more important public interests is in keeping with that expansion of the jurisdiction of the State which has been a characteristic of social evolution. The superiority of governmental administration over private management in great enterprises which concern the entire population, is not less evident than the danger of governmental interference with the personal affairs of the people.

And here it should be observed that while the normal operations of trade, manufactures and industrial pursuits in general have required that the State increase its functions, replacing individual enterprises with its own management, as in the case of the postal service, there has gone on with this change, decline of governmental control of the individual and of interference with his personal and business affairs. This side of the subject Mr. Gronlund evidently fails to see.

To-day New Zealand chiefs superintend building operations, and in Celebes, the days for working are decided by the political agency, and the people go to the rice plantations at beat of gong. In ancient Guatemala the State fixed the prices of the markets. In France from the 11th to the 14th-century ecclesiastical and lay officials regulated both production and distribution, and from them commercial and business licenses had to be obtained. Later under the monarchy it was a legal maxim that "the right to labor is a royal right which the Prince may sell, and subject, can buy"; and down to the time of the Revolution the land swarmed with officers whose supervision and dictation extended to about everything in private life. In England as late as the 16th century there were councils authorized by the government to fix wages, prices, etc.

The contrast between those times and the present, when men work, buy and sell, and conduct their business and deport themselves as they choose, subject only to such legal restraints as are obviously required in the interests of justice between man and man, shows that progress has consisted in the enlargement of personal freedom and responsibility as well as of the functions of government. Individuals have acquired greater power and additional incentives to compete with one another in every field of activity and to unite in organizations, and thus combined, to carry on competition with other similar organizations; while the principle of co-operation has been most prominently illustrated by the State in acquiring new functions and co-ordinating them with the older ones and using them to promote the safety, convenience and comfort of the general public. There has been constant co-operation as well as competition among every people in business, education and pleasure, and constant competition by every nation as a whole with other nations. Competition and co-operation are the centrifugal and centripetal forces of social life, and both are equally necessary. Competition spurs men to activity, and is the condition of improvement in every field of thought and work. Co-operation combines men for defense, unites them for work to which individual effort is unequal, and develops human sympathy and brotherhood.

Mr. Gronlund's work contains many important truths and valuable suggestions, but the JOURNAL does not believe that his ideal commonwealth is likely to be realized, or that if it could be, it would produce the strongest and best type of men or yield the results its author anticipated.

The law of success is as certain as the tides. All must obey these laws if they would prosper.

## Evolution and Spiritualism.

It is a matter of curious interest to watch the comparatively slow growth of appreciation of Spiritualism, either in acceptance of its facts or comprehension of the truths which they body forth and the ideal to which they lead. So it has ever been with the most deeply important steps in the world's progress. Facts and truths surely go through a crucible, are tried as by fire, and thus the gold comes forth pure.

A goodly number of gifted persons could be named, whose attitude toward this matter a few years ago was that of contempt and utter disbelief. The old mood has changed; they now feel quite friendly, even desirous sometimes that it might all be true, but are strangely slow to accept proof and more strangely thoughtless as to the significance of these facts—so marvellous yet so natural. There is no lack of evidence of the reality of spirit phenomena, proofs that those called dead still live, but statements touching the popular science of our day are readily accepted with less evidence of their correctness laid before the student than is given of the nature and source of alleged spirit manifestations.

Evidence is abundant, but is underrated and not judged by the same rules, and with the same spirit in which evidence on other subjects is judged. Minds possessed and mastered, uplifted and inspired by supernal facts of supreme significance, are wanted. There are some, and more must come from these now waiting, not hostile but indifferent and unappreciative, for the weight of testimony increases, and the inner life of man gains.

Death, to the Spiritualist, is the release of the spiritual body from the dying physical form, that finer body to serve the immortal soul in the higher conditions of the life beyond, and its continued organic existence, after that birth which we call death, being "the survival of the fittest." The testimony of persons from that higher life is always that "over there" the spirit is ever reaching up, opening out to the use of enlarged powers in finer conditions. Does not this "grow out of evolution?" Is it not a great argument for the evolution hypothesis? Every representative writer among the Spiritualists favors evolution; as early, if not earlier than the days of Darwin, intuitive and clairvoyant seers gave us the hypothesis in broader scope than did Darwin, for his physical science only treated of evolution in matter, but this greater spiritual science told of its uplifting sway in the world of mind as well as in that of matter and of its continuance in the life beyond.

In an eloquent discussion of great eras in man's development it is said of the days of Jesus:

Everywhere mind was showing its marvellous capabilities; thought was rising to supremacy. The time had come for the human race to pass out from the mere struggle for bodily life altogether; it was to live a new life of intellect and morals, of hope and love, and honor and truth.... These thinkers resolved never to die; so rise over the body that finally the body might go altogether, and the struggle for its existence be ended forever, but the subtle thinking mind live on. Just there, two thousand years ago, was the great dividing line between man as the brute and man as the god; between the struggle for bodily existence and the struggle to live forever. Did no one see or feel it? Indeed they did. Jesus was peace, love and hope. This man was the embodiment of the new age.

Here is clear sight of the great uplifting toward the immortal life which marked the days of primitive Christianity. But what of a like uplifting to-day which has spread farther in forty years than did the Judean revival in three centuries? What of a world-wide inquiry; a heart-hunger for

"The touch of a vanished hand," among peoples separated by wide oceans?

Strange that the sight should be so clear and broad, looking back two thousand years, and so dim and narrow when looking out over our world in the living present!

But the old contempt is waning; if the light is but dimly seen there is less turning away from it. The mists are fleeting but the sun is always in its place. Be ours the cheerful task of clearing away the mists, sure that the sunlight will then reach all, and that all will turn toward its radiant warmth.

## Justice Defeated by Technicalities.

The fiction of the law and the innumerable loopholes through which criminals escape justice provided they have money enough to pay lawyers, has often been deplored; and never has there been a more deplorable failure to give a brace of wretches their deserts than in the case of Charles R. Ross and wife of Boston. Detected in conducting a materializing show, summoned into court and the paraphernalia exhibited, the woman is released by a fiction of the law which assumes her to be under the influence and power of her husband, a *feme covert*, and the man is held. At the trial he slipped through the law's grip, because the bill of complaint alleged the payment of the entrance fee in paper money, and the complaining witness could not positively swear whether she paid a dollar bill or a silver dollar. Ross was again arrested on another complaint and on last Saturday again escaped justice. Judge Bacon of the Superior Criminal Court of Massachusetts sustaining the motion of Ross's counsel to quash the indictment because, in substance, the offense is not specifically mentioned in the statute which provides a punishment for obtaining money under false pretenses. This decision is due notice to Boston materializing frauds that they can ply their vocation without fear of the law until another session of the legislature shall remedy the defect in the statute.

The JOURNAL has repeatedly asserted that

If Spiritualists did not put down these frauds and render the calling of these tricksters too precarious to be followed, that laws would be enacted which would work hardship to all mediums. It is safe to predict that the next Massachusetts legislature will try its hand at making a law to fit the case. The JOURNAL has demonstrated by a practical test that in Chicago a fraudulent materializing medium can be fined \$100 or running a show without a license. It is true that this demonstration of the ability to squelch a fraudulent show by this method implies that all materializing mediums are able to be called upon to take out a license for a show, yet there is little danger of honest mediums being compelled to do this, provided they will co-operate in discountenancing and breaking up the illegitimate traffic now so widespread. If they do not do this they will be classed in with the frauds and made to suffer with them.

## Characteristic.

In Cincinnati is being enacted a travesty on religion and morals. James A. Bliss, a professional swindler, has organized what he calls "The First new Spiritual Church," with himself as "pastor" and his third conjugal consort as treasurer. If there is a viller wretch outside of prison walls than this man Bliss, the JOURNAL is not aware of it. The *Banner of Light*, though perfectly familiar with Bliss's record, publishes an editorial notice of his church scheme and adds the following characteristic comment:

Now that these good people have "joined the church," and are to cultivate spiritual things, to the end that the unbelievers of Cincinnati may be induced to follow suit, and "walk in the straight and narrow path" we bid them Godspeed in this their new undertaking.

It is not to be wondered at that a paper with no more moral sense or appreciation of decency than has the Boston organ, should rapidly decline in circulation and influence. The editor of that paper tells his friends privately that "that ——— Bundy has damaged the *Banner* more than \$20,000, ——— him!" As a matter of fact, neither the JOURNAL nor its editor has damaged the *Banner*; its decadence is the legitimate result of its own rottenness and imbecility. If the JOURNAL has quickened the Spiritualist public to a keener moral sense and cultivated a critical, rational spirit, and if in this clarified atmosphere the breath of the Boston editor grows short and labored, the JOURNAL's editor ought not to be damned for doing his duty nor saddled with responsibility for the misfortunes of the imbecile organ of *Gobemouches*—leastwise that is the way it looks "out west."

## Another Oily Gammon Coming.

Peripatetic purveyors of psychical puerilities are plenty just now. The latest infidelity in this line which threatens Chicago is an unctuous specimen who writes his name thus, J. Commodore Street, A. B. N., Fellow of the Order S. S. S., and of the Brotherhood Z. Z. R. R. Z. Z. In addition to this load of letters and responsibilities he also peddles the "Amulet Egyptian" which he declares is "a sure protection from all contagious diseases, cholera, etc." All is fish that comes to his net; in the summer season he visits a Spiritualist camp and bamboozles the people with meaningless verbiage and mystical pretense. In cold weather he apparently devotes himself to hunting for feminine theosophists and finding a warm corner and a few silly women who pine for such intellectual prostitution as he is able to help them to. The JOURNAL trusts he will be done up in flannel and tenderly cared for while here. Possibly it would do the creature good to take him to see Cyrus Romulus Teed who has a bevy of old ladies serving as disciples, he might get a pointer from this nineteenth century messiah. Possibly, too, Philbrick might stop in his mission long enough to galvanize this latest arrival. In fact the JOURNAL is inclined to think it to their mutual advantage for Street, Teed and Philbrick to "pool" their feminine followers and divide quarterly, as do the railroads. It is probable that such a pool would lessen expenses and its managers escape interference from the Inter-State Commission.

## "Charlatans."

Under the above title the JOURNAL this week publishes a translation from the French magazine *Le Lotus*. The author of this "fantasie litteraire" is pseudonymous, but we know of only one person who could have conceived so grim a philippic, and couched it in such scalding irony. Even in English dress, toned down and necessarily less picturesque than the original French, it remains a model of invective. The JOURNAL is a sort of open court in which those who think they have a truth can plead their cause or reply to their adversaries provided it is all done within conventional rules. The JOURNAL is ready to recognize whatever truth contending parties can demonstrate, and to deal justly by all who come or are brought within its jurisdiction.

## Free Specimen Copies.

The publisher advertises to send specimen copies of the JOURNAL free to any address, and he is glad to do this, but he reserves the privilege of sending any copy that may be most convenient to spare. He would also mildly suggest to correspondents who request specimen copies for themselves or their friends that when they ask for a copy of a particular issue, it is only fair they should pay for it. Nobody would think of request-

ing a daily paper to send a specified date without enclosing with the request the money to pay for it; but by some strange reasoning many people think the publisher of the JOURNAL should not expect payment under the same circumstances.

## Increase of Circulation.

The increase in the JOURNAL's circulation is very marked of late, though nothing like what it ought to be. If every subscriber and reader who feels interested in maintaining a first-class, trustworthy paper will do their utmost to increase the JOURNAL's list, they may rest assured that they will be substantially rewarded by steady improvement in the quality of matter published and by seeing the cause of scientific Spiritualism and rational religion advanced with cumulative force. How many old readers will send in a new subscriber before this month expires? Every one can do it if the effort is made!

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Louie M. Lowe is now a patient in the Battle Creek (Mich.) Sanitarium, where she will probably remain during the winter.

Correspondents whose letters require personal answer from the editor will please exercise patience, as he is a long way behind with such work and of necessity must always be.

Mrs. Janet E. Ruutz Rees, a contributor to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has assumed the charge of Dr. Fillmore Moore's Sanitarium at Lakewood, New Jersey.

Judge Tiffany will give his fourth lesson before the Young Peoples' Progressive Society next Sunday evening, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd street. The meetings are free to the public. All are invited.

The ladies of the Young Peoples' Progressive Society, invite the readers of the JOURNAL to their Leap Year Party, on Friday eve of the present week, at their hall, 159 22nd street. Tickets, fifty cents per couple.

G. H. Brooks has been lecturing at East Saginaw, Flint, and Grand Blanc, Mich. He has engagement to lecture at Flushing, Mich. During February he will be in Washington, D. C. Will also lecture in Baltimore, Maryland.

William Reed, of Pittsburg, Pa., the eccentric locator of oil and minerals by means of divining-rods, who was drowned recently on the New Jersey coast, left the greater part of his estate of \$250,000 for the benefit of students for the ministry, struggling churches, and missions.

Stephen A. Douglas, the youngest son of the great senator, was among the recent converts at Railroad chapel, this city. He joined the society at once, and rejoices at having already been the means of converting a penitent whom he never saw before. The two sat beside one another at Mr. Douglas' first communion.

The holiday issue of *The Carrier Dove*, San Francisco, Cal., was most excellent, its editor feeling jubilant over past success and anticipations of the future. She says: "For Spiritualism and progressive work we shall continue to labor with might and main. For honest workers and a rational Spiritualism we are prepared to devote all our time, strength and talents."

Col. Bundy, of Chicago, in a recent address, explains the presence of a devil in the composing room. It seems that when printing first became an applied art the conservative world looked on the press as an invention of the devil. "Though why the contemporaries of the inventors of printing should have thought his Satanic Majesty interested in the multiplication of the book especially designed to depopulate his kingdom, is not clear, unless upon the theory that in the hands of the people the book would be a stumbling block over which they would fall into hell." Never mind, so that we get an explanation of the disastrous mishap whose omnipresence accounts for all mishaps of printing offices.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

"The fact," observes *The United Presbyterian*, "that men are so greatly in the minority in so many churches, and in the church as a body, is being discussed, and chiefly with the purpose of finding the reason. This is difficult, perhaps impossible. The more emotional dispositions of women is urged as a probable explanation, and the fact that, as a rule, they are not so much tempted as men to a secular or skeptical life. The preachers, also, are alleged to be responsible for it in some cases, for the reason that they preach in so gushing and sentimental a way that, though the ladies like it, the men grow tired of it. But this involves so much of a reflection on the ladies that it cannot be insisted on."

Samuel Roberts passed to spirit life at Haverhill, Mass., on the night of Dec. 31, 1887, aged 72 years. Mr. Roberts was a thorough, honest and consistent Spiritualist. Having once become convinced of the fact of the immortality of the soul, through the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, he had no farther use for the phenomena. The next thing for him was eternal life, eternal progress, and how to best meet their responsibilities. Those who knew him best realize that he tried to make Spiritualism practical in his every day life; in all his business relations it was his aim to be prompt and square, with ever a smile and a kind word to all with whom he came in contact, ever meeting out charity when justice would seem to demand censure. Funeral rites were held over his remains at his late residence, 28 Duncan street, Thursday, the 5th instant. Dr. H. B. Storer of Boston officiating. The First







## Voices From the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

## When the Final End Will Be.

EMMA TRAIN.

When we have learned the laws divine  
In every blade that grows;  
When we have caught the truths that shine  
From every star that glows;  
When we have counted every grain  
Of sand on every shore;  
When all the links in life's vast chain  
We've counted rightly o'er;

When we have roamed the depths of space  
And named each glowing sun  
And found each planet in its place  
Since time its rounds has run;  
When we have followed back the thread  
Through centuries untold,  
Unwound the mysteries long fled  
And named the strands of gold;

When we have found the mighty source,  
The overarching soul,  
From whence was started on their course  
The worlds that round us roll;  
When we have solved the problem deep  
Of one immortal life  
And learned to read the mystic sleep  
That quiets all its strife;

When we have gathered up the tears  
That fell through earth's long night  
When human hopes and human fears  
Were lost to angel sight;  
When we have learned to legislate  
In God's eternal halls  
And caught the measure and the weight  
Of every truth that falls;

When thought's sublimest heights are ours  
With all the light supreme;  
When we have gained life's fullest powers  
And dreamed its grandest dream;  
When we are standing hand in hand  
With all infinity  
With every truth at our command—  
The final end will be!

North Collins, N. Y.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## How Christians Pervert the Religion of Christ.

GEORGE A. SHUFELDT.

We are all familiar with the beautiful, simple life and character of the man of Nazareth. His unpretentious kindly nature; his benevolence, charity and absolutely unselfish devotion to the good of his brother man, made him what he was, the light and guide for future generations to follow. With him deeds and acts that counted in making up the life; so simple were his habits, so utterly void of pretense and vain show that he had no place among the rich and the great. He did not worship in great temples, and knew nothing of churches or grand cathedrals; but clad in the simplest garments of the time, with sandals on his feet and his head uncovered, he rode into Jerusalem on the back of a common jackass. He gathered a few of his disciples in some retired spot on the mountain side, and in a low, sweet voice he said unto them:

"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted; blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

"I say unto you unless your righteousness shall exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of Heaven."

"Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of Heaven."

We now turn over the pages of history for two thousand years and see how the followers of Christ are imitating his life and example. Read this extract from the N. Y. Mail, of Dec. 17, and verily you will say with me that there is a vast difference between the religion of Christ and the Christian religion:

"At St. Ignatius, Rev. Arthur Ritchie's church, masses will be said every three-quarters of an hour, beginning at 6 o'clock. The ritual at the High Mass to be celebrated at 11 o'clock, will be extremely impressive. The service will be opened with a solemn procession around the church, in which the celebrant, enveloped in a costly cope of cloth of gold, takes part. Walking at the head of the procession will be the censor, burning incense upon a brazen censer; following him will be the acolytes, bearing burning tapers and the crucifix with the cross; while immediately following the celebrant will be the large choir of men and boys singing the ancient Gregorian hymn of the Father's Love begotten. Upon ascending into the sanctuary the celebrant will remove his cope and, being clothed in the Eucharistic vestments, proceed to the celebration of the Mass. The vestments have just arrived from Europe and are of the most exquisite texture."

And these are the people who denounce the drama as immoral and call the theatre the house of the devil.

"A solemn march around the church with the priest enveloped in a costly cloak of the cloth of gold." "The vestments just arrived from Europe, and are of the finest texture."

Jesus Christ in a cotton robe, with bare feet and head, in the open air, preached his sermons of love to the poor and the lowly of earth. The Reverend Arthur Ritchie, in vestments of purple, satin and golden cloth, just from Paris and of the most exquisite texture, parades and flourishes in peacock caters and golden coat tails, before an admiring audience of the rich and the great.

Just fancy the meek and lowly Jesus dressed up in these theatrical garments, posing in melodramatic style before the Reverend Arthur Ritchie's congregation of Christian worshippers! Well, one can but say of what fools the world made up.

## Threshing Straw.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have read the article of Barton Brown on "Threshing Straw," and also the JOURNAL's comment thereon, the drift of which seems to be that Mr. Tisdale is threshing away at an idea that has long been exploded, and which is not believed, even by orthodox church members. This may be true among the ministers and congregations in your cities where advanced thought has gained the ascendancy, but throughout the country and smaller towns, is it not true that ministers are still "pounding the bible" and insisting on its inspiration and infallibility throughout? and the one who dares to even suggest that any part of it is not to be fully relied on and accepted as a God-given truth, is promptly branded an infidel. Is it true, it may not be policy to attack the bible at all, or show up its inconsistencies or contradictions, but if we assume that a belief in the absolute inspiration and infallibility of the bible throughout, has ceased to be taught in our churches, I fear we are much in error, and if this be "straw," as intimated, we yet will find that the greater number of orthodox Christians to-day, believe that it contains the sound wheat of salvation, in its acceptance as truth. It is necessary sometimes to "thresh straw" to show people that it is straw. The suggestion, however, that the bible is a good one, cleansed, and their own literature of chaff. It might be well to thresh some of their own straw. This is how it looks to a

M. U. A. T.

S. W. Brown writes: "I have just been reading in your JOURNAL of Nov. 25th, Reed Stuart's sermon delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church at Detroit, which you have so well and appropriately named, 'A Noble Philosophy of Life.' It is so noble, so good, so pure, so complete and irresistible in its simple but convincing logic, that I can only wish it could be heard or read by every intelligent mind in the universe."

O. Carter writes: "I am not in sympathy with those who cannot bear to see the errors of the bible exposed and criticized. I have been too much a sufferer by belief in those hard-hearted dogmas, deduced from the sacred scriptures by Calvinists. Many an agonized hour have I spent from too implicit a belief in 'Thou shalt love the Lord.'"

## The Designs of Popery in America.

The late Pope IX., some twelve or thirteen years ago, speaking of the public schools in this country said: "Public schools should be under the control of the church, and not subject to the civil power, nor made to conform to the age." Is there any American citizen that will second this doctrine of the Pope?—Peabody (Mass.) Reporter.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the Roman Catholic parochial school at Middletown, Conn., on a Sunday during Oct., '87, the Rev. Henry Kennerney, of Fairhaven, R. I., the selected speaker for the occasion, denounced the American system of public schools as heartless, headless and godless. He called the common schools, the schools of immorality in which vice originated, and said the system was managed by corrupt politicians. Five bishops of the diocese and about twenty priests were on the platform. A few evenings later fourteen prominent members of the Middletown Catholic Church, published a protest against the sentiments expressed by Father Kennerney. Dr. McGlynn in an article on "Parochial schools," published recently in the *Religious Herald*, says:

"There is now an avowed determination, as shown in the last council at Baltimore, to establish all over the country, a great system of parochial schools in opposition to the public schools, and it is made the most urgent duty of priests everywhere, under threats of expulsion, to found such schools. The hope is not concealed, that when the 'so-called Catholic vote' shall become larger, the politicians may be induced to appropriate, through state legislation or local government, all the funds necessary for the support of the schools."

Father McTigh, pastor of St. Malachi's Roman Catholic Church on the South Side, Pittsburg, Pa., was, on Oct. 3rd, '87 elected principal of the Thirty-Third Ward Public school, receiving four votes (all Polish members of the school board) to two for his opponent. These few facts will show the designs of that hydra-headed monster, the great foe to all human liberty, the Roman Catholic Church, on our public institutions, and should call forth an emphatic protest, if not an appeal to arms, by every liberty lover in America.

This scheming, underhanded, bloody, heartless religious monopoly, is working day and night in the dark, plotting, to overthrow our liberties and to bring us as a nation under its tyrannical yoke. It would blot out our liberties, our rights to free thought, free speech and free action and unmercifully crush us beneath its ungodly, unquitting, remorseless foot. This ugly, detestable system of extortion, plunder and murder, whose minions receive their orders from a foreigner, and who rightfully has no business in our country, is covering its tracks with lies. Its Joss houses and parochial schools which, if history is correct, are nothing but brothels and dens. The history of the priesthood (written by those who have left the order, as they could not stultify their manhood by obeying its requirements) is one of outrage on young girls and women and of extortion and even murder of the older dupes. It behooves us all as American freemen, to watch well the workings of this pseudo-religious devilfish, whose feelers and suckers are reaching out all over our land, in its efforts to strangle our liberties. We are unable to govern our own affairs without the dictation or meddling of any Italian organ-grinder, and it will be for our welfare if we drive these foreign hirelings back to where they came from.

I am happy to know that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is one of the Spiritualist papers that is not afraid to attack and expose the workings of the soul and body destroying "Church of God." I am sorry to say too many of the so-called spiritual papers are afraid to do so, and against this great enemy of human liberty, for fear they might hurt some one's feelings, or lose a customer. If permitted, I will occasionally dissect and analyze this holy humbug, rascally church, and show up its wolfish designs here.

EMANUEL M. JONES.

## A Story of Theodore Parker.

A story of Theodore Parker, which the listener believes has never been in print, told him by a venerable gentleman prominent in free religious circles:

"Many years ago," said the narrator of the incident, "about the time when Parker began to preach in Music Hall, I was called upon one day by a Yankee editor, who was a good deal of a thinker on religious subjects, and who took an interest, when he was in port, in hearing the religious orators speak, and in visiting the places where free thought was expressed. It may seem strange now that a common sailor should frequent the lecture rooms, but this was in a day when there were more sailors than there are now, and when the majority of them were of a different type from the one that prevails now-days. Well, this sailor told me that he had not only been to hear Parker, but had visited him in his study the day after he had heard the sermon. Parker was interested in the man, and asked him what he thought of his sermon."

"The sermon was first-rate, Mr. Parker," said the sailor, "but I didn't care so much for the prayer."

"What was there about the prayer that you didn't like," asked Parker.

"Now, Theodore Parker, had a way you may remember, of making pretty long prayers, and embodying the Lord's prayer every Sunday. He closed his prayer generally with the Lord's prayer. So he might have guessed what the sailor was coming to when he answered:

"I know it was from the Bible, Mr. Parker, that sentence in your prayer that I didn't like; but I didn't like it at all the same."

"Well, what sentence was it?"

"It was where you prayed the Lord not to lead us into temptation. Now, do you suppose, Mr. Parker, that the Lord would lead us into temptation?"

"Theodore Parker remained silent for a moment, and then said:

"No, my good man, I don't believe he would."

"Then," said the sailor, "I would not pray to him not to do it."

"The sailor left the great liberal. It was some weeks after the incident that the sailor called upon me. I was curious to see for myself whether he had changed his practice with regard to the prayer, and found that the sailor's criticism had, indeed, made its impression."

"Did he cease praying the Lord's Prayer?" asked the listener.

"No, but he repeated it with a variation. Instead of saying, 'Lead us not into temptation,' he said lead us from temptation, and he continued to use that form, I am sure, as long as he lived."—Boston Transcript.

## Kansas City is Happy.

Kansas City is happy. On Sunday, Christmas morning, eighteen hacks were loaded with presents for the poor children of the city, and started on their mission of distributing. Under the auspices of the Star, a fund of \$1,741.59 was donated for the poor children and over two and a half tons of candy and one and a half tons of oranges were sent out to make a "Sabbath day's journey" and a merry Christmas jubilee. Over 2,500 jack knives and an equal number of dolls were added to the gifts. Besides these there were many other things donated by friends to the children, such as cloaks, gowns, aprons, shoes, slippers, dishes, bananas, apples, etc., and over five thousand children were made happy, and it is quite possible that with many of them it was the only relief to the gloom and grinding monotony of poverty in the whole long year. What a bright spot in the memory for all coming time! How many noble impulses and grand efforts in life may spring from that day of glory. Such islands of sunshine in the ocean of life reflect a warm glow from shore to shore, and stimulate the growth of moral flowers and fruitage, and enrich the aggregate of human existence. The givers are made richer by the act and every such impulse given to the social tide setting heavenward cements the sympathy between our world and the land of souls, and diminishes the monopoly of selfishness and the resources of vice. What better dedication of the "Holy Sabbath" than this? Human sympathy and natural affection cannot be hurt even though covered with a mountain of Talmage's sermons. Hurrah for the happy children with their Sunday feast!

LYMAN C. HOWE.

C. M. Black of Canton, Ill., writes: "Mr. Slater has been here; he did well and gave satisfaction. Mr. Tisdale has given four Sunday lectures here, and no one has spoken of him but in terms of praise. There is a movement on foot to bring him back at some future time, and over \$300 has been subscribed without asking, from those outside of the spiritual life. We have had some good many home-talks from Mr. Tisdale's sermons."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Occultism.

In the January issue of a Boston Magazine, the editor, in reviewing an article on Occultism, says: "It [occultism] exhibits no ulterior purpose of using its knowledge for the benefit of mankind, or of even diffusing it. Its aim is selfish, and the secrecy which it [referring to the occult societies] has maintained is not justifiable in the present condition of our civilization."

An editor who states that his journal "is designed to occupy the highest realm of knowledge attainable by man," certainly ought to indicate more clearly than the above that he perceives what such a realm may be. An occultist is a student of the laws of the universe. His aim is the attainment of Theosophy, or divine wisdom. He may call himself a Theosophist, or he may not. In the acquirement of this wisdom, the impelling motive must be for knowledge which is to be used either for the benefit or for the detriment of humanity. There is no middle road. He who delves in occultism for self or personal gain, soon reaches, if he has sufficient power to progress at all, a fork in the road, and he must consciously go one way or the other. He has tasted of the fruit and knows the distinction between good and evil. The scales have fallen from his eyes and he sees that in working for self he is working against the cause of humanity and human progress. No longer will he blindly see his own profit or gain in the further acquirement of knowledge or power. He recognizes that he is a part of one coherent, mighty whole; that his personality, not individually, is a sort of nightmare of his own creation; that what he has been pleased to call his strong will was but personal desire, and that this must all fade with the loss of his personality. Under these circumstances, it would seem one must be little short of a madman to place his insignificant self in opposition to these stupendous forces which keep in motion, but hold in check, the great planetary systems of this universe, a power before which the mind of man reels and staggers even in an attempt at conception. The same power of which Matthew speaks: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father's consent."

The aim of the true occult student can not be selfish as he stands at the division of the roads he must choose. To take the left hand of Black Magic, he must consciously renounce his humanity, and for what? To be crushed irresistibly and completely as though the weight of this earth had relied over the body of the man. Would not a comprehensive glance down this left hand road be for a sane man a sufficient cause for immediate reconsideration and abandonment of further progress in that direction? He who goes blindly must also blindly refuse to feel or see anything beyond his own pride, until it is too late, and he is bound, body and soul, and the way back is closed. But such a case would be somewhat similar to a man desiring life willfully getting in a way of an express train in order to investigate the resulting concussion.

If there is a possibility of one man in a million being so blinded, are not the occult societies wise in their silence, especially since the true student grows into knowledge, as the child develops into the man? The student who knows must produce growth, and when he, the student, can not cover the heads of the crowd around him, he will be seen as easily as he is enabled to see.

Boston, Mass.

OCCIDENT, F. T. S.

## Islam in Africa.

As might have been expected, Canon Taylor's essay on "Islam in Africa" has excited considerable discussion in England; and he has been challenged to give his authority for statements which have aroused surprise and indignation. This Canon is quite ready to do, and he has backed up his previous affirmations with an array of evidence which fills two and a half columns of the *London Weekly Times*. The points which Canon Taylor bolsters up most strongly are the very utterances which have proved most distasteful; namely, those showing the rapid progress of Mohammedanism among African tribes and its healthful influence. Prof. Crumwell, in his book on "The Future of Africa," says Mohammedanism is rapidly and peaceably spreading through all the tribes of Western Africa." Sir Richard Burton affirms that Mohammedans alone make proselytes in Africa. Dr. Blyden, a full-blooded Christian, recently the Liberian minister at the Court of St. James, in his recent work entitled "Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race," says that in Western Africa "Mohammedanism is rapidly superseding Paganism." He further says: "Between Sierra Leone and Egypt, the Mohammedans are the only great intellectual, moral, and commercial power. Islam has taken possession of and shaped the social, political, and religious life of the most intelligent tribes. No one can travel any distance in the interior without finding that Islam is the ruling influence."

Equally strong is the testimony concerning the elevating effect of Islam on its converts. Mr. Joseph Thomson, the African explorer, in an article in the *Contemporary Review* last December, said: "It is a painful fact to admit, but there is no harking back to the reality, that in West Africa our influence for evil counterbalances any little good we may have produced by our contact with the African." Speaking of the coast tribes, he affirms that, "for every African who is influenced for good by Christianity, a thousand are driven into deeper degradation by the 'grin trade.' Dr. Blyden says that the European languages 'have come to the greater portion of the natives associated with prodigality, plunder and cruelty, and devoid of any connection with spiritual things; while the Arabic is regarded by them as the language of prayer and devotion, of religion and piety, of all that is unworshipful and spiritual.' And Mr. Thomson's evidence is much to the same effect.

In a recent lecture at Manchester, he said that, "while on public platforms we are talking about the meagre and good work that is being done, we are at the same time in the name of commerce and civilization, driving thousands into deeper depravity and deeper barbarism by a deluge of poisonous spirits, while absolutely the only effective obstruction to this terrible flood of gin is provided by a religion of which we seldom speak but to revile—Mohammedanism." It does not follow, of course, that the influence of Christian missions is not good, but it shows that our notions of Mohammedanism must be revised.—*Christian Register*.

## Letter from an Appreciative Reader.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I send you herewith a slip taken from the *Electrician*, of N. Y., and have sent them the JOURNAL of the 17th ult. containing your report of a visit at Cleveland. Decent people are under obligations to you for exposing fraud and dishonesty, and I am glad you are to publish reports of experiments made with a view to the propagation of truth. We cannot afford any nonsense about these things, and I believe it a religious duty to set forth the truth, and demolish these wicked frauds. I think the time is now at hand when all who are perfectly satisfied regarding the truth of spirit communications should have the courage to face their convictions, and as far as possible set their faces against all the sickly nonsense and foolishness that is offered the public on this subject. If the pulpits can afford to disown the facts as they are recorded all through the scriptures, they must assume a large responsibility, and later on admit that all through their lives they taught an error. How can any honest man read the last chapter of Mark, and deny the great truths so clearly set forth in that record? The Great Master at the last meeting with his disciples simply "upbraided them for their unbelief because they believed not them who had seen him after he was risen." It is unbelief to day as well as then, and I am heartily in earnest that the truth shall abound, as it finally will. In the great work you have in hand, you have my cordial sympathy and hearty approval, and so I send you my kindly New Year's greeting and best wishes for your continued prosperity and good health.

Elgin, Jan. 3, 1888.

GEORGE S. BOWEN.

## A Spirit Voice.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

About thirty years ago one of our children had the scarlet fever, and in consequence of a relapse had spasms until he was perfectly helpless. No one, not even the physician, thought he could possibly live an hour. I having occasion to go into the back room, while there alone, I heard these words, so loud that I looked around to see who spoke to me: "The end is not yet." That child now sits by my side, and from that day to this he has never walked alone. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Is there no physician there?

A MOTHER.

## More Chinese Murders.

A Chinese murder on Wednesday and another on Friday brought last week's average nearly up to the normal. For some time past there has been quite a depressed feeling in highlander first circles, owing to the conviction of several Chinese assassins, and the hanging of one or two of them, aided, possibly, by the realization that the Governor had been succeeded by a different kind of a Governor; but the reversal of the Lee Chueh case by the Supreme Court has restored assassination to its wonted place and estimation among this mild and inoffensive people, and the cheerful crack of the highlander's pistol, or the crunch of his hatchet as it cleaves his victim's head, again mingles with the groans of the wounded and dying, as in days of yore.

The special benefit of our Eastern visitors, many of whom may have come out to California with preconceived notions of the Chinese question, it may be well to explain that "highlander" is not synonymous with "sand-lotter," and that these Chinamen who are killed are not murdered by Denis Kearney in person, nor even by his disciples, but by other Chinamen. The Order of Highlanders is peculiarly a Mongolian institution, one of its cardinal principles being that no "fankweil," or "foreign devil," as white men are elegantly denominated, is eligible for membership. It has been hinted that occult membership, being understood that his privileges are limited to acting as an intermediary between active members, who may be under a cloud, and officers of the law. None but active members in good standing are allowed to vote or admitted to the high privilege of shooting or stabbing an unarmed and defenseless victim.

If any of our visitors are under the impression that assassination is not a recognized industry among the Chinese in this city, the officers on the police force will be most happy to undeceive them. It is believed that there is a regular scale of prices for murder determined by the Executive Committee of the societies whose business it is to cultivate murderers and to shield them from justice, and that in most cases the murderer is wholly impersonal and purely a matter of business. A Chinaman is wanted out of the way, and for a consideration he is put out of the way, and there the matter ends, unless the white man comes blundering into the affair and disturbs the regular course of events.

At the same time the Chinaman is, of course, a mild and gentle creature, childlike and bland, and asking only to be let alone. Have we not been told this by the Eastern Journals, which know every thing? Has not this city been held up to public obloquy and execration every time a ragged urchin has thrown a missile at a vegetable peddler? One of the most beneficial effects of our enormous accession of population from the East will be that people from that part of the country will be enabled to see the guileless and harmless Mongol as he really is; and we wish them no more harm than that they may not be secondarily hapless victims of the highlanders' association, in which they have heretofore had the most profound disbelief.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

## Jesse Shepard as a Writer.

It is the opinion among impartial critics that Jesse Shepard's literary faculty equals, if not surpasses, his musical gifts. In the June number of the *Golden Era* Mr. Shepard astonished his friends and the public by an essay on the Abbe Joseph Roux, which California's orator, Thomas Fitch, pronounced equal to the best productions of Macaulay or Froude, and which Rose Hartwick Thorpe, the well-known poet, declared "equal to the rarest poetry." That essay made Mr. Shepard famous in Macaulay's literary world much in the same manner as his later work on the history of public welfare with considerable curiosity to see with what dexterity and depth Jesse Shepard would wield his pen in the future, and it is needless to say that the anticipations of his most sanguine friends have been more than realized. Following the Abbe Roux article came "Pen Pictures of Persons and Places," containing a masterly portrait of Alexander Dumas. Then came "Imitative Talent versus Creative Faculty," a strikingly vigorous resume of this most interesting theme, handled in a style that at once charms and instructs even the casual surface reader. In the current number of this magazine Mr. Shepard contributes another pen picture. His description of the gambling tables of Baden-Baden surpasses in some respects all his previous efforts. It takes rank with Tolstol's "Sebastopol."—*Golden Era* for December.

## Conservatory Hall Meetings.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The audience at Conservatory Hall during the month of December have been highly edified and delighted by the genial presence and fascinating discourses of Mrs. Helen J. F. Brigham, who is always indefatigable in expounding and elucidating the spiritual philosophy. The present month, January, for three Sundays we will be cheered by the outspoken and dauntless well-known presence of Mrs. Carrie Twing and her mith-provoking, though apt and ready control, "Ichabod," who hits the mark of truth most every time by some well-known and cherished memories of the by-gone.

Among the mediums here in Brooklyn who are doing valiant work for the phenomenal side of spirit intercourse, I take great pleasure in testifying to the merits of Dr. Wm. M. Kewler, who as a spirit photographer, independent slate-writing and physical phenomena of varied character, with independent written message personal to those who attend his sances, elicits a very warm interest, and by the noble aid of his spirit band he is achieving results for the truth and spread of spirit intercourse with an unbounded success which alone the coming future can fully portray in all its grand significance.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAMUEL D. GREENE.

## The Holiday Journals.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I feel like expressing to you my appreciation of the two excellent holiday numbers of the JOURNAL that you have given, and which were full of personal experience, counsel, and high-toned resolution. In these cheering voices from the people I am strengthened with new determination to keep aloft in the full light of heaven the banner of spiritual progress. Taking these evidences furnished by our good friends, I can meet the honest skeptic with a fount of truth that seems unassailable and pure as crystal.

The electrician who has promised a rare treat, almost startled me in his first contribution. I bid him God speed. As the evidence he proposes to give must take rank with that of Prof. Zollner, Crookes and Wallace, I bespeak for him the lofty mounds of the world for his students.

The communication in the New Year's number of the JOURNAL from Prof. Thos. Galen Foster, is strikingly like the man while he lived in the body. I shall never forget the grand lectures he gave in old Sanson street hall some thirty years ago, to full and crowded houses. Many of his lectures were published in pamphlet form, and later on in book form, making choice literature for any library.

Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN A. HOOVER.

## The Home Circle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

We are having very interesting circles here. Two children, brother and sister, eight and nine years old, are the mediums for table manifestation. We have had the table handled so powerfully that four strong men could not hold it. It will spin around like a top, faster than could be followed with the hands. With the little boy and a man weighing 150 lbs. on the table, it would move around half way, the parties getting for over five minutes a free ride, and at the same time the table would answer mental questions. Such a manifestation may in the end make a movement among the "home" homes. The JOURNAL is a source of much comfort. I appreciate it.

Neal, Kan.

WM. H. INGHAM.

Dr. Flint, Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh University, opened his annual course of lectures last week with an address to his students on the virtue that lies in skepticism and agnosticism—a sufficiently remarkable indication of courage in Presbyterian Scotland. According to Professor Flint, one of the most urgent problems for the Church at present is how to keep the leaders of thought in Europe among her adherents. Perhaps, indeed, the problem might be more accurately stated as how to bring them

back. Men of middle age remember the time when to be suspected of infidelity was enough to cause a morally irreproachable man to be regarded in society as a wicked and dangerous person. Such a one was popularly believed to die blasphemous. Now it is hardly even expected of a well-read and thoughtful person, to say nothing of the thoughtless or irreligious, that he should be orthodox, or anything else than a doubter in points of Christian doctrine. Professor Flint has the courage to tell his students that there is no merit either in mere belief or in mere doubt. The merit lies in believing according to the truth, and in doubting where there is really ground for doubt.—*London Inquirer*.

C. R. M. Mallen writes: I have been quite busy this last month in getting up a circle; we have had splendid communications. We got independent slate-writing signed by Martin Luther. I had the slate photographed.

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

France is about to issue nickel coinage to the amount of \$14,000,000.

Mrs. D. Giveway of Tennessee Pass, Col., gave birth to five bouncing boy babies recently.

A small piece of tapestry of the time of Louis XIV. was sold at auction in Paris lately for \$2,200.

Mr. Talmage, it is said, dictates his sermons to a short-hand secretary at the rate of 150 words a minute.

A western paper says that a man who recently died "passed into the eternal slumber in the rich, cool, somber arms of death."

A citizen of Brunswick, Ga., proposes to paint his house black and ornament the roof with representations of coffins painted white.

Deadwood, D. T., has an anti-fall society, the members of which pledge themselves to abstain from eating anything that will add to their corpulence.

A poisonous distillation from potatoes, known among the negroes as "death," is exported from the ports of Bremen and Hamburg for sale among the barbarians of Africa.

Residents of Rapid City, D. T., have sent for a lot of quilts for the purpose of stocking that region with the birds. It is believed they will withstand the rigors of the winter.

Douglas Grant, brother of the famous beauty, Miss Adele Grant, has been appointed a messenger in the Navy Department at Washington at a salary of \$820 a year.

The Cincinnati Musicians' Protective Union has decided that no member shall play in an orchestra with women under penalty of expulsion and a fine of \$100 if he applies for reinstatement.

California produced 400,000 gallons of brandy last year, of which nearly one-fifth was made on Senator Stanford's Vina ranch. The yield was nearly 100,000 gallons larger than that of the previous year.

During the month of September 2,807,723 rabbits were killed in New South Wales, and yet the pest is increasing. In South Australia a disease which has attacked the rabbits is killing them off in great numbers.

Carpenter Brown of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., has built himself a large sleigh, secured a full team of dogs, and will set out in a few days to drive them from the Soo to Grand Haven, a distance of nearly 300 miles.

Jasper Brown, an employe in a Pittsburg mill, fell from the roof of the building eighteen months ago and broke his spinal column. The doctors said he could not live twenty-four hours, but he is still alive and is growing better every day.

A woman of Jersey City, N. J., recently brought home a strange egg, as a souvenir of a trip and placed it on the parlor table. One week later she was surprised to see a little turtle break the shell of the egg and slowly crawl out. The heat of the room had hatched it.

The Nevada City Transcript says: "Phil. J. Moyer of Liberty Hill, in this county, has at various times trapped Albino squirrels and sold them to residents of Dutch Flat and other places. The animals have all the characteristics of the common ground-squirrel, aside from their color."



## Pre-Existence.

Coleridge has embodied his Platonic view of pre-existence in this sonnet, "Composed on a homeward journey: the author having received intelligence of the birth of a son":—

Off o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll  
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)  
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,  
Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul.  
Self-questioned in her sleep; and some he said  
We lived, ere yet the rot of flesh we wore.  
O my sweet baby! when I reach my door  
If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead  
(As sometimes through excess of hope, I fear)  
I think I should struggle to believe  
Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere  
Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve;  
Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick  
relieve,  
While we wept idly o'er the little bier.

## An Appreciative Letter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
I write to renew my subscription to your staunch, fearless paper, the JOURNAL for 1888. With us it stands at the head of the list of all Spiritualist publications, and we look forward to its weekly visits with intense satisfaction; it is a pleasure to read its columns from first to last, because it does not accept unquestioned long articles from one fanatic and then another, puffing promiscuously all sciences and all mediums as they come. Such writers ought to know that intelligent people will depend somewhat upon their own physical sight and reasoning faculties, and when they are eye-witnesses to some of these marvelous exhibitions, knowing them to be the most disgusting frauds, they can but entertain for them a feeling of pity and contempt for painting and polishing up such stories for the hungry, yearning people who want the truth and nothing but the truth. Long live the dear old JOURNAL and its valiant editor, who knows how to be just, as well as unflinching in his efforts to give his readers the best gleanings from the spiritual vineyard.  
Shreveport, La. WILLIAM C. PIGGOTT.

## A Man of Experience.

"Did I understand you to say that you had had considerable experience with the Indians in the West?" inquired a man on an Eastern train of a tall stranger.  
"Yes, I suppose you have."  
"What do you consider the outlook for their civilization?"  
"Poor, very poor. They don't seem to learn anything. Why sir, only last week I traded one of the most intelligent of them an old horse, blind in both eyes and all crippled up generally, for two good ponies, and he never knew he was cheated. I can't understand why it is the Indian doesn't improve more."  
"Well, that looks bad for them, sure enough. I suppose you have a ranch near one of their reservations."  
"Oh no, I'm no rancher," replied the stranger as he threw his leg over the arm of the seat; "no, I'm a missionary. I was sent out by the William Penn Missionary Society of Philadelphia, and have been laboring among the red brethren for the past twenty years."—Chicago Tribune.

## THROUGH THE FOREST.

## The Old and Young Danced All Night—Our Hardy Ancestors.

Old men live in the past.  
Perhaps it would be better for the young men of the present, if they lived a little bit more in the past, and drew less on the future.  
The log cabins of primitive times would seem very cheerless habitations to the people who live in the finely constructed, furnace heated mansions of to-day. But our grand-parents took a great deal of comfort in these rude homes.  
They were rugged and healthy. The men had stalwart and hardy frames, and the women were free from the modern ailments that make the sex of to-day practically helpless slaves to hired foreign help.  
White-haired grand-sires frequently took their life partners and on horseback rode a score of miles through the forests to enjoy the lively pleasures of a frontier ball, danced till daylight, rode home again in the early morning, then put in a good day's work. Middle-aged folks of to-day couldn't stand that sort of a racket.  
To these mud-chinked log cabins doctors' visits were a rarity. The inhabitants lived to a rugged and green old age.  
Sometimes these log cabin old-timers were taken ill. They were not proof against all the exposures to which they were subjected. They found the effective remedies for these common ailments in the roots and herbs which grew in the neighboring forests and fields. They had learned that nature has a cure for every ailment. These potent remedies assisted their sturdy frames to quickly throw off disease and left no poison in the system.  
The unpleasant feature of modern practice with mineral medicines is the injurious after effect on the system. May not modern physical degeneracy be due to this feature?  
A drug-saturated system is not in a natural, consequently not in a healthy, state. If any of the main organs are clogged with traces of the mineral poisons used to drive out a particular disease, the whole machinery of life is deranged and early decay of natural powers is the inevitable result.  
There can be no question that remedies from the laboratory of nature are the best. If they are as efficacious, they have the advantage of leaving no after sting.  
Their efficacy, if properly compounded, and the proper remedy applied to the proper disease, will not be doubted. The experience of ages proves it.  
Their disease has come about principally through the rapid congregation of people in cities and villages, rendering these natural remedies difficult to obtain. Progressive business enterprise has lately led to putting these old time remedies within reach of all classes.  
The proprietors of Warner's safe remedies, in the faith that the people of to-day would be benefited by using the simple remedies of log cabin days, have caused investigations to be made and secured the formulas of a number of those which long and successful use has proved to be most valuable.  
They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." Among these medicines will be a "Sarsaparilla" for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin Hope and Buchu Remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," a remedy called "Scalpine" for the hair, "Log Cabin Extract" for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for catarrh, called "Log Cabin Rose Cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin Plaster" and a "Log Cabin Liver Pill."

## Cheap Farming Lands South.

It is a recognized fact that the cheapest farming lands in America to-day are in the South, and men of much or moderate means, looking for real estate investments or permanent homes, should not fail to visit the following points, where so many northern people are now settling, viz: Jackson, Tennessee; Aberdeen and Jackson, Mississippi; Hammond, Crowley, Jennings, Welsh and Lake Charles, Louisiana. Limited Trip Ticket, limited to June 1st, 1888, with stop-over privileges south of Cairo, Illinois, are on sale to New Orleans, Jennings and Lake Charles. For rates apply to nearest ticket agent, and be sure your tickets read via the Illinois Central Railroad from Chicago or St. Louis. For pamphlet entitled "Southern Home Seeker's Guide," and circulars concerning the above named points, address the undersigned, at Manchester, Iowa.  
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Mr. Spurgeon's face is said to recall that of Chester A. Arthur, but is described as being broader and not so fine as that of the late President.

## No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in Impure Blood, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. Ayer's Sarsaparilla affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

## Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.  
Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, Scrofula, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints. Consumption being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial, avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

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**CONSTANTLY HAWKING AND SPITTING.** THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 202 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

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Continued from First Page.

great dignity, as becomes your charlatanish lordship and buffoonish ladyship.

After the prince of the period, its priests, enter, then, Sir Scientist—there is room for you, too, and all your ilk; and if you are crowded, the nobility will be pleased to sit a little closer together for the sake of having you alongside, because you happen to be fashionable just now. You are an eminent respectable sham, and quite "good form." You no longer smell of brimstone, because you never touch your retorts with your lily-white fingers without washing your hands. Your hair that used to be so long and white, has a tendency to grow black and curly, and even eyeglasses are seldom seen on your learned young noses. You know all you have been taught, and also how to dance. Being practical men with an eye to the main chance, you make yourselves "specialists." Being lady killers, you undertake to cure them. Being very useful persons, who know the relative value of things, you spend sometimes your whole lives in studying bird-life. Being featherless bipeds of the order *Primates* and class *Mammalia*, you write big dictionaries without the words, Soul, Spirit, God. Being of the genus *homo* and species *sapiens*, you regard with superb, if not sapient disdain, all things which you have not named and classified in your schedule of the Universe. Being ringmasters of the scientific arena, you have put science in a monkey-jacket and strapped her up tighter than your wives lace their corsets. Being priests of erudition, you have shut wisdom up in colleges gloomier than nunneries, through the dreary bars of which she dare not show her face. You have clipped the wings that would sweep infinity, and contented yourselves with the wagging of asses' ears. Failing to develop your own, you scoff and sneer at those whose brains are grown, and would gladly disown some of your own cloth, like Crookes, Wallace, Zollner, Reichenbach and Flammarion, who are as much at home among the stars as among molecules, and who, not content with merely knowing, seek also to understand what they discover—who, brought to the very threshold of the great mystery, come back from it almost Theosophists! You like to smile superior, too, when you speak of those old fogies, such as Copernicus, Kepler, Euler, Newton—those architects of great systems of science, almost astrologers, almost alchemists, philosophers, indeed, of the scraps of whose Theosophies your science is composed.—O scientists that you are! They and their peers are the head and front of Evolution—the crawling body and tail-end, O scientists! Thinking to lead thought, you are led by the nose with words and phrases; thinking to overthrow systems you scheme and make schedules; wherever your betters say "god," you cry "matter!" Your after-clap of Positivism, your anti-climax of Materialism, and your precious anxiety for Rationalism, relieve one another by turns all along the line of the earthworks in which you are snugly entrenched; and in your zeal for every new-fangled notion you try your well-worn teeth on every old-fashioned theory. But such spleen is ridiculous, gentlemen; the enthusiasm of your predecessors, unlike your own, was sincere and natural; whereas, you are rather ashamed of yourselves, after all, when you have succeeded in proving that man is only an animal, as we see by the way you tap your foreheads significantly when you have said something particularly silly.

What innocent lovers of truth you philosophers are to be sure! When that evolutionary tendency which has resulted in to-day's Materialism, Rationalism, and Experimentation shall have brought about the inevitable reaction, you will follow the swing of the pendulum and become, perhaps, more ideal, visionary and spiritualistic than the theosophists themselves. The ghosts of your murdered innocents already haunt you under what other names and strange disguises! Dare not, then, slap us on the back with mesmerism, or we will punch your stomachs with "hypnotism." Thrust not your tongue in the cheek at clairvoyance, clairaudience, somnambulism and trance, or we will leave the point of our teeth on your "telepathy," your "hystero-epileptiform sub-consciousness," and your "supernormal cerebrationulations." Send no "committees on apparitions" into our haunted houses, or our ghosts shall frighten them out of what few senses they have left. Laugh not at our Elixir of Life, or we will make wry faces at your whole pharmacopoeia, whose virtue lies in its label, and is warranted to cure through the glass of the bottle as long as it stays in fashion. Turn not up your aristocratic noses at our Universal Solvent, for you have not caught a whiff of it yet, though everybody knows the smell of your laboratories, and we have only been waiting for you to invent something to keep it in, so we can give you the benefit of it. Fling at our phenomena none of the pebbles you have picked up, by the seaside of your childish experiences, lest, perchance, we send the Philosopher's Stone to crash through the glass of your playhouse! Taunt us not with our perillities, lest we retort upon your atrocities. Remember that most of your vaunted discoveries are more harmful than helpful to human happiness. (It were far better for you to take us kindly as well as seriously—we are not both working our respective ways for the same end—the good of humanity? We Theosophists dream of a universal brotherhood that shall make war useless; you will soon have made war impossible by the very atrocity of your explosive chemicals, and you play a wonderfully good part in our intellectual, immortal age. Learned, but weak and wisdomless—masters of most things except your passions and prejudices—you have discovered most things excepting your own souls. Only yesterday you suspected, what everybody else has always known, that there might be such a thing as psychic science; to-day, you are beginning to ask, what we could have told you in the beginning, if there may not be such a thing as social science, and natural law in the spiritual world.

Come on now! If you are not afraid, and willing to learn, perhaps we can teach you something yet about these very things you affect to despise. Perchance we can give you a glimpse, inside yourselves as well as outside, of the great cycles of evolution through which, you, like us, must pass. Possibly, from being learned you may graduate into wisdom; but have a care! for you will be responsible for the exercise of your powers, since you are the very flowers, the rare and gorgeous exotics, in the aristocratic hot-house of thought—yet architects who have never constructed a moral, even for yourselves, and blockheads who have never so much as made a wooden pavement for humanity to walk off from the cradle to the grave, as you might easily have done by laying your heads together. Take care, then, how you hurl your cobblestone facts at the heads of the people, that those who are able may swallow them whole in ostrich-fashion, higglety-pigglety, with the unwhole-

some diet they find in the *Police Gazette*. Why crush poor, weak, credulous fools with the heels of your top-boots? In their poor sciences, the very chips that fly from your fragmentary science become souvenirs of magical insight into the mysteries of nature, sadly mixed, however, with the silly superstitions they suck in from the priests, and tinged with their own morbid imaginings. Instinctively the public seeks to peep behind the mirror you hold up to them; and finding nothing there they can recognize, they fancy what they please—for to dream is human, gentlemen, whether a nightmare or a vision of heavenly light.

And that you may be in no danger of forgetting all this, we will admit along with you, as a sort of antidote to your own extravaganzas, your much despised brethren, the unscientific Spiritualists, who can easily discount your every trick and materialize anything you wish faster than you can cry, "Out damned spot," on the chastity of the intellect! These visionaries, these somnambulists of the soul, these tight-rope performers on the spiritual platform, are positively topheavy with notions about the other world, and grow more greedy in their hope of a future life, the less hope you leave them! Just as fast as you grow materialistic, they become idealists, Spiritualists, nihilists, anarchists and what not; but we have room for all, even such as these.

And enter now, all ye sad-visaged knights and chevaliers of the woful countenance, ye nobly ridiculous ecclesiastical martyrs of imaginary gods, who turn up to heaven your poor, parched, gaping throats in hopes of catching a drop of celestial saliva! ye eplengues of either sex, who bank on another world for pleasures forbidden or impossible in this one, know, then, there are for you, since you will have it so, many immense abodes of the blest in paradise, where the joys you dimly foresee shall bloom like the flowers of fairland. Holy and yellow virgins, who have lavished the treasures of love on mystic irreposive shrines, be comforted, for we will roll away for you the stone from the sepulchre, and show you that he, your lover, lives. Enter all ye who are emboldened by very fear, all ye who are pious for your private purposes, all who torment yourselves for the dear love of the Lord. Come, tanned Catholic priests, everlasting old St. Anthony's, sick of those vows which keep you from loving anything in the flesh, and especially in the bone! Come Jewish rabbis, who brood over biblical lascivities with the gravity of undertakers and the dignity of ganders! Come, Hindu fakirs, whose concentrated will-power has made you brutes—Chinese bonzes who leave the wind to turn your prayer-mills, and whirling dervishes who turn yourselves, Freemasons, too, who have succeeded in demolishing the mother church and making playthings of the pieces—enter ye, one and all, in our temple, that is builded on the ruins of all of yours, incongruous in every detail, magnificent in its entirety!

See the Chinese gods enthroned under gothic arches—there the Assyrian colossi borne upon Celtic members—here the frowning portals of Egypt are draped with Indian tapestry—there the mitre of Rome surmounts the grinning phiz of the sacred monkey of Hindustan, and here the Singhalese elephant waves the cross of calvary in his uplifted trunk—there stands the patient white bull of the Saitic Isis, here sleeps the Lamb of God in peace beside the werewolves of Christian dogma. What strange place is this? What stranger things are these? This temple, ladies and gentlemen, is our theatre; and these things are our stage properties! Enter, then, in all your dignities, crowned and chasuble as you please, covered *cap-a-pie* with your churchly bangles, and see the play. Bring your bibles, your Korans, your Zend Avestas, your Bhagavad-Gitas. Play your organs, beat your gongs, sound your timbrels—louder, we say, and louder yet, till you draw in all the faithful fools whose prayers shall resound like the roar of the mighty ocean; and then, perhaps, the dear god God that no one of your individual voices has ever yet waked up, may chance to hear you serenade him with such a pandemoniac charivari!

But we are not yet full—there is the pit and the peanut gallery too. Enter there also, you laymen of the ideal—poets, artists, all the dreamy visionaries in the twilight of human life, whose poor human souls are thirsty for experiences of the True, the Beautiful and the Good, with a big T and a big B and a big G! Come, you who are so ready to take all risks that you make it risky for other people, dissatisfied as you are with the soul-scrapes you have already encountered. Enter all you who, with manly contempt for the seamy side of life, seek feminine consolation in scenes that are never sadder than when most gay and festive. Come, you precious gemmy geniuses, whose fatal enthusiasm kneads human hearts into stony statues. Come, you inspired idiots, whose endless and vagarious woes break loose in long minor chords. Come, all you versifying bunnies who feverishly pass the fine-tooth comb of feeble expression through the matted mass of your fungus heads in hopes of catching an idea that you can recognize, in order that the soul of the Divine Word may crack at your touch and crystallize in dainty vocables. But know ye that the Logos, like space, escapes you when you would seize it, even as the flea of the Irish race. Know, also, that unsatisfied desire shall be your fatal gift. O slave of passion! till comes the day when you conquer desire and thus master yourselves. Know that could you dig as deep in the eternal verities as you would like to burrow in women's hearts, could you carve caryatides as virile as you would wish your own members to be, could you light up your canvas with colors as bright as the phosphorescence of your own mushroom brains—well, then, your masterpieces would, after all, be as few and as poor as their admirers, since art is an elegant superfluity while the masses of men have not sufficient food; and you will be rudely awakened from your reveries by ugly, disagreeable realities that will rasp your poor, dear, shrinking souls—such as worthy well-meaning people whose noses are ten long or not straight enough to suit your refined taste; by flaming red cornices in coquettish halves that shock your esthetic sense, and by dentist's displays alongside the door of your favorite cafe, so dreadfully vulgar you know! and, alas! you will be specially worried, if you have any real feelings, by the admiration of most people for what is false in art, and the tolerance of even intelligent persons for what is commonplace and despicably mediocre.

And listen, once more: Back of all the beauty in the world which you have not quite succeeded in ravishing by your nevertheless well meant and ardent assaults, there remains yet a beauty of another kind. Far beyond those pleasures which crumble to dust at your touch, stands that happiness

which you have never known, out of the reach of sorrow, which no grief can grasp, which no pain can make a prize. At the very bottom of your own heart, sick as it is unto satiety, may yet be found a peace so full, so satisfying, that the powers of hell itself shall be powerless there. Hear us, then—all you who have prostituted yourselves to one amour, or a dozen or a hundred; or you, who have vainly cherished feelings you thought without precedent and beyond compare in the privacy of richly furnished boudoirs, or you, who have plunged into open dissipation forever seeking the savor of some strange passion! No doubt a woman's mere glance may make you restless, but your real unrest is to come from the downcast, fearful eyes you have blind-d. All you who fancy you are enjoying pleasure are simply mistaken; it is pleasure that is enjoying you. But the hallucination hurries you on from joy to grief, from desire to satiety, from fondest hopes to grim and wan despair; and you go your own gait, while the world wages on as usual. Seek no longer love without. Love is within yourself, or nowhere else. When you love your wives, mothers and sisters, your goods and your virtues, you really love only the soul of these things, and that alone is worthy to be loved; that treasure you love unconsciously, without knowing that you do so. When you shall have learned all this for yourself and caught the strains of the symphony of the universal Love that is deathless and eternal, you will understand why you fruitlessly wasted so much love and could receive so little in return.

But now, once more: To us the great unwashed, undistinguishable public with its plain, sturdy, homely, commonsense—to us the mass of the people, who are forever beaten back, kept down and elbowed aside by the great ones of earthly greatness—ye who are mere food for gunpowder, mere tools in political hands, nothing but flesh for worms' everlasting dupes that ye are, come in and let us tell you the good news, and put you up to a trick or two! It is you we mean, Mr. Nobody, or Mr. What's-your-name, who are eyeing us with wonder, not knowing what to make of it all, after drinking in with your big dapping ears what everybody else has been saying to you. Come nearer, and do not be afraid; we are not going to bite you. Show us but your face—or any other part of your person, and we will tell your past, present, and future. We can beat the very gypsies telling fortunes. For example: You were born; you were born of a woman; she was your mother and you were her child. Is not that so? She put you in a cradle lined with silk, flannel or something of that sort, and in the soft shade of the curtains she dreamed her dreams of joy. And you, you ugly little wretch, used to bite her breasts and soil your linen. You never did? Well, we know better; and your eyes, still shut to the world, were opened to tears, and you cried, and fought against life with your awkward little red fists. They got used to your body as it grew; you had sensations, and everything astonished you, and you wanted to know if the nurse didn't find you in a cabbage. They sent you to school where, among other things, you learned to fight for marbles. Then some strange feelings stirred you, that you thought very remarkable and very naughty. You took your first cigar and your first debauch, and had your first disillusion; afterwards you acquired a taste for such things. They made you a voter at twenty-one, and you were going to be President and reform the world, that being an easier job than reforming yourself. You fell in love, got married and were, no doubt, deceived, because your wife was smarter than you ever discovered. The babies came along, and after you were a papa you grew fonder of your own father than you had been before. One day he died, however, when you were thinking of something else and you cried over his corpse, and cut off a lock of his hair to keep, and carried flowers to his grave for quite a while; for just about then you were wondering whether there might not be a future life, and you wanted to be on the safe side, and hold on to some dead love or hope, or even the ghost of one. But after a while, you vaguely perceived that infinity was a large thing, and spirit an intangibility, so you fell back again on something you could understand better. You had beastly fits of intoxication and went through the rest of your silly amusements as regularly as clockwork.

In this way, you gradually fitted yourself to be the prey of any political, priestly, aristocratic or moneyed knave who wanted to exploit himself at your expense; so you contributed money to carry elections, and put some on the plate when it came round at church, and toddled to rank and bowed down before wealth and made a most approved fool of yourself in the regulation way. So the pitch smutted you, and work and worry told upon you, and now old age has bowed you down. Come in and rest yourself a bit with us, before you tumble into the hole in the ground. O man of the people, ragpicker of every prejudice, worker of social KARMA! Simple minded as you are, honestly and hopelessly stupid, you are at any rate the typical man; and those who go about so stiffly in evening dress, ready to cringe before self-constituted authority and kneel to all the golden-calf gods in the fashionable pantheon, are mere monkeys beside you! You great big two-fisted, honest-hearted boor! Come on, and we will show you in yourself, in labor and the laboring class to which you belong, a true dignity you never suspected. We will teach you that that instinct of freedom, liberty, equality and fraternity, which has so often made your heroic, is no myth, but a reality—albeit but the first foam of a wave of human progress which shall in the end carry you higher than the gods you shall have outgrown and cast aside!

We are not quite full yet—one other call let us send out, as through some vast reverberator, that shall reach further, lower yet, till our wild cry may stir the very dregs of human being. Sound it forth into the dark depths of the social crucible, into the slums where shadowy shapes are swarming, void of virtue, deprived of love, unsexed, unmentioned, into the darkness lurid depths where groans the pedal of all earthly sounds—into the depths of hate and vice and every crime whose lowering clouds are ready to burst into tears of blood. There where human fermentation is life, where utter rottenness breeds its pestilential crops of thieves and murderers—stop, did you say? Well, they work ruin unknowingly, and can we blame them? They are only criminal because they are ignorant. Why reject them, brothers? Is ignorance, then, an unpardonable vice? How can we, then, who know so little, expect to be saved, if such as these are to be damned. Forget for once what you hear in church, and answer us truly what you think about it yourself. They are flesh of our flesh. They scratch the same leprosy whose seeds are in us also—yes, these, with bodies born just like ours with souls, become, alas, how different! And after all, do our good clothes, then, cover no ulcerated places? Let them come in, too,—these dreadful creatures, with their happier and cleaner cousins, the beasts of

the field. Nature makes room on the grass for the great patient cattle, which lick their sides in the peace of their dewy pastures; room, too, for the drunkard. There is room at the Buddhist banquet for cannibals who keep their parents from growing old; room for the vivisectors who claim that they keep other brutes like themselves from pain; room for the outcast; room for wild beasts! Their roaring and shrieking and blasphemy make a fine bass for the grotesque hosannas of hypocrites and the shrill falsetto of the skeptics. This is the music of the future, friends—this the overture of our grand performance in three acts and seven scenes. Now we are ready to begin. Be seated all, Enter, gods, men, and beasts!

AMARAVELLA, F. T. S.

Our Heredity from God.\*

Letter from Rev. E. P. Powell.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

I have just read the criticism of Giles B. Stebbins in RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I am quite capable of enduring criticism, but I have heartily laughed over this one. He pats me gently on the back and spends the rest of the time showing that the book is not written in defence or advocacy of Spiritualism. Well, brother, that was not my intention. My object was a clear one, plainly stated, to present the bearings of the evolution hypothesis on the great questions of God and Immortality; to show the legitimate outcome of the science of all sciences, Evolution. In this way I desired to make a break upon the tendency to agnosticism and materialism. The chapters move on a fixed line straight forward,—and each one is only that which is necessary to prepare for the next. This has been generally recognized by critics. Out of nearly one hundred reviews only three fail to cordially endorse the book. In this country and in England it has met with a warm welcome. Of course I am glad, for it is my life's work.

Among the testimonials, John Burroughs writes that he wishes it were "in the hands of every intelligent reader." Rev. Ch. Voysey, the noted liberal of London, writes: "I am absolutely fascinated with the book, both with its clear logic and its style." Science says: "One does not always open a book treating on the moral aspects of Evolution with an anticipation of pleasure or instruction. Mr. Powell's book is both deeply interesting and scientifically valuable." The *Chicago Times* says: "Altogether the book is the most cogent, candid and absorbingly interesting of the discussions of this momentous doctrine, by a thinker who both sees, and states clearly, its tremendous import." This is the tone of the press. But curiously Bro. Stebbins goes to the last chapter where I recognize the vast correlative value of Spiritualism, and because I do not ride his hobby, gives the book a scolding as negligent. At the same time comes a letter from one of the grandest Spiritualists in the country, a man whose belief carries to me almost the weight of logic, and he says: "You have done all for Spiritualism that we could fairly ask, and all that your subject allows, and all that was of value for the average reader."

Bro. Stebbins reminds me somewhat of a stoutly orthodox deacon who used to flank me in my orthodox days. Preach on what I would, he held there was not enough of the blood of Christ in my discourse. One day I spoke on "How to save our Boys," and gave as good advice as I could; but, said Deacon S., "Remember Bro. P., 'tis the blood of Christ alone that cleanseth." Now my friend Giles has a hobby, and I really wish he would not measure everything by means of it; but he is a capital fellow for all that. So was Deacon S. really good.

E. P. P.

\* Our Heredity from God, Consisting of Lectures on Evolution. By E. P. Powell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

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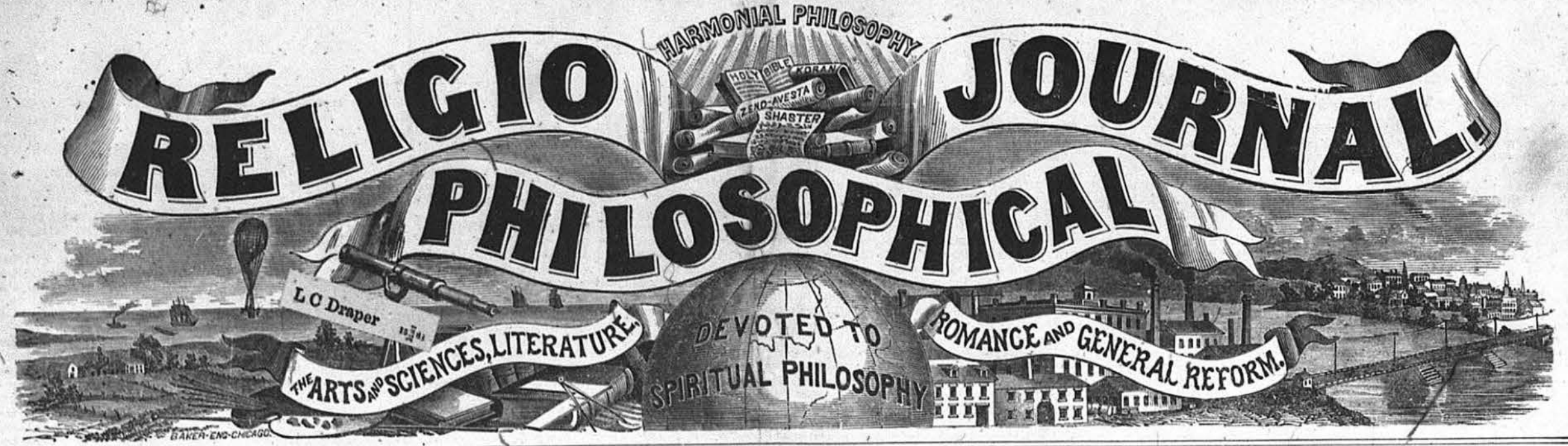
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No. 23

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### FROM HERE TO HEAVEN By Telegraphy.

A Scientific Investigation of Occult Telegraphy, and Kindred Topics.

PAPER NO. 5.

Tests with Scales.—The Crucial Test for Secret means.—Proof that there is No Confederate.—Some Metaphysical Points.

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The editor of the JOURNAL has at different times mentioned this subject in his editorial columns, under the titles of "Occult Telegraphy," "Spirit Telegraphy," etc. In the issue of Dec. 17th, he referred at some length to a test which he instituted, and to which Mr. J. H. Wade, Mr. Geo. Howe, and myself were invited to bear witness. As he stated in that article, he placed Mr. Rowley's box on a pair of dial scales, his object being to test the question whether the key was operated by the pressure of Mr. Rowley's hand either voluntarily or involuntarily, and to bring out whatever information this test might afford on any phase of the subject. Col. Bundy had not seen the instrument operating, as I and many others have seen it, with Mr. Rowley's hands held in the air from six to ten inches above the box, and no part of his body nor any one's body touching any part of the instrument or table or wires. But even had he seen this, his test was eminently appropriate, because the instrument does not usually operate in this ultra-remarkable manner. It was also well devised, because it was of a kind that the masses could thoroughly appreciate, as it requires no technical or scientific knowledge to see its force; and is none the less forcible to those who possess such knowledge.

From my own memorandum of that test, I quote the following:

89 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Dec. 5, 1887.

Memorandum.—By invitation of Col. Bundy, I witnessed a test experiment of Mr. Rowley's telegraph instrument, consisting of a trial with scales as a test for pressure on the box. There were present also Mr. J. H. Wade and Mr. Geo. Howe. Col. Bundy placed the box on a small platform scale having a dial below and at one side of the circular platform, and altogether a very suitable and convenient form of scale for this test. The dial was turned from Mr. Rowley, and was so situated that all of us as witnesses, could accurately and simultaneously observe the movements of the index needle.

Upon placing the box on the scales, the weight indicated was two pounds lacking one ounce. The scale was so delicate that the needle vibrated for a moment before settling. When all was quiet and the exact weight observed and recorded—one pound and fifteen ounces—Mr. Rowley laid the tips of the fingers of his right hand gently on the top of the front side of the box. The needle went backward two ounces! Imagine our surprise. We were prepared to see the needle stand still, or move but very slightly forward, depending on the delicacy with which Mr. Rowley could touch the top of the box. Here was an enigma, a paradox. The

box weighed less with Mr. Rowley's hand on the top than it did without. The marvellous things which I had read on the subject of levitation flashed to my mind; and it occurred to me at once that here was a "pointer" in that direction. We talked of that for a moment when the sounder began to operate. Eagerly we watched the dial as it recorded the fact that each dot and dash required a pressure of just one ounce to produce it. Now the enigma was more complicated than before.

Dr. Wells gave us some light on the paradoxical feature by stating that the current of animal magnetism which they propel inside the box, interferes with the force of gravity to some extent, somewhat as motion in mechanics (as in the gyroscope) does. He promised a further explanation of this, which I shall expect in connection with some other things that he has promised and which are unknown to us, such as "Why does a current of electricity make an iron bar magnetic?" "Why does soft iron immediately lose its magnetism, while hard iron retains it?" etc. But the question raised on all sides was, Why that pressure of one ounce, whenever the sounder made a dot or dash? If Mr. Rowley's hand made the box two ounces lighter, and this to us unknown source of pressure did not bring the box down to what it weighed without his hand upon it, his hand was manifestly a poor place to look for extra pressure. We all observed and reobserved, and turned the box round and placed his hand in different positions on and about the box, but all with the same showing on the dial.

Then it occurred to me to test the actual pressure necessary to close the key within the box. The box was opened, the weight again observed to be the same that it was before without Mr. Rowley's hand—one pound, fifteen ounces. I pressed gently down on the end of the branch lever, just enough to close the key. The needle moved forward just one ounce, showing on the dial exactly two pounds. Then others closed the key in the same manner and with the same result. Then Mr. Rowley pressed upon it and closed it in the same manner, and with just the same result. Then I pressed upon other parts of the key lever and closed it, but the pressure required was always greater in proportion to the distance from the end of the lever to where the pressure was applied. The pressure of just one ounce could not be made to close the key, unless it was applied at exactly that portion of the key; viz., the end of the branch lever or the thumbplate on the main lever directly under the end of the branch lever. Thus it is proven that the pressure was in the box, not on it; for all of this is in harmony with mechanical philosophy and indicated that the force which manipulates this key actually presses upon the end of the key lever.

It is utterly impossible for Mr. Rowley or any other person in the flesh to press upon the end of this key lever when the box is closed; and the conclusion necessitated is, that the key is manipulated by pressure applied at that point by some disembodied intelligence.

Col. Bundy arranged with me to repeat this experiment at some future time under certain other test conditions, and we then adjourned.

Pursuant to that arrangement, I went to Mr. Rowley's office on Saturday, December 17th, prepared to vary the conditions so as to further test the conclusions reached at the previous trial. I first repeated the experiment as before tried with exactly the same results. Then I readjusted the spring under the key lever so as to require less force to close the key. The box was then closed and the weight noted as before. Mr. Rowley laid the fingers of his right hand on the top of the box. It showed less weight, but only one ounce less instead of two. The sounder was operated by Dr. Wells and every dot and dash showed a pressure in the box of half an ounce. I opened the box and tested the pressure necessary to close the key and found it just half an ounce. Thus as compared with the previous trial, the levitation was in proportion to the strength of current necessary to operate the key.

I varied the above in several ways, the result always varying to suit the pressure necessary; except that when the levitation was diminished below about six drams, it suddenly vanished altogether, but the key would work at any tension less than about three drams without current enough to cause any perceptible levitation, or interference with the force of gravity.

To reach the finest extreme, I set the spring as lightly as possible; that is just strong enough so that the lever would not tremble by the mere tremor of the building; and the pressure necessary to close it was then far less than the best druggist's scales would make any record of. I tested it by laying on the end of the branch lever, a piece of thin paper used for wrapping powders. The powder paper, (about three by four inches) was much heavier than was necessary to close the key. I tore it in two in the middle and one-half of it closed the key perfectly. Of course this was an imperceptible pressure, so far as taking account of it on any scales is concerned. I closed the box, Mr. Rowley placed his finger very lightly on one corner, and the sounder worked perfectly, without any perceptible tremor in the needle on the dial. This was kept up for some three minutes when I noticed that now and then a dot or a dash would be accompanied by a trembling motion of the needle, and soon the trembling became more gener-

al showing that it was difficult for them to control so light a current perfectly.

Next I proceeded to test for pressure from Mr. Rowley's hand by suspending it from a spring scale hung over his head; but first I readjusted the key so that it would require the usual amount of pressure to operate it; for, of course, if the key were set so lightly that the pressure necessary to close it was too feeble for measurement, why, even if he should close it by pressure from his hand, we could not measure the pressure of the hand. Of course, too, it is absurd to suppose that a man could hold his hand out almost at arm's length, and operate within such fine limits of pressure for any desired length of time. But with all that, we must go through with the process of testing his hand for pressure, just as strictly as though the other phase of the case had not been observed; for those who cannot come here and see this done, must be furnished with such evidence as will be conclusive to them without seeing it themselves.

To make it impossible for Mr. Rowley to press upon the box without making a corresponding pressure upon the spring scales overhead, I placed the tips of his thumb and the first three fingers of his right hand, in a small loop of strong cord, bringing all four of them into a close round group, and making the loop fit tightly so that less than half the length of the finger nails projected through the loop. Thus it was impossible for him to overreach the loop and bend his fingers down on the slate without bringing the cord down. The scale above was then adjusted so as to allow only these projecting tips of his fingers to hang just barely over the corner of the box nearest to that hand. The sounder soon commenced operating exactly as before but the index on the scale above stood still. While this was going on satisfactorily so far as the scales would indicate, I thought to test their report by looking through under Mr. Rowley's hand, and I found that for every dot or dash of the sounder there was a gap or open space between his hand and the box. Presently I saw as I continued to look through toward the light, that the gap was increasing in width. Mr. Rowley then gradually diminished his pressure from above, and the gap widened until the dots and dashes were perfectly made for about one minute, during which time the box did not rise high enough to touch the hand, and the hand remained still and did not touch the box. His left hand lay unimpeded in his lap except when he used it to steady his right arm near the elbow.

So much for the double scale test. It needs no special gift of logic to discern the conclusions necessitated; viz.,

1. That the key in this box is actually manipulated.
2. That the key is not manipulated by pressure upon the top, bottom, sides, ends, corners, or any other part of the box, or wire leading to the box.
3. That the force which operates this key, actually presses upon the end of the key lever.
4. That there is no more pressure in the box at that time than just enough to close the key perfectly.

Much more might be argued from these premises, but the case is so thoroughly made out that it seems like a waste of words to go on proving that which can no longer be doubted.

Now that it has been so clearly demonstrated in this and the previous papers that the box contains no secret means, the test for secret means under the carpet, about the room, or anywhere else is next in order. The memorandum of this test I give in all its detail that there may be no cause for the reader to fear any weakness in the case.

89 Euclid Ave., Jan. 5, 1888.

Memorandum.—Came here to Rowley & Whitney's office at 3:45 P. M. Met Dr. Whitney in the reception room. He said they would be through in just a minute or two, with the gentleman who was then in the operating room. I took a seat opposite the door of the operating room, and Dr. Whitney went in there again, leaving the door open. I could see the stranger's back, Mr. Rowley's face and the instruments on the table between them. I both heard and saw the instruments working perfectly, and in all respects as usual. Mr. Rowley's hand was resting on the table with the tips of his fingers lying gently on the end of the box. In about two minutes Dr. Whitney came out again and the stranger arose to depart. I watched Mr. Rowley closely. Immediately after the sounder ceased to operate, I saw him rise and leave the table without opening the box or making any change whatever in or about it, or any part of the apparatus. He came directly out to me, the stranger departed, and there was no one remaining in the operating room.

Dr. Whitney joined us in conversation and I explained to them that I desired to try a test that would be positively conclusive as to secret devices under the carpet, or anywhere about the room. Mr. Rowley proposed that we bring the table with the instruments on it into this room. No, said I, there is a carpet here, too, and even if we should go out in the hall where there is no carpet, why there would be the table and the battery. Concerning secret devices, all that we have yet demonstrated to the satisfaction of those who cannot come here and see for themselves is that the secret device, if there be any, is not in or about the box. Telegraph operators can understand that no such device could be operated by you without detection, unless it were about the box where your

hands are employed, your feet and other parts of the body being so differently situated at different times, as to preclude the possibility of operating intelligently any device situated elsewhere. Now the masses do not see the force of that as telegraphers do, but they do understand that the substitution of my box for yours is proof positive that no secret devices are necessary in or about the box.

[Of course, it would be the height of absurdity to argue that secret devices exist where it has been proven there is no use or need for them. The very existence of secret means is based on the hypothesis that they are necessary; and to prove that they are not necessary, is to overthrow the only hypothesis on which they would exist.]

Now, said I, your instruments were just now in perfect working order, and I saw you leave them without making any change whatever. There can be no necessity for you to go back to them to put anything in order. Therefore, let me go and disconnect your box, take it down to my schoolroom and connect it there with my instruments, just as they are in daily operation; and where I know there is no secret device of any sort, no telegraph wires nor wires of any kind coming into or leaving the room, no telephone, no chance whatever for any confederate to play any part, no carpet to hide anything on the floor, and if it works all right there, the proof will then be perfect that there is no secret device necessary anywhere. It will also prove that there is no confederate employed, for there shall be no one else present, not even a witness who might be presumed to turn traitor, and there will be no means by which a confederate could play his part, if there were one located there, or anywhere else.

Mr. Rowley readily agreed to my proposal; said he had taken his instruments to several houses, among which he mentioned the residences of J. H. Wade, L. M. Hubby, J. T. Stron, and Capt. Wilson, but in these cases he had his own sounder and battery. Dr. Whitney said he had no objection to any test that could be invented, but hoped it would not take long.

Leaving them in the reception room, I went into the operating room and unfastened the wires, and took the box off the table, put it under my coat, and carried it off to my rooms. As I left, I told Mr. Rowley that, for argument's sake, I preferred that he should follow me a few minutes after, rather than to walk along with me; so that it could not be said that there was an opportunity for him, through some pretense, to tamper with the box or make any kind of alteration in it on the way.

I went alone directly to my rooms, connected the box where I had formerly used a key of my own, at a table where no one but myself had been sitting for two years, and where there was no kind of telegraphic apparatus except the two wires that came from the battery in the next room, to that table. The battery stood on a mantel on the opposite side of the next room east, a distance of eighteen feet from the box. The sounder was in the next room north of that room, and was sixteen feet from the battery. It was the only sounder then in any of the rooms. The distance across from the box to the sounder was twenty-four feet. The length of circuit, by wire, from the box through the battery and sounder was one hundred and thirty feet. The sounder could be plainly heard from the north room to the west room through an open door and a large arch.

As soon as I had connected the box, I opened it and bent the branch lever down still farther from the slate, and I readjusted and tested the adjustments so that I was sure that the key could not be operated by pressure upon any part of the box. Then I closed the box and pressed upon it, jarred it and tried it in various ways, but got no response from the sounder. During this time I was alone in my rooms with the out doors locked.

Within ten minutes, Mr. Rowley came, also alone. I admitted him and again locked the door. He sat down at the box, placed his right hand gently upon it, suffered a few light shocks through his system, and in about one minute the sounder spoke out distinctly: "Good afternoon, Professor. How are you? You can't talk us."

G.—We don't want to talk you, Doctor; we only want to test you.

Dr. W.—Please accept my 73. Sig. Wells. G.—The same to you, and I congratulate you on the proof that you have thus furnished. For purposes of demonstration, and under these circumstances, one minute is as good as an hour, and as I promised not to detain you long, you may now be excused. Good-bye.

There were several periods and other characters given by the sounder, after the manner of operators when "trying" their key. During these efforts on "their" part, Mr. Rowley lifted his hand intending to lay it off toward the other end of the slate; and while his hand was entirely clear of the box, the sounder went on with its characters without interruption.

Here is demonstrative evidence that the key in the box is operated without physical contact. The conditions here are such that the operating of the sounder is conclusive evidence that the key in the box is operated. The sounder being operated intelligently is proof positive that the key in the box is operated intelligently. But the key in the box is so situated that no embodied intelligence can exert its bodily organs thereon; and the

key in the box works perfectly without any intelligence-body touching even the box much less the key in the box. From these facts as premises, what conclusion is necessitated? Simply this: The key in the box is operated by disembodied intelligence.

For the purposes of this inquiry intellect and spirit are synonymous terms. In discussions on Moral Science and Theology, we may separate the mental from the moral faculties, but after all, they are both only faculties of the individualized mind. When we speak of the Divine Mind, we mean the same Being as though we had said Infinite Spirit. Ideally, we may separate the one class of faculties from the other, as attributes, the same as we may separate the will from the judgment; but as a matter of fact they are all but different functions of one intelligence. In other words, our moral powers are as much a part of our intelligence as are our reasoning powers or our sensibilities. It would be absurd for one to say, "Here is a communication from a disembodied intelligence, but it is not from disembodied spirit." Intelligence without spirit is just as absurd as spirit without intelligence. In any possible sense in which they are not synonymous, they are at least inseparable.

But the mass of mankind will concede this point without argument. I only dwell thus far upon it, because a certain peculiar class of metaphysicians who have been driven to admit that these communications are free from fraud, have sought to attribute them to "some force which assumes the garb of intelligence." Think of it. Blind force assumes intelligence! It is the language of desperation. Driven to the very brink, they now clutch at the misty fog which hides the abyss that awaits them. If they had said, some force which possesses intelligence, then I would be with them, except that I should insist on reversing the terms. Intelligence possesses force, not force possesses intelligence. Even the Infinite One would come under that definition. But, for argument's sake let it stand. A force which possesses intelligence—an intelligent force—what is that but individualized spirit? Intelligence implies individuality, and therefore to speak of intelligence as a thing which may be put on or off as a garment, is too ridiculous to bear a moment's consideration. As well might some flash of atmospheric electricity assume to transmit to-night's report of the Associated Press.

#### WHAT NEXT?

To-day while at Rowley & Whitney's office, I witnessed the following:

89 Euclid Ave., Tuesday Jan. 10, 1888.

Memorandum.—I called to-day to arrange for another extended interview with Dr. Wells son. I saw that the instruments were working so easily that it occurred to me to try whether something could not be done with the box open. We opened the box. Mr. Rowley rested his right arm on the back of his chair, steadied the forearm with his left hand, brought his thumb gradually down toward the branch lever, and while there was a clear space of from half to three quarters of an inch between the key and his thumb the lever operated perfectly. There in broad daylight (4:15 P. M.) with the box wide open and everything in plain sight, I saw the key lever move up and down more than fifty times, making perfect dots and dashes on the sounder, and nothing touching the key lever nor nearer to it than his thumb, which was from half to three quarters of an inch away. During this manifestation, Mr. Rowley's body was repeatedly and severely shocked, and the strain on his nerves was obviously very trying. The intelligences operating this have thus demonstrated that, with a sufficient supply, they can utilize this force to operate the key, notwithstanding the opposition offered by interference of light.

I then asked Dr. Wells if he could move the key so violently that I could hear it with the box shut. I closed the box, put my ear on the slate, held the sounder lever down to keep it still, and then I heard the key lever rattle up and down more rapidly than the hammer moves in alarm clock or a telephone bell. It continued to rattle for about half a minute. Then I got further evidence that they apply the force to the branch lever. The branch lever, as I have explained before, is a slender piece of brass, one end fastened to the top of the main lever, and curving up, convex toward the slate and tapering almost to a point at the free end, which is well below and away from the under side of the slate. As soon as the rattling ceased, the point of the branch lever was pulled down and let fly up, as if one would pull it down with the end of his finger nail, and suddenly let the nail slip off the end of the spring. It rung like a tooth in the steel comb of a music box. It was rung thus ten or twelve times, and could be plainly heard from any part of the room. With my ear on the slate, I could exactly locate the vibrating point after the sound was too feeble to be heard without the ear so placed. This is also proof that the spring cannot touch the under side of the slate, for if it could at all, it would do so when allowed to fly up, and we should have heard it strike the slate. The last touch of the spring against the slate would also have stopped it from ringing. During this time Mr. Rowley had one hand on each end of the box.

What shall we look for next? Indeed, what further proof could be desired or imagined?

The next paper will present a resumé of the physical proofs, and resume the metaphysical.

H. D. G.



## Where Does the Danger Lie?

To be properly qualified to point out dangers resulting from intercourse with spirits one must either have gained experience through personal sufferings or have been elevated to some superior plane of knowledge, either through research and study in this life, or by a knowledge stored up in the soul's experiences in a former life, and spontaneously bearing fruit in the present.

We Spiritualists are apt to think we have solved all the problems of the next world, and stand upon the mountain heights of spiritual knowledge. We settle, out of hand, every question that comes before us relating to spiritual matters, and our backs are very prone to rise in a cat-like arch of indignation if anyone appears upon the scene professing to know a little more than we do, and offering to throw a little more light upon our pet subject. We immediately put on smoked glasses; we decline to see their light; we show our teeth and our claws, and often turn and fly in a storm of snarling invectives and execrations.

But we have still a great deal to learn. Indeed, we have to go back to the very foundations, and learn the causes at work behind the phenomena which have primarily attracted our attention, and, like the dazzling rays of a light to which the eye has long been unaccustomed, have blinded us as to the nature of the light itself. As our mental vision clears and steadies itself, we shall begin to appreciate things at their true value. Meantime, until that does take place, we mistake shadows for the real objects upon which our intellectual vision should be fixed.

If we have been the pioneers along a road suffered by the neglect of other mental leaders through the lapse of centuries to become overgrown to the extent of total obliteration, we are learning that the same road was open to the peoples of ancient times; and remains open to the representatives of those ancient days still existent in the East. We perceive that one reason why the road was suffered to become overgrown and closed was because of certain superstitions and evil practices to which those nations became addicted, by which the nature of man became degraded, and by following which he found himself at length brought up by a dead wall of non-progression. Hence those nations have fallen into decay. They are either destined to drop off the face of human life altogether as nations, or, being re-etherified and vitalized by some new mental impulse received from younger nations, to become completely transformed, and thus enabled to march on with the rest.

A huge responsibility rests upon Spiritualists, who have been made the consignees of a great truth, out of which a science can be evolved which, in its acceptance and study, must completely revolutionize the whole human race. And that race, spurred on by the necessities of a gigantic mental evolution, by no means waits for the slow progress of Spiritualists; but its scientists, always on the verge of new discoveries which may land them at any moment in another world, have seized upon, and appropriated as a legitimate field of inquiry, one of the radicals of spiritual science, namely, mesmerism, or hypnotism. Already do they discover the extraordinary powers of the human Will, and the dangers attending that passivity which has been inculcated as one of the leading and most essential qualifications to be possessed by those whom Spiritualists have selected as their public exponents of truth and heavenly wisdom. It might be right enough to so accept them, were they always of a high and purified nature; but the very opposite is, as a general rule, too painfully apparent. The appalling catastrophes which may befall a hypnotized subject, passively, helplessly obedient to the will of another; the slow and gradual loss of all power of moral discrimination, under such deteriorating mental influences; and the fact that a suggested crime always leaves in the mind a germ of evil, which in moments of normal consciousness may eventually produce fruits of real and voluntary criminality, should open the eyes of Spiritualists to the dangers attending this much-lauded yielding up of our own wills. In a state of helpless trance, to entitles we complacently take for granted are good, but have no means of proving, except by experience, that they are; and to gain such experience we frequently find ourselves irremediably plunged into sufferings and tortures which threaten to unseat the reason.

The human Will is the only safeguard a man possesses against any danger, whether moral or physical. A will trained up to such a point of potency may quell a raging lion of the jungle, and bring him to lie down harmless at the feet of the man he threatened to destroy. It is the Will which surrounds us with that invisible armor of defense through which the powers of evil cannot penetrate. And this only safeguard the ignorant Spiritualist lays down at the feet of the first comer who would take upon himself the duties and responsibilities of guiding, for all intents and purposes, the most precious of all things—a human soul. Now this spirit-guide becomes the mesmerizer, the hypnotizer, to whom the ordinary medium yields himself as an instrument to do with absolutely as he pleases; to manipulate, as it were, mentally, psychically, physically,—for what purpose? That phenomena transcending the ordinary powers of man, called spiritual, may be produced by means of his passive body and soul. He renounces himself; in short, he yields up his self-mastery; he becomes, to all intents and purposes, self-annihilated for a time, returning always into a body more or less weakened, a mind divested of a portion of its normal, healthful strength. For no one can perpetually and habitually yield to mesmeric control without the mind losing gradually its powers, and approaching to a more or less idiotic condition, the body becoming a home unit for the soul. It is the case with those who are continually subjected to earthly mesmerizers for purposes of exhibition, who become gradually transformed, leading an incomplete earthly life, and a psychic life that must necessarily become more or less a blank. They become the psychical puppets of the hypnotizer; mirrors to reflect his will only. The evolution of the soul into higher spiritual conditions must, for the time being, be arrested for them.

I am sure everyone can remember instances of persons who have seemed, from the effects of habitual trances, to have lost their mental power; to have also, sad to relate, apparently become reduced to a state of moral weakness which rendered them powerless to discriminate between good and evil. This condition ensues upon the abuse of mesmerism or hypnotism. It is the perversion of that state which, in its lawful form, is the normal exaltation of a purified soul, lifted above the earth, the body no longer a dead weight upon its soaring powers; when it enters voluntarily, and consciously, into a holy ante-chamber wherein it communes with the blessed, and enjoys a foretaste of Heaven. From this state, attained by self-purification, the soul descends strengthened, still more purified,

happy, with the intellect brightened by spiritual light, and better able than before to perform its earthly duties. Its spiritual armor becomes so impregnable that evil is turned aside and false innocuous, powerless.

Mesmerism, or hypnotism, lawfully exercised, is the greatest of blessings to the human race; but every good may be perverted, and become transformed into a curse. In striving to learn the dangers of Spiritualism, we must endeavor to have our eyes spiritually opened to perversions. All that causes moral and mental deterioration, and physical incapacity, is a danger, an evil. The object unceasingly held before the eyes of a true Spiritualist should be self-elevation and purification; that inner growth which leads to complete self-mastery in the first place, and in the second, to the mastery over every evil power in Nature.

To dabble in Spiritualism for the mere sake of phenomena, or the premature forcing of a few abnormal gifts, or the obtaining of powers which may enable one to make money by trading upon the weaknesses or susceptibilities of a clientele intent only upon the most worldly objects, is a perversion of that which, on its legitimate side, destroys in us "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and lifts us to the spiritual condition of those holy ones whose light shines from afar upon our path—a Moses, a Gautama Buddha, a Jesus, or Apollonius of Tyana.

This subject is far too vast and deep for the space allotted to each contributor in "Light." One could easily fill a volume pointing out the blessings, and possible perversions, of the grandest knowledge and powers it is possible for a man to obtain.

The danger of thrusting oneself unprepared upon that world which, to our unclouded vision, seems a world of shadows; to invite, with an idiotic lightness, the influence, nay, the control absolutely, of its unsuspected hordes of preying, malignant entities, whose functions in the service of nature are ranged upon the side of destruction; have been, and are, sufficiently proved by many catastrophes which, to our certain knowledge, have befallen those daring adventurers, lured by no higher motives than those of curiosity, or personal gain, however uncertain the latter might be; who have tried to seize by assault those powers and gifts which the spiritual man trains himself for, and with which nature crowns his successful work.

A man's only safeguard is in his virtue, i.e., his strength of character on the side of good. But even the good, as we call them, have suffered immensely, and do suffer, from a rash attempt to open a communion that for them may be merely closed. A spiritual man grows into this state normally; if a man forces it prematurely, it is dangerous for him. If a man immersed in worldliness could have his eyes suddenly opened to his spiritual or astral surroundings, he would be appalled, possibly driven mad. Yet this is what he invites to declare itself to him, to unfold itself to his sensations, when it is no wonder those sensations become of a most distressing nature, and if he does not succeed in regaining his previous state of protection, he is driven to commit suicide, or becomes insane.

I have said elsewhere that we know very little about "elementals," or nature spirits, as they are sometimes called. It is impossible to enter upon that subject except in a very slight way in this paper, and I can only say this much, a man reckons without his host if he imagines he can do anything at all without them. It is impossible to avoid them as to avoid the air he breathes. They are Nature's most industrious, most useful, most indispensable workers—on the side of evil as well as of good.

In considering, or treating of, the dangers attending spirit intercourse, we should not think solely of our own personal safety, which may be secured; but of the danger to others, to the ignorant, the unprepared, to say nothing of the vicious and impure. It is for them more especially the danger exists, and it is of a most appalling nature.

Penetration into that unknown world is not, for all, the easy sailing which some Spiritualists represent, judging from the childish prettinesses we frequently meet with in print and in social life, upon a rip-pleless summer sea, our barque adorned with silken sails, flowers and ribbons, glittering in the sunshine; ourselves lolling at ease in ecstatic laziness, softly towed to Heaven by a smiling angel-guide, who kindly whispers gentle platitudes we rapturously welcome as the acme of Divine wisdom never dreamed of before on earth, surprisingly new, and exquisite; revelations, in short, just dropped from Heaven, fresh and hot, like breakfast rolls; said benignant angel-guide kindly saving us all trouble in the matter of becoming spiritualized, having smoothed for us a royal road of progression, our qualifications to pursue which are summed up in the one word—passivity!

I do not wish to be too hard upon the pretty, but injurious, sentimentalisms which have sprung up, like a ready crop of mushrooms, under the aegis of worldly or fashionable Spiritualism; but there are those amongst us who find that progression; or spiritual evolution, means hard work, and hard fighting, in which the soul must engage alone, if it would win its crown; and who cannot by any means feel that every frisky sprite who thrums a tambourine overhead at a dark séance, is necessarily an angel, and suited to guide a soul through vicissitudes of spiritual growth that have caused hours of poignant sufferings to some of the greatest saints on earth. All the other is child's play. *Voilà toute la différence!*

NIZADA, in *Light*, London.

## Psychic Investigation.

## A Criticism of the Methods of the American Society for Psychical Research.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Committee of "Experimental Psychology," of the American Society for Psychical Research, have issued a circular, or their Secretary, Richard Hodgson, has done so, for the purpose of determining the nature of premonitory dreams. The purpose is "to ascertain the proportion between the number of persons in the community who have not had any such experiences at all; the number of persons who have had experiences coinciding with real events; the number of persons who have had experiences which, though similar to the foregoing in other respects, did not coincide with real events."

The first question asked is: "Have you within the past year, when in good health, had a dream of the death of some person known to you (about whom you were not anxious at the time) which dream you marked as an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted at least as long as an hour after you rose in the morning?"

There are eight questions in all, and to each is a blank space for fifty answers. The last four relate to being touched or having that sensation when "no one was there."

From a great number of answers the proportion between those who receive such impressions and those who do not, may be ascertained, but of what good will that be? Suppose one in fifty or one in fifty thousand receives them, does that advance us one step toward the solution? The entire series of eight questions, with their qualifying conditions, are a remarkable example of the puerility of the method of investigation of those who attempt experimental psychology,—an example of "how not to do it," with the show of marvellous attention to detail and exactitude, which would be right if exerted in the proper direction, but having no relation to the vital question at issue, are as ludicrous as the strutting drum-major before the martial band.

Premonitions given in dreams do not occur to every one. They are, in fact, rare and given to an extremely small number. The exact ratio between those who receive them and who do not, is not of the least consequence; nor has the fact that such dreams were received within the past year, or "within the past three years," or "within the past twelve years," or "at any time during life," or "whether you were anxious at the time." The question is, are they ever received? Has any one ever had a premonitory dream that has been verified by subsequent events? The reception of such impressions indicates a sensitive condition, by no means common, and any number of negatives proves nothing.

The committee overlook an important fact, which vitiates the conclusions they may draw from the answers; that when dreams are fulfilled they are remembered, and when not, forgotten. A dream three years passed—much more twelve years—which was only a dream, would not probably be recalled. To gather a mass of experiences on this subject with accurate details would be commendable, but to form a theory and issue a circular for the purpose of eliciting answers, which shall support such theory, is far from a correct method of gaining a knowledge of the truth. This circular should have been still more extended in its research, and put such queries as these: "Have you within the past twelve years had a dream of the death of some person (whom you were not anxious about) while you were asleep, with your head to the north, and lying on your right side, and when you awoke were you refreshed by your sleep or otherwise? What day of the month and hour of the night did it occur; and what quarter of the moon? Did you mention it to any one at the time, and have you within the past year? Were you married or single at the time, and what were the remarks of your wife, if you had one?"

Consider, Psychological Committee, what a mass of rubbish you might collect, equal to the largest heaps your English namesake so indubitably piles up, and which with rare exception has no relation which ordinary minds can conceive, to the subject in hand!

Premonitions given in sleep we call dreams; those while waking, impressions, and the ages testify to the fact. The multitude who have not had the experience are not a quantity in this equation. One may be abroad on a starry night and see a blazing meteor in the heavens, while a whole city may be wrapped in slumber, nor see a gleam of light. We accept the positive evidence though opposed by negative testimony of a crowd. There is already enough rubbish gathered in the name of science, the most abused term in the language.

Berlin Heights, O. HUDSON TUTTLE.

## THE BABY'S HALO.

## A Radiant and Unexplainable Phenomenon.

The Three-Year-Old Child of a Mound City Man is Suddenly Seized With a Deep Sleep and Enveloped in an Aureole of Light—Physicians Puzzled and Everybody Mystified.

A little cottage on the Olive street road has a sensation beneath its modest roof that needs no embellishment of pen to interest the people of St. Louis, says the *Sunday Sayings* of that city.

Berty Field is the youngest of the five children born to Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Field. Mr. Field came to St. Louis from Philadelphia in 1879. He had been married only a short time, and had but one child, now a bouncing bright-eyed school girl.

About three weeks ago Mr. Field, who was then in Cheyenne, received a telegram from his wife that made him hostile to catch the next train. The dispatch indicated that something serious had happened to his youngest child, the only boy of all his children and the pride of his heart.

Upon his arrival at home Mr. Field's worst fears were stimulated by finding his wife and children huddled about the crib of little Berty, crying as though their hearts would break. The room where the little one lay was lit by a strange light that seemed to come from the bedchamber about the child, and to the excited imagination of Mr. Field the baby seemed to be on fire.

"In God's name," he cried, "what is the matter? What has happened to my darling boy?"

Mrs. Field did her best to suppress her sobs and explain matters as far as she could. She told her husband that the day before she sent the telegram the child was seized with drowsiness while at play in the sitting-room, and while apparently in the best and brightest of spirits, dropped over upon its back and began breathing heavily and with difficulty. In her alarm she slapped its hands and did what she could to bring it back to consciousness, but her efforts were fruitless. When Mamie, her daughter, came home she depicted her for the doctor, but the doctor was out, and might not return for hours. Almost beside herself, she picked the child up in her arms and rushed out to invoke aid of the neighbors. Fortunately Mrs. Cadwallader, who resides opposite the Fields, is a professional nurse, and when she saw the baby's face she had no hesitancy in pronouncing the trouble cataplexy. There was a crumb of comfort in this and Mrs. Field was persuaded to return home, which she did. Late in the evening the doctor called, and after a careful examination of the child's pulse, heart, lungs and temperature, endorsed the opinion of Mrs. Cadwallader, but preferred to administer no restorative until the next day, by which time, he expressed the belief that the symptoms would develop unmistakably.

That night Mrs. Field kept a solitary vigil by the little one's bed, waiting and watching, with the patience that only a mother can summon, for the first sign of consciousness in her child. The oil had burned low in the lamp, and the shadows began to cluster about the watcher and sleeper, when the attention of Mrs. Field was suddenly drawn to a bright reflection upon the headboard of the crib. She looked back of her in alarm, thinking some one had entered the room

with a fresh lamp, but all was still and dark and when her eyes returned to her child the light had grown, its rays extending almost to the ceiling. Little by little, as the morning sun creeps over the hill top, the luminous rays crept above the sleeping baby's head and stole silently over its face until it reached the tip of its shoulder, where it remained stationary.

The dazzling whiteness of the light and the phenomenal character of the visitation coupled with the deep sense of her own lonely position, was a terrible test to the poor woman's nerves; but she never once moved, she says, and kept her eyes riveted, like one entranced, upon the now luminous face of her baby boy.

The beauty of childhood thus radiated like a tribute from Heaven to the sleeping innocence, and the hot tears stole down the mother's cheeks as the thought occurred to her that maybe the angels were stealing her darling away. She took the little hand that hung over the side of the crib in hers. It was warm, and a thrill of unspeakable pleasure shot through her frame as she dared to hope that this deep mystery might pass away and leave her baby safe behind.

This was the statement made by Mrs. Field to her husband, but there was little in it that helped him to fathom the mystery surrounding his child. He lifted Berty from his crib, and it was observed that the halo was immediately extinguished; but when he replaced the child the light returned. Concluding that the light proceeded from some action of the headboard of the crib he took Berty away and placed him in his mother's lap, and put one of the other children in the crib, being careful to lay the child in the position occupied by Berty. Still the light came not. Whatever the magic spell that fed it certain it was Berty held the key, for the moment he was returned to the crib the mystic rays shot forth from his curly head as sparks from a leyden jar, illuminating the gloom of the apartment and enveloping the upper part of the child's head with almost blinding brilliancy.

Meanwhile Berty slept so serenely and naturally that there was little reason to fear the consequences, although Mr. Field was unwilling to await developments. He preferred to help developments along, and that same night there were no less than five physicians at the bedside of the tiny sleeper. When the usual restoratives had failed to effect, recourse was had to electricity. A small battery was secured and the conductors placed in the child's hands and held there by the doctors. In response to a gentle current the child sat upright and opened its eyes. The bright little orbs traveled inquiringly from one face to another in the room and then his face was drawn up as though he was going to cry.

At this moment the phenomenon took an extraordinary turn. The halo around the child's head increased in brilliancy for a moment, and then its monotonous whiteness gave place to a deep blue, which was succeeded by a golden yellow, only to be followed a moment later by a rich violet hue. The blue and yellow returned after a little, blending their beauty with the yellow, and while the astonished witnesses to these wonders stood mute the light assumed all the colors of the prism.

Meanwhile the muscles of the child's face had relaxed somewhat, assuming an expression almost beatific. The relaxation of the muscles of the face extended to the other muscles of the body, and soon Berty sank back upon the pillow.

The force of the electric current, which had not been increased after the first shock, was now cut off altogether, and immediately the various colors disappeared from the child's head, leaving only the luminous condition which had preceded their appearance.

The child had been several days without nourishment of any kind whatever, and it was determined to administer food through the mouth by injection. Some beef tea was prepared by Mrs. Field and the physician in charge, from whom, by the way, the facts concerning this extraordinary case were obtained, forced it down the child's throat with a syringe. Little difficulty was experienced in administering the liquid, and to the delight of all, it was observed that the muscles of the child's throat responded promptly to the requisition made upon them by the food. The action was perfectly natural, and as the question of properly stimulating the child is now no longer in doubt, nothing remains but to wait the result of the struggle between nature and the phenomenal power that has laid hold upon it. Meanwhile the child's head and face give forth the same luminous rays the superinduced cause of which has thus far bid defiance to scientific theory.

The doctor visits the bedside of the little sleeper three or four times a day, and is keeping a careful diary of the various changes in this, his most extraordinary case.

## A System of Class Work for Lyceums.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Our Lyceums have, as a rule, a systematized order of exercises, in which the whole school participates; but when it comes to class instruction many teachers feel the need of an outlined system of work, within which, at the same time, they would be allowed a certain freedom of action.

The lack of system has resulted in many irregular methods. Some have superseded the work of the week day school by attractive talks on chemistry and natural history, to the neglect of special moral and religious instruction. The former cultivates that portion of the intellect that has had its due attention during the week. Liberalism is apt to run to such intellectualism that spiritual life is left in the background. Our duty as Lyceum teachers is simply to educate that portion of the intellect that is essentially moral and religious; to develop the finer nature of the child that he may intelligently appreciate the duties he owes to himself and to his neighbor, and that he may cope with questions of right and wrong with an active educated moral sense. We must remember, unfortunately, that we have only half an hour a week to impart this.

The Ethical Culture Societies are endeavoring to systematize their work. In the infant classes they use carefully selected stories and fables, mythological tales, and incidents from the Bible, that interest and at the same time carry the moral with them. Young children have not the reasoning faculty developed. Their natures are imaginative and emotional. They do not pay as much attention to the "you must not do so and so because it is wrong," as to the same thought clothed in a story. For instance, if you teach the idea of the wrongfulness of an action, through a story that has a special bearing on the subject, they will remember the story and unconsciously assimilate, and be influenced by the moral lesson through their innate appreciation of goodness. One reason why the Bible has such a strong hold upon humanity, it contains so many allegories, parables and stories of beautiful lives and deeds that the heart is stirred to noble

aspirations. It reaches our hearts because it has more than nature, it has human nature; and so in our selections of stories for children, let them be full of beautiful human nature.

A higher class of children from ten to twelve years of age should go through a systematized course of moral lessons. All that would come under the head of duties to self,—physical, mental and moral; also duties pertaining to others—to the home, to the school and to humanity. This is only a general outline, capable of numerous subdivisions. This will inculcate the idea of self-reform and self-improvement.

A. Vessiot, the Academic Inspector of schools at Marseilles, France, says:

"It is the child himself who ought to draw the rules and moral laws from the facts which contain them, as the fruit contains the seed; and this is not so difficult as it appears. A reading furnished, a story related, on the special subject before the class to be discussed, the teacher by means of questions, invites the judgment of the child on the actions of this or that character who has figured in the legend, or to draw inferences of right and wrong from any abstract subject under discussion; rarely does the child err as to the moral value of the actions submitted to his consideration. The teacher then asks the child if he would pronounce a similar judgment on all men who should act in the same way, and thus leads him to generalize his decision; that is to formulate a principle, a rule. The child thus becomes his own legislator; he has himself discovered the law; having made it he understands it, and he obeys it more willingly because it has imposed itself upon his reason instead of being imposed upon his will."

For older pupils of twelve and fourteen, should be continued a more complex system of ethical culture suited to their years. This class should receive instruction on moral and religious questions, especially through biography. A certain character is presented for study,—say Lucretia Mott. The children are encouraged to hunt up for the following Sunday, incidents in the life of this beautiful character. The teacher has read her life, noting down all the essential features that will attract, instruct and elevate,—special emphasis being placed upon her sweet self-sacrificing nature through the work she accomplished for the benefit of humanity, thus trying to inspire the same spirit within the hearts of our pupils. Select beautiful thoughts for mottoes from her lectures for the pupils to memorize. This course of ethical instruction will create a tendency to read a higher class of books. Right reading produces right thinking, and right thinking, right action.

The class for young men and women, could be devoted to moral and social self-reform. Questions on the ethics of social life and how they, as individuals, could assist in advancing the moral well being of society; the ethics pertaining especially to young manhood and womanhood; the laws of purity; the temperance question—in fact all questions of deepest moment to themselves and others.

From the infant class up we should inculcate the sweetest thoughts of Spiritualism; but, especially in these classes of young men and women should be commenced a systematized course of the science, religion and philosophy of Spiritualism, which should be continued through the adult group. This would aid in the intelligent promulgation of Spiritualism, giving us knowledge of the laws of which we are in possession, and also reasons, beyond mere phenomena, why we are Spiritualists.

The adult group should continue this course on Spiritualism. Also discuss the great religions of the world, analyzing them in the light of our present knowledge, and the work they have accomplished in civilization. Also questions on metaphysical subjects.

As an outcome of this class could be formed two groups, one for men, the other for women, to meet once a month, to discuss questions in which they are especially interested. For instance the men could take up the ethics of married and business life. The mothers could discuss questions of married life, household economy, care and punishment of children. Both men and women should here inform themselves on the higher aspects of political government that in voting they may intelligently promote the welfare of their fellow citizens. This should be an education for the women, that when the time comes, she may have an intelligent understanding of her duties to the government.

This is a general outline of the work. It leaves room for the utmost freedom at the same time it requires a great deal of study on the part of the teacher—more than many can spare the time for. We should, for the benefit of the children, have books prepared for the use of the teachers to aid them in a systematic course of ethical teaching. By this mode the pupils could be promoted from class to class, and thus the parent and the teacher would feel assured of the work that had been accomplished, in the moral and religious training of those under their care.

Too much cannot be said in favor of poetical mottoes for all, from the infant to the adult groups. We all remember a mythical arrangement of words learned in early childhood which seems almost impossible to erase from the memory. "There is no place," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "which an author's thoughts can nestle in so securely as the memory of a school boy or a school girl." How much strength in times of trouble and temptation is given us through recalling these noble thoughts of encouragement. These "gems" will be always a moral support, and act as a stimulus to know more of the authors. Consequently the selections should be followed by the author's name, and therefore from the writings of men and women who have led noble lives; otherwise the ideal formed of the author, by the child, will likely have a fall, proving detrimental to the child in more ways than one. Selections from the Christian or other Bibles would require the book, chapter and verse.

Before or after the talk by the teacher, a poem illustrative of the lesson could be read. Too much cannot be said of the value of poetry of the right kind. It has a refining influence. The story and moral is couched in such rhythmical language, that it is attractive to the pupil. For instance, if the lesson is on the protection children owe to birds, Longfellow's *Birds of Killingworth*, would be appropriate.

Public recitations and original essays written by the pupil, specially belong to our Lyceums.

Recitations before the whole school is intended, through the selection, to act as a moral stimulus. John B. Peaslee says: "You are aware that years ago it was almost the universal custom for teachers, to set apart Friday afternoons for declamation; but the exercise in declamation differed widely from memorizing and reciting gems of thought, which I advocate. Then the pupils were permitted to commit to memory whatever they thought best. The result was, that in a ma-



majority of cases the selections contain no literary or moral merit. They were made more from a desire on the part of the pupil to have something "new," or to create a laugh, than from any other cause. The time spent in committing such pieces was, in my opinion, worse than wasted, for there was nothing in them worth remembering. Their effect was to vitiate the tastes of the pupils for good literature, rather than to give them a love of it. Everything should be made secondary to one great object; namely, storing the minds of our youth with grand and ennobling thoughts, clothed in beautiful language; thoughts that will incite them to noble aspirations in life; thoughts that inculcate virtue, patriotism, love of God, of father, of mother, kindness to dumb animals, and that give correct rules of action.

I will quote again from John Peaslee on the moral value of authorial birthdays: "Authorial birthday celebrations interest the pupils in the writer and his works as nothing else can. They educate the whole community. The celebration of the birthdays of Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, the Cary Sisters, and others, has caused an increased demand for their books; and every good book that goes into a family is a moral and educational force. This attachment of the children to those great and pure men and women is a touching and pleasing result of the celebrations."

It would be well to have portraits of our great men and women hanging up in our Lyceum rooms. They act as an inspiration. I believe in inculcating the idea of prayer. Of course I mean from a rationalistic standpoint: the uplifting of a heart to a power higher than ourselves. It quiets and softens our hearts in time of trouble. It is logical to think humanity could not have been evolved from a source that did not possess, in divine measure, the attributes of love and helpfulness which, in a greater or less degree, is the gift of all; and so we reach upward to that source of divine love and helpfulness, and draw to ourselves waves of hope and comfort.

It develops reverence and spirituality, which are the most refining faculties we possess. James Freeman Clarke says:—"Without reverence life loses one of its chief charms, character becomes angular and harsh, conduct grows willful. Dignity, harmony, and the highest culture depend on reverence. . . . Reverence for noble things opens the soul to what is heavenly and brings down God into our hearts."

This idea of prayer includes the thought of God, as an all-pervading source of divine love and wisdom. Looking up to an ideal has a tendency to elevate and refine. It strengthens and develops the spiritual side of our nature against the materialistic tendencies of the day.

A LYCEUM TEACHER,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### Woman's Conference.

LYDIA R. CHASE, LEADER.  
2139 URBAN PLACE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

### GOING HOME.

Kiss me when my spirit flies;  
Let the beauty of your eyes  
Beam along the waves of death  
While I draw my panting breath,  
And are borne to yonder shore  
Where the billows beat no more,  
And the notes of endless spring  
Through the groves immortal ring.

I am going home to-night  
Out of blindness into sight,  
Out of weakness, war and pain,  
Into power, peace and gain,  
Out of winter gale and gloom  
Into summer breath and bloom;  
From the wanderings of the past  
I am going home at last.

Kiss my lips and let me go;  
Nearer swell the solemn flow  
Of the wondrous stream that rolls  
By the borderland of souls;  
I can catch sweet strains of songs  
Floating down from distant throngs,  
And can feel the touch of hands  
Reaching out from angel bands.

Anger's frown and Envy's thrust,  
Friendship chilled by cold distrust,  
Sleepless nights and weary morn,  
Toil in fruitless land forlorn,  
Aching head and breaking heart,  
Love destroyed by Slander's dart,  
Drifting ship and darkened sea,  
Over there will righted be.

—James G. Clark.

### The Woman's Medical Club.

To Mrs. Lillian C. Randall and the Buffalo Courier:—The Woman's Conference is indebted for a report of the work done by their sisters in that city. The Courier says: That medicine is becoming a lucrative profession for women is seen in the constant increase made each year to the number of women students in the medical department of the Buffalo University. The woman students have a fully organized and well equipped society, holding its meetings through the courtesy of the Women's Union, at 25 Niagara Square, each Saturday night. The society is known as the Woman's Medical Club of Buffalo. The officers are, Mrs. S. R. Colgrove, president; Mrs. Lillian C. Randall, vice president; Miss Elizabeth Toynbee, secretary; Mrs. Ellen Sprague, treasurer.

The objects of the club are similar in every respect to those of men's medical societies. While its chief aim is educational, it has also a social side. It proposes to recognize and aid, so far as possible, women medical students or practitioners who come to Buffalo as strangers. The club is not intended solely for students, but for the college alumnae as well. At its regular meetings papers are prepared, read and discussed, with quizzes. The society is intended to meet a need supplied by similar organizations among the male students at the medical college. There are two of these societies, but only one of them has, we believe, officially recognized the women students. This year there are some twenty women students at the college, a larger number than ever before. Only one or two are Buffalonians.

The Buffalo Sunday Morning News says of the General Hospital—an Annex of the Medical College: Much has been said and written of the unselfish devotion of a good woman; but no one can more appreciate the truth of this, than one who has been ill and owes his restoration to health to the faithful care of a nurse. Many a pretty romance might be written of the hearts which have been won by even amateur nursing; how much more, then, can be said to day, when professional nursing has assumed so delightful an aspect, and is proving even more charmingly fatal.

Years ago, one's idea of a nurse was embodied in Sairy Gamp. Her advent struck terror to the hearts of an entire family. Death seemed preferable to the infliction. The house was upset from garret to cellar; the family

in duance vile; a pot of tea was perpetually steaming in the kitchen and a curious woman with an eye like a gimlet, was fairly drawing every skeleton from your darkest closet, to be criticised, you felt sure, the moment she left for her next case.

To-day, a trained nurse means a pretty, bright, educated young woman, with a pleasant smile, a charming manner, a dainty cap and uniform, who proves herself a delightful companion during the long, tedious days when one is slowly creeping back to life.

The Training School for Nurses in our own city, is so well organized, and so perfectly systematized, as to demand more than casual notice. The requirements put upon those who wish to enter, and the rules and regulations which bind them during their two years of work, are calculated to render them everything to be desired.

In the first place, to be admitted, a girl must be between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-five. She must be in perfect health, have a thoroughly good education, and give unexceptionable references. Once admitted, she is put upon a month's probation. At the end of that time, if she has proved herself adapted to the work, she assumes the snowy cap and apron, dons the dainty blue and white gown; in short, she "puts her uniform on," and enters upon a further probation of two months, after which her time of trial is over.

The clinic room in the hospital is the finest west of New York, and seated upon the edge of a table here, the writer indulged in a long talk with the superintendent of the nurses: "There are usually present at the operations, the surgeons, medical students, myself and as many of the nurses as can be spared. The nurses seldom faint while witnessing an operation, the students often. But then, you know, when a girl gets as far as the clinic room she is expected to have great self-control. We occasionally have girls come here whose credentials have been favorable, but who, upon their advent, look with horror upon the duties they are expected to perform. Evidently their idea of nursing is to sit by one of the cots and bathe a patient's head. This class usually stay about two days. But the majority who come here know what is to be required of them, and are ready and willing to take up their work without one moment's flinching at a distasteful duty."

"What do I think of professional nursing for women? That it is a grand calling and worthy the highest type of noble womanhood. It is a mistake to feel that a nurse's hard work hardens her; on the contrary, it has a directly opposite effect. It makes her stronger, more tender and more womanly. As a rule, I have found that the more refined and delicate the girl, the better fitted she proves for the work. She elevates it to a higher standard. In short, do not think me over-enthusiastic when I say that a sweet, true woman sanctifies it."

The great event in the woman's world of Boston, last month, was the woman suffrage bazaar. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, president of the bazaar, who made the opening address, said in the course of her remarks: "It is not possible to understand to-day the heroism of the women who forty years ago took a stand for the recognition of the equality of women with men. Everywhere they were met with public persecution and loss of caste. Now they are everywhere received with courtesy, their genius is recognized, their doings applauded, and the noblest and best men are backing them up in their struggle."

### January Magazines Received Late.

WIDE AWAKE. (Boston.) An attractive frontispiece entitled, Miss Maud Howe and her dog Sambo, is accompanied by My friends the Dogs, by Miss Howe; a most valuable article is The Foster Children of George Washington, the first of Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton's series, Children of the White House; a dozen of the pencil pictures of child life by Warwick Brooks, together with an autograph letter of Mr. Gladstone, are given to the readers this month; Olive Risley Seward gives an exciting story of her journey to Peking with Secretary Seward; Mrs. General Fremont in her Cruise of a Coverlet, writes a pathetic account of Farragut and his flagship. Other articles, poems, notes and pictures make a delightful number.

THE CHICAGO LAW TIMES. (Chicago.) Contents: Lord Mansfield; Diogenes, or Antipater, Which? Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; The Sixteenth Amendment; Ethics of the Bar; Refraction of Evidence; Reform in Civil Procedure; Inter-State Commerce; Supreme Court Decisions; Department of Medical Jurisprudence; Editorial Notes and Reviews.

THE UNITARIAN. (Ann Arbor, Mich.) With the beginning of the New Year this Monthly is enlarged to 48 pages and assumes a colored cover. The Supplement gives an account of the increased subscription list and altogether the outlook for the coming year is brighter than the editor could hope. The price of subscription remains the same, \$1.00, a year.

MENTAL HEALING MONTHLY. (Boston.) Mrs. A. M. Diaz contributes an article upon the Denials of Jesus which is followed by Christian Science and philosophy before Plato; Christ in the Life; a first lesson in Christian science, and editorial notes.

BABYHOOD. (New York.) The contents being devoted exclusively to the subject of the Care of Infants and young Children must necessarily be of benefit to mothers and those having the care of children.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: The Spiritual Idea of Salvation; Charity Studies; Johannes Rouge and the English Protestants; Egyptian Doctrine of the Future Life; A Search after Truth, etc., etc.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) M. Louis Pasteur, with portrait, is the subject of the opening article for January, and this is followed by articles upon phrenology and kindred subjects.

HOME KNOWLEDGE. (New York.) The usual good reading made up of articles by popular writers, hints on health and notes of the day, comprise this month's contents.

THE CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICIAN. (Chicago.) This attractive quarterly has been changed to a Bi-monthly; but its purpose remains unchanged.

LE LOTUS. (Paris, France.) Many who are conversant with the French language find this an instructive and entertaining magazine.

THE PLATONIST. (Osceola, Mo.) An exposition of philosophic truth, with articles upon varied subjects for the thinker, philosopher and scholar.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (Northfield, Minn.) An interesting table of contents fills the January issue.

THE FREETHINKERS MAGAZINE. (Buffalo, N. Y.) The different departments are well filled for January.

THE PANSY. (Boston.) The little ones will find many pretty stories and illustrations for January.

HORTICULTURAL ART JOURNAL. (Rochester, N. Y.) Fruit and flower growers will find varied and timely reading in this monthly.

THE PATH. (New York.) A varied table of contents is found in the January issue of this Monthly.

### New Books Received.

THE USES OF RELIGION. By John W. Chadwick. D. D. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

MORALS VS. ART. By Anthony Comstock. The People's Library. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. Price, 10 cents.

THE WHITE CROSS. Its origin and progress. By B. P. DeCosta, D. D. Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Company.

THE HEALTH AND HOME LIBRARY. Chicago: Health and Home Publishing Co. Price, \$1 per year, and 30 cents a number, published quarterly.

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Takes up Mr. George's peculiar theories one by one and punctures them in a marvellous and witty effective manner. —Birmingham Republican.

Mr. Stebbins' work is a mine of information on the questions at issue, and his facts will stand examination. The review of Henry George is masterly. —The Unitarian.

No better antidote to the Georgian heresies could be devised or desired than this excellent work furnishes. . . . Mr. George constructs a strong case for the wealthy false premises that progress has brought wealth to the few and poverty to the many. —Inter Ocean.

"Is to-day better or worse than yesterday? As wealth grows and productive power increases does labor gain or lose?" are questions to which Mr. Stebbins gives valuable information. There are wrongs to be rectified, but the great tolling host is gaining instead of losing, in his conclusion. —Saginaw Courier.

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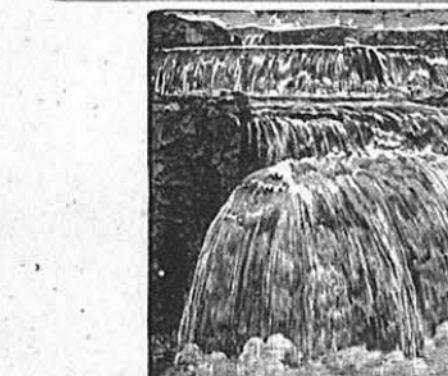
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 28, 1888.

## Status of the Spiritualist Movement—Its Needs.

Spiritualism does not stand before the world on its merits as it should, it is judged by its body of acknowledged followers, which body is in turn judged by the qualifications, achievements, character and standing of those most active in exemplifying its phenomena and philosophy. This latter class is made up of a motley mass of heterogeneous and incongruous elements. We have a small number of honest, zealous, highly inspired lecturers, but scarcely a well educated one in the whole number, or one who keeps abreast of modern criticism and the demands of rapidly increasing enlightenment; and of these few, nearly all are dependent upon a precarious, varying and uncertain income; they do the best they can under the circumstances, and are entitled to praise for their devotion, but they are not strong enough either in numbers or acquisitions to overshadow the host made up of ignorant pretenders, superstitious fanatics, and unprincipled persons possessing some medial power, who in common with pseudo mediums, drive a thriving traffic in commercial Spiritualism—that bastard product of prostituted mediumship, fraud and superstition. Educated and finely inspired individuals personally cognizant of spirit presence and who would under a better state of affairs stand before the public as exponents of our philosophy are crowded out or never enter upon the work; hundreds of well bred men and women with keen moral sense and highly developed medial powers, shrink from the open exercise of their mediumship and hide the knowledge of it from the world, as though it were something criminal or to be ashamed of. Because of all this, Spiritualism, the philosophy of life, which has brought into the individual experience of millions so much that is beautiful, good, comforting, ennobling, and inspiring, and in which lies the salvation of this world from sin and sorrow, because of all this, Spiritualism stands to-day in the eyes of the world posing, now as a charlatan, now as a harlequin, and rarely as the grand and noble thing it really is. That this is the status of the matter to-day cannot be truthfully or successfully denied. It is only the weak and cowardly who seek to hide from the unpleasant and dangerous; and the JOURNAL is now addressing the courageous, the duty loving, those ready to act when their judgment approves. The JOURNAL is glad to be able to bear witness to signs of improvement, to a growing moral sense, to clearing conceptions of what Spiritualism really is, to an increasing determination among the great body of rational Spiritualists to wrest the control of the Movement from the incompetent and venal factions which have so long made Spiritualism a reproach in the eyes of a world which at heart is in full sympathy with its central claim and fundamental doctrine.

There are certain imminent, imperative demands which Spiritualism makes of its intelligent and upright believers. It appeals to Spiritualists—not mere Spiritists—to (1) regulate the conduct of public mediums, (by moral force if possible) raising the standard of the medial profession by discountenancing all immoral and untrustworthy persons who are playing the vocation, however great may be their psychical powers, and (2) to see to it that the physical phenomena are only exhibited under such conditions as afford the physical senses of observers full play, sharply discountenancing and discouraging all alleged demonstrations which do not meet this requirement; at the same time (3) carefully

discriminating the utterances of trance mediums, differentiating so far as possible in the light of accumulated and constantly increasing knowledge of the subject, the various elements which give color, tone, and character to the communications; this needs to be done with increased care and unremitting vigilance both in the interests of individuals and of the Cause. These three demands are not here advanced as being new, or with the thought that most of the JOURNAL's readers have not already often considered them. The hope is, in freshly calling attention to them to stimulate more active participation in carrying them forward. Engrossed in business affairs, such matters naturally do not seem as weighty to Spiritualists generally as they do to the JOURNAL, or at least, are more likely to be side tracked to make way for seemingly more immediately personal interests. The more persistence displayed in actively meeting these demands the greater the potency of the JOURNAL's teachings and the earlier the advent of the day when Spiritualism shall be known and accepted for what it really is—the most potent agent of true happiness.

It seems clear as Monday to the JOURNAL that once the knowledge of Spiritualism is borne in upon an individual, once he feels the thrill of joy which comes with the certainty of existence beyond the grave and reunion with the loved ones gone before, once the vista of everlasting progress in spheres beyond opens to the vision, once he realizes what a peaceful, happy, just, moral world this would be were the philosophical and ethical teachings of Spiritualism universally understood, accepted and practiced, once all this is comprehended, it seems as though it ought to kindle the fires of a divine zeal such as would fill the soul with a never fading glow and distil from the heart a sweet desire to save all humanity and to hasten the day of universal happiness. Once the individual becomes a Spiritualist through and through, it seems to the JOURNAL that he can never feel satisfied with the mere personal possession of his spiritual jewels, but will unceasingly strive by all discreet methods to bring the world into equal and joint possession with him. In this attitude of mind, the JOURNAL stands appealing to you to do all that your conscience and your reason say you ought to encourage and enlighten the minds of millions of sympathetic inquirers, to strengthen the scientific foundations of Spiritualism and to aid in building thereon an enduring and magnificent temple from whose stately dome shall radiate a light that will be a beacon of hope to the darkest soul and penetrate to the remotest corners of the earth.

The JOURNAL has a great and constantly widening field before it. Every day brings new demands, fresh opportunities. The editor, who is his own publisher, needs your substantial assistance and active support. His resources are inadequate for the work in hand, a work much bigger than the mere publication of a weekly paper, and one which every friendly reader should have fully at heart and feel for it a personal responsibility. In developing the scientific side of Spiritualism any amount of money can be profitably used; in carrying forward the missionary work which crowds upon the JOURNAL with increasing weight each succeeding year, money is needed; the bureau of information which has grown up in the JOURNAL office until it has become an important and expensive adjunct, needs to be supported and improved. These are burdens that belong to the Spiritualist Movement, to those who desire the propagation of rational Spiritualism, and the editor should not be left to stagger under the load. Let us combine with the energy and liberality of other movements both religious, political, philanthropic and sociological, each of us doing our whole duty and freely contributing where there is need for it, let us do all this, nor rest content until it is done!

## Spirit Telegraphy.

The JOURNAL is receiving a large number of letters expressing interest in the series of papers now in course of publication under the euphonious but not wholly appropriate title, "From Here to Heaven by Telegraph." The articles require careful reading and retentive memory as they proceed, in order to grasp the exposition in its entirety. Nearly all the points which will trouble the mass of readers to fully understand can be made perfectly clear to them if they will consult some acquaintance who is a telegraph operator, and the few points, if any, which the operator does not fully comprehend can be readily explained by any one who is advanced in Natural Philosophy. The JOURNAL believes that the objections and queries which may occur to one who has only read the first two or three numbers will, as a rule, be fully anticipated and met in subsequent numbers. The subject is too extensive to be all treated at once. It is too big to be comprehended, unless thoroughly systematized. After Prof. G. has concluded his series of papers, he will no doubt hold himself ready to discuss any well considered objections that may come to him by correspondence through the editor of the JOURNAL. But before hastily proffering objections or asking questions, it will be well for those interested to be sure their point is not already covered in the exposition before them. The JOURNAL believes in the bona fides of Prof. G., and is confident that in Mr. Rowley's presence the telegraph instrument ticks off messages by the Morse alphabet without any mortal manipulation, and that there are many persons in the country whose mediumship can be utilized for independent, spirit telegraphy. But while

convinced of all this, the JOURNAL does not assume the attitude of a partisan, nor does it repel fair inquiry and criticism; on the contrary it invites the keenest scrutiny, and will co-operate in every laudable effort to more clearly solve this as well as other psychical problems.

## Education, not Aristocracy, in Religion.

Prof. Felix Adler in a recent address delivered in New York City before his society, took the ground that to attempt to teach the masses religious ideas is to waste time and effort in useless work. He admitted that religion is a universal and ineradicable element of human nature, but declared that men and women in general are incapable of experiencing deep religious feelings, of rising to majestic spiritual heights, and that in the whole history of the world there have been only a few great religious souls. As the power of mathematical calculation and of poetic imagination, and the musical faculty, are in no appreciable degree possessed by the masses, neither is the religious faculty, with the capacity for religious instruction. But few minds can grasp profound religious ideas and the attempt to present them to average minds can only result, he claimed, in narrowing, degrading and distorting religious truth, and levelling it to the grade of the ignorant.

"Let us," said the orator, "henceforth separate. Let us keep religion for the religious, and let us not make religion a common property. Let us guard religious truths and try to enhance them and preserve them from the contact of those who are not fit to approach them."

Prof. Adler's eloquent discourse was greeted with applause, and it was, without doubt, an eloquent and effective oratorical effort, but the JOURNAL is obliged to take exception to the reasoning and the conclusion of the address, the whole tendency of which is to encourage a religious aristocracy, a spiritual hierarchy, and an esoteric method of religious teaching like that of the old Egyptian priests. The idea is that religious truths are too high and noble for ordinary minds who are sure to misconceive and degrade them, and that they should, therefore, be confined to the few choice religious spirits who have the genius to appreciate their beauty and sublimity. Let vulgar minds keep to the low conceptions suited to their vulgar capacities and tastes.

It is too late in the day for such teachings as these, when their import and implications are fully understood, to find acceptance with any class of philosophic thinkers. If Prof. Adler held with Ingersoll and other superficial iconoclasts, that religion is nothing but superstition, and merely the result of ignorance, fear and imposture, he would be consistent in declaring it to be folly to attempt to present religious truths to the masses. But since he holds with all great thinkers, be they theists or agnostics, that religion is an element of human nature, and that there are great and important religious truths for those who have the capacity to rise to the height of understanding them, consistency demands that he recognize the importance of developing this religious element, purifying and elevating it, and of replacing as far as possible absurd and pernicious religious beliefs, with better, broader and sounder views. This can be done by those who have themselves attained to these more enlightened views, and who have the intellectual aptitude to instruct, combined with "the enthusiasm of humanity," such as Prof. Adler and his earnest workers possess.

No question is here raised as to what are the great religious truths perceived by those who have the religious faculty in an eminent degree, because the object of this criticism is not to insist upon the soundness or unsoundness of any speculative theory or religious doctrine. Its only purpose is to indicate the logical requirement and the moral importance of diffusing among the people by teaching, by discussion in the press and on the platform, the highest and best religious thought, if this thought is held to be true and valuable. The fact that all cannot receive it and assimilate it in a day or a year or a century in no way warrants apathy or indifference as to its diffusion.

Prof. Adler holds that religion fundamentally, is the expression of man's relation to the universe, and that of this relation all religious systems and ceremonies are but so many imperfect, and in some cases grotesque manifestations of man's religious nature. Now is it not clearly a part of the work of the teacher and reformer to add what he can to the correction of religious error, and the advancement of religious truths by discussing these systems before the people, exposing their errors, reaffirming their position, and making such contributions as may be possible to the solution of unsolved problems. Religion has been an important factor in the world's history and it powerfully affects the life of man. Undeveloped and undirected by intelligent guidance, it is often the source of great evil; but infused with intellectual and moral culture, it commands the admiration even of agnostics, not only those of the Kantian type, like Professor Adler, but those of the school of Herbert Spencer. Whatever, therefore, admits of study and can be known in regard to religion, should be considered a part of the important religious education of the people. Prof. Adler as a teacher of practical ethics and as an organizer of men for practical, charitable and humanitarian work has shown rare genius; as an exponent of philosophic and religious thought he appears, especially in his recent discourse, to much poorer advantage.

## "Threshing Straw."

On another page a valued correspondent and friend smilingly scolds Barton Brown and the JOURNAL for views held in common as to the uselessness of such expositions of the errors of the Bible and of the theology built thereon, as that of Mr. Tisdale's inspirational lecture published in the JOURNAL. Now as a matter of fact all parties to this friendly disagreement are correct. The only difference is the point of observation from which the subject is considered. That there is imminent need of just such iconoclastic work as that offered through Mr. Tisdale in this instance, goes without saying and from this view Brother Jackson is right. But the thought held by Barton Brown and the JOURNAL was this: Spiritualists and liberal thinkers to whom this lecture was addressed and who comprise the great body of those who heard or read it were already long past the personal need of witnessing this image-breaking effort and hence to them it was "threshing straw." And this together with the no less important fact that such "threshings" seldom come under the notice of those who would be benefited, make of them "straw" in a Spiritualist, liberal or free-thought paper. If by some happy chance the adherents of old theology could be made to listen and ponder such a lecture, it would do them a world of good no doubt. In this connection the JOURNAL desires to commend Mr. Tisdale as an able inspirational speaker and an honest gentleman of rational, common sense views, one well worthy the cordial sympathy and support of the Spiritualist public. He fully believes the lecture in controversy was the direct inspiration of an intelligence other than his own, and offers excellent reasons in support of this opinion.

The Unitarian, a monthly magazine established two years ago by Rev. J. T. Sunderland to "fill a long felt want" not supplied by our amiable little contemporary Unity has proven a greater success than its friends anticipated. With the January issue it was enlarged to 48 pages and the price raised to one dollar a year. The Unitarian represents the conservative side of the body calling itself Unitarian, as Unity voices the views of the radicals. Bro. Sunderland has a chronic fear of Spiritualism, apparently looking upon it with about the same sort of feeling he had for the devil before exchanging the Baptist pulpit for the Unitarian. Like many another, bred in the orthodox faith, he has discarded the creed but cannot shake off the spirit of old theology. Though to his personal knowledge there are Spiritualists whose theology is more akin to his own than is that of the Unity wing of alleged Unitarians, yet he professionally ignores their existence. In the supplement to his January magazine he mentions his desire to co-operate with Liberal Quakers and Liberal Jews, but fails to extend the hand of welcome to any class of Spiritualists. He is willing to tolerate Giles B. Stebbins, but not as a Spiritualist. Only when Bro. Stebbins expresses a desire to enter upon the work of the Unitarian ministry does Bro. Sunderland commend him to the "confidence of our churches." Now Bro. Stebbins is always and everywhere, in the pulpit or out of it, in public and in private, a consistent Spiritualist with the courage of his convictions and the discretion that comes with wisdom. His fine thoughts, gentle bearing and sweet soul will adorn any pulpit; and if by securing a foothold as a recognized Unitarian preacher he can get an opportunity to present his beautiful faith and superior philosophy before audiences who never hear any good thing of Spiritualism from Bro. Sunderland and other whitewash orthodox preachers now leading the Unitarian sect, it will be well for that body of people with heterogeneous theologies and with no belief at all who make a piece of convenience of the Unitarian brand. The Unitarian Church will gain more than will the new recruit; for it can give him nothing of permanent value, while he can enrich it with jewels of knowledge precious beyond compare.

The JOURNAL complacently views the bigoted but well meant littleness which seems a part of the Unitarian uniform, good naturedly spurs its wearers on to the work they essay, and is glad to note the prosperity of the young magazine. In the next life, if not in this, the narrow religionists, the atheists, the materialists and the agnostics who now stand so plentifully in Unitarian pulpits and fill its pews will awake to a realization of their smallness, their errors, and their false pride; they will regret the supercilious treatment and illy concealed contempt for a great body of noble people who drank at the fount of spiritual knowledge long before Unitarians had even found the path leading to it. The JOURNAL possesses its soul in peace about these matters and waits on Truth, knowing that

The eternal years of God are hers.

Last Tuesday night, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, Henry Ballman, who is connected with Fire Company No. 5, was summoned hastily from the engine house to his home on Fuller street, Mount Adams, by word that his wife had dropped dead, presumably from heart disease. When Ballman reached the house he found his wife lying apparently lifeless. Word was sent to the papers and the lady's death was announced the following morning. Ballman gave way to his grief, for they had been a devoted couple, and with their four children had a happy home. He greatly surprised the sorrowing friends soon after by declaring that he believed his wife was still alive. They tried to persuade him

that this was a delusive hope, but Ballman insisted that the vital spark still lingered in the seemingly lifeless remains. He went to work rubbing her hands and applying the usual methods of resuscitation. After nearly ten hours his labors were rewarded by faint signs of reanimation. He continued to work more eagerly than ever, and was assisted by friends, now convinced that the husband was right in his belief that his wife was not dead, but merely in a trance. The lady's return to full possession of her faculties was very slow, and was watched anxiously by the faithful husband and attending friends. Yesterday Mrs. Ballman was able to be about the house as usual, and confidently expects to live for many years yet. This strange case of suspended animation was greatly talked about on Mount Adams, although strenuous efforts were made to avoid publicity.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Next month J. Clegg Wright will lecture before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, Pa.

Geo. P. Colby, missionary of the Southern Association of Spiritualists, lately lectured at Palatka, Fla., to large audiences.

A correspondent writes that a good test medium would find a welcome in Weathersford, Texas, and there is also a good opening for a first-class dressmaker.

Mr. Jacob D. Romaine of West Liberty, Iowa, has been called to his eternal home. Mr. Romaine was one of the first subscribers to the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and has been its staunch friend and advocate ever since.

The holiday number of the San Jose (Cal.) Daily Herald is a fine edition, being gotten out with a gorgeous cover, and contents fit for the occasion. Besides the usual extended news of the day, there are stories, poems and notes.

Godin, founder of the familistere at Guise, France, is dead. He was married barely eighteen months ago to Mlle. Marie Moret, his indefatigable fellow-worker and philanthropist. He leaves a great labor problem behind him. If the familistere lives without him the problem will have been solved.

A. E. Geismardo, the magnetic healer, of Milwaukee, Wis., who two weeks ago was warned by Health Commissioner Martin to leave the city within twenty-four hours, on pain of being prosecuted as a quack, refused to go until he got ready, and the health commissioner has never seen fit to push the matter.

The JOURNAL is constantly hearing excellent reports as to the mediumship of Mrs. H. S. Slosson, number 526 West Lake St. Mrs. Slosson is a trance medium; none of the JOURNAL's staff have ever met her but from the reports of competent observers it is thought she may be commended to the public without risk.

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Co. issued for the holidays an attractive pamphlet entitled Coal and Coke, being an account of the holiday excursion of the boys and girls among the coal mines, with many illustrations and descriptions. The pamphlet has a highly illuminated cover, and will, no doubt, interest many of all ages.

Mrs. Emma Hopkins who has become so widely and favorably known as a teacher of "Christian Science" is now giving courses of instruction at her private residence, number 2019 Indiana Avenue, Chicago. Her regular January class began on Tuesday of this week. That Mrs. Hopkins has helped a large number to better health physically, mentally and spiritually the JOURNAL knows and is glad to record the fact.

The Young People's Spiritual Society of this city, announces a grand masquerade ball for Friday evening, the 27th, at Avenue Hall, 159 Twenty Second street. Admission, gentlemen 50 cents, ladies 25 cents, together with a ticket of invitation, which can be procured from Mr. E. J. Morton, president; M. A. Parsons, vice president; Miss T. Oberkircher, secretary, or W. B. Sinn, treasurer. The greatest care will be exercised in giving out invitations, and an enjoyable time is promised by the very capable managers.

The Illinois Industrial School for Girls have broken ground for their new home at Park Ridge, Ill., and hope to get in to the new building next April. They invite all persons to become members of the Association by the payment of \$100, and thus aid in the good work of caring for homeless girls—who are a charge upon the State and are almost sure to drift into crime if not rescued from the street early. Every thing in the way of clothing, both new and partly worn, groceries, vegetables, fruit etc; are very acceptable, and are transported by the R. R. and express companies free of charge, addressed to the Illinois Industrial School for Girls, South Evanston, Ill. All money should be sent to Miss Clara Hunt, Sec., 2241, Calumet avenue. The Record and Appeal will be sent for 60 cents a year.

Beatrice, Nebraska, boasts of a "haunted house," causing considerable excitement. It is situated 100 yards northwest of the B. & M. depot, and is a one-story house, inclosed with a neat fence, and is nicely finished off in the inside. Four families have been frightened away, the last family being offered the rent free to take care of the house, but the ghost was too much for them. The spoons were heard to fall from the safe shelf, also the knives and forks, but on investigation were found in their places. Chairs were heard to move around, doors would fly open even though locked, and the pranks generally practiced by a ghost being played.



JANUARY 28, 1888.

The property is owned by a man named Griffin, formerly an engineer, who is at present in California. He had the house built about three years ago, and his wife was said to have been very proud of it. A year ago last summer she died, and on her deathbed she vowed if her husband married again she would haunt him, and that no one should live in her house. This is the story current and of course gives coloring to the haunted house story.

Dr. E. W. H. Beck and wife of Delphi, Indiana, are now at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where they will remain for some time. The Doctor speaks well of the growth of the city, the wonderful curative properties of the waters and the genial people he has met.

The Christian Metaphysician is a bi-monthly magazine edited by Prof. Geo. B. Charles, with L. W. Charles as associate editor. Office in Central Music Hall, Chicago. It claims to be "a guide to health and happiness," and if one can judge by its editors it must be a fairly good guide, for both are specimens of health of body and mind. Prof. Charles—he is entitled to be called Prof.—aims to exercise good common sense in the treatment of disease; his system differentiates widely the Eddy doctrine. The JOURNAL does not assume to sit as arbitrator between the conflicting schools, but those interested should procure a copy of Prof. Charles's magazine.

In conversation with a reporter of the *Herald* Dr. Henry Lyman, the well-known physician, compared the present craze for metaphysical healing to the craze for Perkins' tractors. Being subsequently asked what the Perkins' tractor craze was, Dr. Lyman explained that early in the century a New England doctor invented a device which he termed a "tractor," and which was a piece of metal or wood shaped like a singing-master's tuning fork. By aid of this instrument the inventor claimed he could remove pain and disease from the body, the method of application being by passing it rapidly and repeatedly over the afflicted part, thus magnetizing or charming the disease, then by other motions coaxing it along toward the extremities and finally beguiling it away from the sufferer by his fingers or toes. It was warranted a sure cure for fevers, rheumatism, gout, and many other ailments, though different persons needed different tractors. With some a plain iron tractor was efficacious, while others required a steel fork, or a brass one, while wood was said to give better results with a few. "Of course," said Dr. Lyman, "it would be difficult to imagine a more ridiculous device, but a good many people were cured by it, or thought they were, which amounted to pretty much the same thing. The craze for Perkins' tractors spread over the country, and for a time the manufacturers were unable to supply the demand. The blue glass craze was a mild one compared to this craze for Perkins' tractors, about which the excitement was almost as great as that recently caused by the Christian Science and faith cure healers. Dr. Smith and others of oldest physicians in Chicago will remember the tractor and the stir it created a half-century or more ago."—*Chicago Herald*.

#### Richmond's Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report.

"A Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report; or what I saw at Cassadaga Lake" is the title of a book that issues from the press this week. It is by Hon. A. B. Richmond of Meadville, Penn., and takes its title from the able paper written by him and published in the JOURNAL some time since, which is incorporated therein. Mr. R. also treats of Bible Spiritualism, introduces Mr. C. C. Massey's masterly arraignment of Rev. Fullerton for the latter's attempt to create an impression that Zöllner was insane, and collates much high testimony as to the verity of spirit phenomena in convenient and condensed form. Though the book has not yet come to hand it would seem to be one worth owning. Price, \$1.25, postage free, and will be on sale at the JOURNAL office in a few days.

#### KANSAS CITY CONFLICTS.

##### Christian Science and Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The waters are troubled and the wild waves wash many shores. For several weeks Kansas City has been a center of conflict. Footpads have made pedestrianism after nightfall decidedly hazardous. Robberies are of nightly occurrence. The murder of Allan M. Hynson on the night of January 15th by highwaymen brought a crisis and many arrests and fines of \$100 to \$500 each for vagrancy followed, until now the workhouse is full and prisoners are discharged for want of room, and it is estimated that 250 loafers and idlers have left the city since the vigorous enforcement of the vagrancy act inspired by the murder of young Hynson. While all this has been going on Sam Jones, Joe Jones and Sam Small have been venting religion and storming the works of fossilized saints with pugilistic vigor. The excitement continues and is said to be still on the increase and many conversions are reported. The daily press gives from one to three columns to their sayings and doings.

On Saturday the 14th the *Times* published Sam Small's sermon of Friday in which he attacked Henry E. Dixey, the actor, who has been playing here, and the result is a suit for libel. It is the policy of these evangelists to denounce theaters, dances, and amusements generally as the enemies of religion and morality, and they are not over particular to select delicate language or euphonious epithets. In this sermon Mr. Dixey was called "A poor monkey on the stick, dancing, capering jabbering performances. An advertised gambler who got played for \$1,500 in San Francisco and had not the courage to stand it like a man, but who squealed like a pig stuck under a gate and telegraphed it all over the country, seduced by a blackleg with a bouquet and here you are going to supply

him with what a gambler robbed him of while he was trying to rob a gambler. Preachers may go poor but you will furnish him with money to play with blacklegs and be as big a blackleg as any of them. If Sam Jones couldn't outdraw that sort of a cat I would not stay in town." The strange part of this is that Missouri law gives Mr. Dixey no redress except to sue the paper that published the sermon! Nothing in the law, it is claimed, can touch the original perpetrator of the crime against character. Accordingly Dr. Mumford, editor and owner of the *Times*, was arrested on a charge of criminal libel. The case was called for Monday, the 16th, and adjourned to the 28th. The *Times* report says Mr. Dixey declares the whole story an unqualified falsehood. All this helps to advertise the revivalist and add fuel to the flames.

Dr. Thompson, Presbyterian, delivered a critical sermon on Christian Science last Sunday, which touches up the inconsistencies of Eddyism and shows from his standpoint the unchristian nature of the Eddy school of dogmatists. At the conclusion he gives his people some gentle advice:

"If it has done you any physical good I am so far glad, for I like to see you in good physical trim. But I counsel you affectionately to stop with the physical part; and if you get very sick do not trust it too much even for that. I think it always a little unwise to investigate too far. I have thought so ever since as a school boy, with a company of other boys tried to investigate Spiritualism. We easily got the table into a lively and communicative disposition. We became reckless and called up the ghost of one of our professors who had recently died. He said he had a message for us. We waited breathlessly for the answer. Slow and solemn it came. He wanted us to get our lessons better. That broke up the circle. We had no use for that kind of a spirit. Healing of the body, my friends, is a delightful thing. But there maybe something back of it, not so palatable and not so wholesome. Have regard to the ultimate of your philosophy and the issue of your theology. Do not pay too high a price for good health. Above all, keep your faith in God. There is one infallible physician; one cure that never fails: 'He healeth all our diseases' at the same time. 'He redeemeth our life from destruction and crowneth us with loving kindness and tender mercies.' Whatever becomes of the body and the life that now is, may the loving kindness of our God be our sufficient portion forever."

With some qualifications of the theological shadings in this quotation, it is wholesome counsel for Spiritualists. Many phenomena lose interest as soon as the "ghost" offers reproof and wholesome advice. It may be dangerous to trust too far to the pretentious claims of "Christian Scientists," or untried and unmeasured mediums, however sincere they may be.

I am a little surprised to find Jesse Shepard exalting Theosophy and Christian Science above Spiritualism. Wm. Emmette Coleman has amply dealt with the Theosophical side, and possibly, in his strictures, may have undervalued the "true inwardness" of Theosophy. But he says little about "Christian Science." I have found nothing in either to substitute or supersede Spiritualism. I have never heard or read a new truth from the disciples of Christian Science. I find nothing true or useful in it that Spiritualism had not given me many years before Mrs. Eddy named her pet abstraction "Christian Science." Nor do I see any evidence that the demand for genuine mediumship is abating. The age of phenomena is not past. No mental science can dispense with it and succeed. It will be a sorry day for this world when the door is closed upon the only method by which a continued life can be scientifically demonstrated. All the metaphysical systems ever conceived are dreamy vapor without the facts which Spiritualism alone can supply. All the mystic moonshine and superstitious assumption of fanatics cannot save the world from drifting back into medieval darkness or blank materialism, if the scientific methods of induction—predicated upon psychic phenomena—are to be abandoned. Instead of disparaging mediumship and flying to the wild chimeras floating like fog and drift upon a shoreless sea, earnest minds are studying the problem of psychic education and mediumistic culture, clearing the obstructions which ignorance and fanaticism have placed in the way, and building the science of life upon a rock that the storms of superstition and mobs of reckless adventurers cannot disturb. In the 39 years that I have been a Spiritualist I have never seen a day that Spiritualism was not the brightest star in the heavens. I have never heard or read a valuable thought that was not cradled in Spiritualism and covered by its filial glory. All side-issues are but germs from its soil or drift upon its swelling tide. Let us encourage all who have reliable mediumship to cultivate and guard it as a priceless jewel.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

922 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo.

#### THEOSOPHY AND SPIRITUALISM.

J. RANSOM BRIDGE, F. T. S.

Speaking of Theosophy in the JOURNAL, Jan. 14, 1888, Mr. Wm. E. Coleman says: "The world needs none of this fanfare of pretended mystical truth, and the sooner the whole of it is buried deep in the waters of eternal oblivion the better for all humanity." This is the closing sentence of an article headed, "The Dangers Now Threatening Spiritualism." I do not for a moment question Mr. Coleman's motives in writing this tirade against what he calls Theosophy, and it is not for argument's sake that I reply. That the gentleman is sincere and earnest is granted. It is also granted that if his premises are true, his conclusions are logical; but, to my mind, Theosophy is something entirely different from the "mongrel mixture" which Mr. Coleman has labeled Theosophy. It is not a concoction compounded by Madame Blavatsky, Col. H. S. Olcott and Mr. Sinnett from a number of dying or dead religions; neither is it the invention of one or any number of individuals. On the contrary, Theosophy is older than the human race, for truth was, and always will be the same. Theosophy—Theosophia—signifies, as we know, Divine Wisdom, and it is impossible for me or any man to define Theosophy, for one cannot define those laws which govern the universe, or that wisdom which is the foundation of every pure religion, and all higher science. There are no boundaries to this wisdom, and the best that we can hope, is, at times, to catch a gleam or ray from the great source of light. If we call this wisdom Theosophy, then Theosophy must include all that is true in every sect of every religion, Christian or heathen, Spiritualism included, as well as whatever is true in real science. The high law of love, or the attraction which holds together the particles of a pebble, is, in either case, a manifestation of the same wisdom which keeps our planet in motion, or breathed into each of us the breath of life

—that life manifested through the physical body on the material plane, but through a finer organization on a higher plane. Now if we can call one a student of Theosophy who is earnestly searching after the real truth, and this means that truth will be revealed in whatever form it is recognized as such, then is not a Spiritualist who is investigating the phenomena from the standpoint of reason, accepting what he finds to be true, rejecting the false, is such a one not a Theosophical student in the sense that I have defined the term? It must be remembered that Theosophy is not a creed, but at the same time embraces whatever is true in all creeds; is not strictly a science, yet all science must be founded on the Divine Wisdom. From this it is seen that it is not necessary for a man to label himself a Theosophist to be one. Whoever is searching for knowledge or wisdom and is broad enough not to reject this knowledge because it comes in a form which at first sight seems objectionable or is unfamiliar, this person is a true Theosophist. Whatever Madame Blavatsky, Col. H. S. Olcott, Mr. Sinnett, or any one, may say about Theosophy, has, to the majority of readers, the same weight as if written by Mr. Coleman. Let them accept what appeals to their reason, and so far as possible, prove it to their own satisfaction. Instead of accepting on trust, I repeat: if any person has stated a certain thing to be true or false, it is the business of each one who reads or hears to test for themselves its truth or falsity, by the light of their own reason. Every attempt to subject the assertions of others to this critical test develops and unfolds this power of discernment between the real and the unreal. With the right use of this faculty will come finally that intuition which may be called knowledge with a certainty.

Of course those who look at Theosophy from the standpoint of a member of the Theosophical society are apt to approach the whole subject in a somewhat different attitude from one who, though really a Theosophist, has not recognized the fact that the more complete the development of the individual, spiritually, intellectually, and physically, the greater must be the power of that individual to see and to grasp the meaning in the countless forms and changes of life, all of which are but different manifestations of the same Divine Wisdom. As the spiritual is higher than the intellectual or physical, so must the highest forms or manifestations of that wisdom which we can recognize be found on the spiritual plane. The failures of the greatest philosophers and thinkers of every age who have attempted to touch the source of all knowledge through intellectualism shows conclusively that we must search for real knowledge on a higher than the intellectual or material planes. Intellectualism alone never knew the warmth of true love. Plato's soul love has little to do with the cold light of the brain. Before the eyes can be opened to read, the heart must feel, and the accomplishment of this means the ridding one's self of "all prejudices, of all crystallized thought or feeling, yet developing within the positive will," for this self-dependence of will is absolutely necessary for spiritual development. He who would work out of the ruts of life, out of traditional views, must feel that he is responsible only to his own self for his thoughts, his action, his life, or as the author of the *Idyll of the White Lotus* says:

"The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor has no limit."

"The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen, or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception."

"Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment."

The realization of these three truths—or what are truths to me—and the knowledge that comes to man as his mental horizon begins to grow with his spiritual growth, must better fit him to learn somewhat of the mystery of his being and of that greater life of which he is a part. A man of this type will take all in Spiritualism that appeals to him as true, and this will be his attitude toward the teachings of all, from Jesus down, as well as toward the consideration of all phenomena.

Does Mr. Coleman consider Spiritualism to be founded on the sayings or writings of two or three prominent Spiritualists, or are his ideas on this subject based on what, in his opinion, he has proved, through his own consciousness, to be true? I do not think that the gentleman is prepared to call this unbiased search for truth what he has wrongly defined Theosophy to be—rubbish!

Boston, Mass.

#### Jenks' Dream.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prizefighter's ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughy little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drudge pill on the market, that Pierce's tiny Purgative Pellets easily "knock out" and beat all the rest hollow!

Parents having boys from twelve to twenty-one years of age should not fail to place in their hands "For Boys" a Special Physiology, Rev. B. F. De Costa, President of the White Cross, says: "This is the best work of the kind I have seen. It should be placed in the hands of every youth. The time has come for imparting that plain and faithful teaching which is needed to save young men from vice." A. E. Gibson, President of the Board of Education, in Greeley, Colorado, says: "The book 'For Boys' is an admirable one." Postpaid \$2.00. Agents wanted. List of health books free. Sanitary Pub. Co., 161 La Salle St., Chicago.

"A reviewer says of E. P. Powell's latest work *Our Heredity from God*: 'The very fact that this aggressive kind of writing has been taken up by the lower ranks of evolutionists, while its leaders have rather acted upon a policy of reserve and awaited developments, makes it easy to admit that one does not always open a book treating the moral aspects of evolution with an anticipation of pleasure or instruction. Mr. Powell's book is both deeply interesting and scientifically valuable.' Price \$1.75. For sale at this office."

#### Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

#### Chicago to Los Angeles, California, without Change of Cars.

On January 1st the rate from Chicago to California points and return advanced from \$80 to \$100. Regardless of the advance in the rate, the Chicago & Alton Railroad will run one more through Pullman Palace Buffet and Drawing Room Sleeping Car Excursion, without change of cars, to Los Angeles, at the old rate of \$80 for the round trip. Excursion will leave Chicago, Thursday, February 16, at 12:35 p. m. (noon). Tickets good to return for six months. Passengers will have the privilege of selecting any route returning, and of stopping over at pleasure within the limit of ticket. Sleeping-car accommodations should be reserved at an early date. For further information and for Passage and Sleeping Car Berth Tickets, call on or address City Ticket Office Chicago & Alton Railroad, No. 89 South Clark Street, opposite Clark Street entrance to Court House.

ROBERT SOMERVILLE,  
City Passenger and Ticket Agent.

#### Steam Heating a Success.

The experiment of heating trains by steam has been successfully tested by only one Western Line—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—and now the through trains of that company leaving Chicago every day at 7:30 p. m., and coming Minneapolis at 6:50 p. m., and St. Paul at 7:30 p. m., are systematically equipped with steam heating apparatus. No matter what degree of cold may exist anywhere along the line, an even temperature of heat is maintained throughout the interior of the train. As rapidly as possible, all through trains on the various other lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be provided with appliances for the heating of its coaches by steam.

#### The Ice Bridge at Niagara

Has formed, and many people have already crossed the river upon it below the falls. The scene from Falls View, where the Michigan Central train stops, is one of remarkable beauty and grandeur. The emerald waters of the falls, with the angry rapids above and the rainbow-tinted spray below, with gigantic icicles hanging from the cliffs and the trees and shrubs on the shores and Goat Island covered with curious ice formations, with the wild mass of icebergs stretching over the turbulent waters where the Maid of the Mist sails in summer, all combine to form a spectacle seldom to be seen and worthy of a lengthy journey.

#### Notice to Subscribers.

We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

#### CHICAGO.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society, meets every Sunday at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street at 7:45 P. M.

The South Side Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street.

The Chicago Association of Universal Radical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums meets in Spiritist Liberty Hall No. 517 West Madison Street, every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission five cents. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, President.

The Spiritual Union meets in the Princess Opera House, 550 W. Madison Street, every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Speaking, music and tests. Visiting mediums cordially invited. Mrs. S. F. DeWolfe, President.

The Young Peoples' Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M., in Apollo Hall, 2780 State Street. First class speakers always in attendance. Admission free. E. J. MONTGOMERY, President.

#### Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The Peoples' Spiritual Meeting has removed to Columbia Hall, 876 6th Ave., formerly at Spencer Hall 14th St., services every Sunday 12:45 P. M., and 7:45 P. M. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Conference every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Admission free to each meeting.

The Metropolitan Church for Humanity, Mrs. T. B. Stricker, Speaker, holds its services Sunday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, in Macgregor's new and beautiful Hall, Madison Avenue, Cor. 59th St. (Entrance, 42 E. 50th St.)

#### Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall, corner Bedford Ave., and Fulton Street—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Commencing Sept. 11th, Mrs. A. M. Gladding will occupy the room until Nov. 1st.

Brooklyn Spiritual Union—Sunday meetings at Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue, and South 20 Street. Members seance at 10:30 A. M., Alpha Lyceum at 2:30 P. M. Conference at 7:30 P. M.

Everett Hall, 398 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

#### Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall. W. B. MILLS, President.

#### St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Brad's Hall, southwest corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited. ISAAC S. LEE, Cor. Sec., 1422 N. 12th St.

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## Voices from the People.

AND

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

## A Western Home.

JENNIE P. MERCHANT.

Out on a Kansas prairie,  
Close by a silvery stream,  
Where life so quiet passes  
It almost seems a dream,  
There stands a cosy cottage,  
Bowered in creeping vines;  
Contented are its dwellers,  
For love light in it shines.

No paintings rare or costly  
Adorn the humble walls;  
No grand piano music  
In soothing cadence falls  
On ear and heart, like magic,  
As at the close of day,  
They gather in a circle,  
And yield to spirits' sway.

When twilight's hour is ended,  
The lamp is quickly lit  
And round the study table,  
Some happy people sit.  
At hand is found the JOURNAL,  
With always something new;  
No friend could be more welcome,  
Or dearer to the true.

Some names upon its pages  
Are in that home well known;  
They conjure up a picture  
Of "other days" long gone.  
So in that lowly cottage  
The JOURNAL's loved full well,  
And has the kindest wishes  
Of all who there do dwell.

## An Interesting Seance.

A writer in the *Harvard* of Springfield, Mo., gives an account of a seance at a private house in that city a short time ago. There were only a half dozen present. When the gentleman of the house suggested that the time had arrived for forming the circle a heavy noise was heard above, and a clear ringing voice said, "Come up stairs."

"All right," remarked one, thinking it came from a genuine voice.  
"Hush," said my hostess, there is no one up-stairs, not a living soul in any part of the house—but in this room.

"You must certainly be mistaken," remarked one, for I heard the noise and voice distinctly.  
All agreed to that. The house was closely examined up-stairs and down not a person could be seen. All went up-stairs where the seance was held, taking the precaution to fasten doors and windows.

The light was turned down and for five minutes all was as still as the hour of midnight. Not a sound was heard but the faint beating of the hearts that sat around the table in the gloom of the fading lamplight. At last the faint footfalls of some one coming up the stairs was heard, and as it approached it grew plainer and more distinct. The door opened and closed, yet nothing could be seen. Suddenly a clear boyish voice said "Mother, Good Evening!" The words seemed to come from the adjoining room and in a second all eyes were directed there.

An aged lady sat in the circle, and with quivering lips and tear-dimmed eyes, sobbed, "It is the voice of my child—my boy that was killed at the battle of Wilson creek!"

"Yes, it is he, my dear mother; and I have come to greet you."  
At these words the mother gave vent to her feelings, and those that sat around the table saw, as the tears stole down her thin, pale cheeks and heard the heartbeats come and go, that her soul and thoughts were struggling with memories of long ago. She soon recovered from the sudden shock of sorrow, and said: "Albert, tell me where you are now and how you came there."

"Mother," he replied, "and the voice was soft and sweet,—"I fell, pierced by a bullet upon the margin of the little stream that flows through your beautiful city. The blood of the South and the blood of the North flowed down the stream in harmony together. The spirit that once dwelt on earth—frail, tender, that sent the bullet through my beating heart—is my comrade in the Spirit-world. For twenty years I have waited for this hour to come that I might tell you and forever set at rest the anxiety and maternal love you bear me. Here, forever happy in this spiritual world, surrounded by everything that is pure and lovable—where all, friend or foe in earth's frail existence, in this world are all comrades together."

"Good by for the present," said the spirit. There was a ring of sunshine and pleasure through the hearts of all.

"Is Lieutenant Rogers present," enquired my friend.  
"He is," replied a voice, and the bedroom door slowly opened, and he appeared in citizen's dress, as he saw and knew him he was a soldier. With arms folded across his breast he stood erect, while the beautiful outflow of his manly face were tinged with the rosy flush of health. A moment of silence reigned and then in a clear musical voice he said: "There are others here from the spirit-world that would like to converse with their friends, and it is their wish that you invite us—and so to meet us here next Wednesday evening."

The light was turned up, and the room searched, but nothing of a suspicious nature discovered.

## The Nemesis of the Pulpit.

"You don't know what plague has fallen on the practitioners of theology? I will tell you, then. It is *Spiritualism*. While some are crying out against it as a delusion of the devil, and some are laughing at it as an hysterical folly, and some are getting angry with it as a mere trick of interested or mischievous persons, *Spiritualism* is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state which have been, and are still, accepted—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community—to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of."

The *Spiritualists* have some pretty strong instincts to pry over, and have been roughly handled by theologians at different times. And the Nemesis of the pulpit comes in a shape little thought of, beginning with the snuff of a toe-joint and ending with such a crack of old beliefs that the roar of it is heard in all the ministers' studies of Christendom! Sir, you cannot have people of cultivation, of pure character, sensible enough in common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business men, men of science, professing to be in communion with the spiritual world, and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually reacting on the whole conception of that other life."—O. Wendell Holmes, *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, p. 10.

## Prof. Stowe's Visions.

The late Rev. Prof. Stowe of Hartford was endowed with similar hallucinations. As a child he had been many times punished for telling lies before he learned that he was in this respect different from other people. The character of his visions may be illustrated by a simple incident. A young lady visiting at his house was standing one summer noon, under a large tree before his door. She wore a white gown and happened to be steadfastly gazing at the house as Prof. Stowe came down stairs, and stood at the open door. They looked at each other a minute or two without speaking, and then she smilingly approached and talked with him on his silence. "Oh, it is you!" he replied merrily. "I could not tell whether it was you or a vision."

Prof. Stowe never laid any stress on it—never, to my knowledge, attempted to investigate or to pursue it. I think that he believed it to be real, to be an actual vision of actual persons, objects, scenery, but he, too, was impressed by the weight of the world's contrary experience, and he stoutly maintained that he would never undertake to pronounce whether they were objective or subjective, a real vision of real persons or the fiction of his brain. Whatever it was, he took great enjoyment in it, and believed it, I will not say simply in the future world, but in the invisible world as profoundly as he believed in the visible world.—GAIL HAMILTON.

## What Does It Signify?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have lately attended a few of the informal meetings held here, of the "Christian Scientists" of the Hopkins school, of Chicago. I have heard much that was of interest to me and considerable that I could not help taking exception to. The exceptional part is where they deny Spiritualism and mediumship as having any bearing on the science. In my humble opinion, if there had been no mediumship, there would be no Christian Science. The science is an emanation, or as I would term it, a side light, and answers a very good purpose as such; but when it comes to ignore Spiritualism and mediumship, in the true sense of the word, it makes a great mistake. They tell me that no advanced spirits return—only those who are earth-bound. So much by way of preface! On the evening of November 3d, I attended one of the meetings presided over by a practitioner of the science from Chicago. She was a bright, genial little lady, but in the course of her remarks, she said she wished to understand that Spiritualism and mediumship were not to be confounded with Christian Science; that she always gave her patients to understand that there was nothing of the kind in her manner of healing; that mediumship led to innumerable evils, and then quoted the case of a Mrs. of Battle Creek, Mich., who had written her to see if she could not cure her from the effects of what mediumship had imposed on her, viz: the ruin of the physical; that she was a wreck in about every sense of the word. These are not just the words used, but the same in substance. She also cited other cases or points.

I could hardly keep from questioning her in regard to some of her arguments, but kept still. After retiring for the night I pondered over the matter for some time. I awoke about four the next morning, and while wishing I had said thus and so, suddenly there was held up before me this symbol or picture: A beautiful lion stood before me in all of his majesty, and in his mouth he held a mouse; held it firmly by the middle, so that it was indented or drawn in, but very plain. The mouse was of good proportions and as sleek as a kitten.

The lion stood there for a moment, then vanished. I was wide awake; my eyes were closed, and the room was dark. The symbol seemed to me a very significant one, and a couple of days later I called at the rooms of the lady who had seemingly called forth the mental picture or symbol, but found she had returned to Chicago. Mrs. Lyman, the president and Mr. Theodore Moller, the secretary of the school, were in her stead; so I related my experience, and also the case of the mouse, to Mrs. Lyman, who said: "Mrs. Van Horn, the beautiful symbol!" and Mr. Moller with much feeling said: "I can interpret that for you, and it has a deep significance."

I said, "I should be pleased to have you do so."  
"You are the lion. You have the strength, the power, and the ability to do. The mouse is Spiritualism, that you have been following so long, and it is only a mouse."

I said, "Thank you, but I should never give myself the credit of being the lion, although I should much like the power."  
He said, "My interpretation is right."

Another friend in Little Rock, Ark., interprets it thus: "When I read your description of your visit to the Christian Scientists, and of your vision, I was both astonished and instructed; astonished to see how cleverly your spirit friends presented to you (in what was really a genuine closed eye, clairvoyant sight on your part) a picture presented by them to illustrate the relation of Christian Science. The lion represented Spiritualism; the mouse, Christian Science and mind cure. The mouse was fast because he was a parasite in the mouth of the lion (Spiritualism). Remove the lion from behind the mouse and like all parasites it would shrivel up and pass away, simply because it is too self-conceited to see the power that out of consideration for its weakness has up to the present time declined to crush it (Christian Science) between his jaws; while Spiritualism has the lion of strength, ability to do, as its supporter. The other (Christian Science) has only the pretensions and corresponding ability of the mouse to live in the greater! The medium in vision was very silly when she tried to saddle her sins upon Spiritualism. To receive, one must be passive; to overcome temptations, positive. If the medium had kept these two laws of nature in view she would never have fallen away by her own consent, and in that consent she asked for what she received."

I also had "Ezop's fable of the lion and the mouse," given me as an interpretation. In this case I was the mouse, I am inclined to take that view of it. What next, and what does it signify?  
Milwaukee, Wis. MARY VAN HORN.

## The Home Circle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the family with whom I board—all skeptics—manifestations of a most remarkable nature have occurred, and which have entirely changed the old line of thought. To accomplish this result required but two nights of actual development. The medium is a domestic, a girl about 18 years of age. All the while she had been in the house six months, there were no indications that she possessed real mediumistic qualities until on the evening of the 27th of December, at which time she sat down by a table to read, and loud rapping immediately commenced. For twenty minutes before she sat down I had been sitting in a big arm chair, listening to the light raps on my collar, cuffs and on the arms and back of the chair. I at once suggested that we place our hands upon the table. We did so, and the rapping grew louder. There was also telegraphing, the same as comes on my collar and cuffs, only much louder. After a while we gave her pencil and paper and she wrote dependently, telling us things that she could not have known anything about. This was on Tuesday night. On Thursday night we again sat. There came raps as loud as on the previous evening; also telegraphing and dependent writing. Finally the slate was suggested, and was tried, the girl holding it in one hand beneath the table. She took it out and behold there appeared the name of my landlady's spirit husband. Again the slate was placed under the table, and another name was written upon it. A number of names were afterward written upon it. Were we surprised? The words do not express it.

But fearful lest there might be some fraud about it, I resolved to test the matter and did so most thoroughly the next night. The girl is right-handed and only writes fairly well. We had her hold the slate in the left hand. The writing came just the same. We could hear it plainly, and were surprised to learn how rapidly it was done. We received numerous tests—tests that were sufficiently strong to prove the genuineness of the writing.

## Science and Veracity.

So far as my experience goes, men of science are neither better nor worse than the rest of the world. Occupation with the endlessly great parts of the universe does not necessarily involve greatness of character, nor does microscopic study of the infinitely little always produce humility. We have our full share of original sin; need, greed, and vainglory set us as they do other mortals; and our progress is, for the most part, like that of a tacking up, the resultant of opposite divergencies from the straight path. But, for all that, there is one moral benefit which the pursuit of science unquestionably bestows. It keeps the estimate of the value of evidence up to the proper mark; and we are constantly receiving lessons, and sometimes very sharp ones, on the nature of proof. Men of science will always act up to their standard of veracity, when mankind in general leave off striving; but that standard appears to me to be higher among them than in any other class of the community.

I do not know any body of scientific men who could be got to listen without the strongest expressions of disgusted repudiation to the exposition of a pretended scientific discovery, which had no better evidence to show for itself than the story of the swine entering a herd of swine, or of the fig-tree that was blasted for bearing no figs when "it was not the season of figs." Whether such events are possible or impossible, no man can say; but scientific ethics can and does declare that that profession of belief in them, on the evidence of documents of unknown date and of unknown authorship, is immoral. The classical apologists who insist that morality will vanish if their dogmas are exploded, would do well to consider the fact, that, in the matter of intellectual veracity, science is already a long way ahead of the churches; and that, in this particular, it is exerting an educational influence on mankind of which the churches have shown themselves utterly incapable. —From "Science and the Bishops," by Prof. T. H. Huxley, in *Popular Science Monthly* for January.

## INTUITION.

## Extraordinary Genius in a New York Evening School.

William Ulysses Scott lives with his father at No. 743 Sixth Avenue. He was born in Hoboken, N. J., seventeen years ago. It was at Public School No. 3 in Jersey City that the boy's peculiar gift was first noticed. The class teacher noticed that when the boys were "doing" arithmetic Scott always had his answers first, but never could show any work or tell how he got the result. He was suspected of copying from his neighbors; but, watch as he might, the teacher could not detect the cheat, if it was a cheat. Whenever the work and the explanation were required Scott could count on having a "failure" against him on the record. The stereotyped colloquy was something after this fashion:

Teacher—Scott, how did you get that?  
Scott—I dunno.  
At last, being completely baffled, the teacher conferred with the principal. Mr. Elgas determined to know the truth, to solve the mystery, and to punish the knavery if any should appear. How he proceeded is best told in his own words:

"It was an examination. I put Scott on the front seat far removed from any other boy who might be inclined to lend a hand. I gave out a problem—a pretty difficult one, I thought—and then, while talking to the teacher, kept Scott constantly in the corner of my eye. In a very short time Scott had laid his pencil down and stopped work. I thought to myself, I've got you now, my boy; no chance to cheat this time! With an air of triumph I said: 'Scott? He read the answer, and it was right.'"

"Let me see that slate," I said.  
"He passed it. There were a few scattered figures with no apparent relation, and that was all I said."

"Scott, how did you get that?"  
"I dunno."

"Then I knew that I was dealing with an extraordinary youth and that he had suffered great injustice."

Scott is in the highest arithmetic class in the evening school. It is a "senior school," no one under 16 being admitted, and the young men of his class master the entire subject of arithmetic as found in ordinary text books. Scott knows it all as well as his seniors, but he persists in remaining in the class because he loves the work. He calls it "brushing up."

A week or so ago the writer visited his class. There were half a dozen problems on the blackboard—problems in interest, discount, cube root, etc. All were busy but Scott. I examined his slate. All the answers were there, but nothing to show where he got his answers from. I said:  
"Scott, how do you do this?"  
Scott replied: "I dunno."

At the request of Mr. Elgas, the principal, Scott consented to give a public exhibition of his powers after school before all the teachers in the building. When the last class was dismissed the party assembled, and Mr. Elgas gave out this problem:

1. Find the interest of \$540 for 15 days at 7 per cent.  
Without the slightest hesitation Scott wrote this, "1.575," which is the correct answer to mills. Great was the astonishment of the pedagogues.  
2. Extract the square root of 1844,164.  
Scott wrote as follows:  
1,844,164 (1,338.  
It did not take him longer than it takes to read the figures.

3. Extract the square root of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five millionths.  
Scott instantly wrote:

V.015925  
.125  
4. Cube 123.  
Scott used the following figures:  
1,845,000  
15,867

1,860,867 answer.  
He began at the left and wrote toward the right in each case.  
5. Extract the cube root of 41,063,625.  
Scott wrote:  
341,063,625  
345

In no case did it take as long to solve the problem as it takes to relate it.

6. Multiply 3,659 by 2,475.  
Scott wrote again, without hesitation:  
3659  
2475  
92225  
92225  
9130275

The result was challenged by one of the spectators, who had obtained a different result by the long-hand process; but Scott, examining his figures a moment, insisted on their accuracy. When the teacher examined his work he found Scott was right.

2

7. Problem, 2401  
Solution by Scott: 3,764,801

8. Problem—Find the cube root of 130,323,843.  
Instantaneous answer—507.  
9. Multiply 845 by 875.  
Scott's solution—739,375 answer.

10. Find the exact interest (counting 365 days to the year) of \$785 for 134 days at 7 per cent.  
Solution—2041.00  
45  
20,439  
20.17

"How does he do it?" is what the pedagogues said. Scott says he "dunno" himself. He seems to know the binomial theorem by intuition; he sees results as soon as he looks at a problem. This implies a sort of mathematical imagination by which he is able to hold before his mind's eye long and intricate combinations of numbers. The answer seems to stand forth to his mind as a harmony falls upon the ear a unity though produced by a combination of sounds. It is clearly a talent, not an accomplishment. Plato discusses the question whether "virtue" can be taught, and arrives at a negative conclusion. Certainly Scott cannot impart his secret to another, any more than Blind Tom can tell how he plays the piano.—*New York Sun*.

## Equality Among Men.

The Detroit *Plain Dealer* (colored organ) says: "The Protestant church can never be a power in the conversion of Afro-Americans to Christ until they begin upon the fundamental principles of the gospel and preach good will toward and equality among all men. To the Catholic church is due the credit of seeing deeper into human nature and the motives that sway its will. The equality of men before God will not be accepted by men who practice inequality among themselves. Humanity is next to godliness—in fact, it is the natural consequence of it. Men who tell us we are degraded, and act toward us as if we were hopelessly so, are sent to imbue us with moral principles who by their acts declare that if we possessed them they would not recognize our worth as men. Some of these men feel called upon to excuse their course for introducing men to audiences whom they admitted to be learned, eloquent, and refined. The whole course of nature not tinged with godliness rebels against such two-faced proceedings; every conception of manhood is nauseated by them. If the Catholic church is to set an example to the world in this matter, that church, in an age in advance of Protestant ideas, must sacrifice its work best fruit among the heathens of Africa; can it fall among unacknowledged religiously inclined people? Eliminate prejudice from religious practices, and the world is open for the greatest religious revival since Luther. Prejudice sits in high places; it excludes the poor from our fashionable churches, and the Afro-American from common worship—except to himself."

It may appear a hard thing to say, but can it be gained, that there is no duty more largely neglected by the average every day Christians than the duty of being pleasant?—which, in view of the fact that no other duty is so easy of performance, and costs so little, seems passing strange, particularly when of all people in the world, Christians ought to be most cheerful in their social relations.—J. MacDonald Oxley, in *Sunday School Times*.

## The Spiritual in Nature.

Spirit and matter are so interlinked that it is no easy task to draw a line of demarcation between the two. It is true, as it is true, has a tendency to destroy all spiritual force underlying matter; but there is a tendency to underestimate it not to annihilate matter in some phases of religious thought; according to one there would be no spiritual God; according to the other there would be no personal God. The true Christian conception is that we make great account of both—that matter is the outward movement of a spiritual force running from the lower to the higher, until it leads up to a conception of God as an actualized personality. Science, being concerned with the material, the tangible, can very easily rule out the immaterial, the intangible. Religious thought, being concerned with the ideal, the spiritual, can very easily overlook the position and importance of the real, the bodily. The great fact to be remembered by each is that there can be no separation of spirit and matter, soul and body; and while the two are not identical they are yet organically combined.

Throughout the whole empire of nature we are confronted with such wondrous beauty, such gigantic movements and inexorable phenomena, that we feel—if we do not see—a spiritual force underlying nature in all its varied manifestations. To reason as the modern scientist does, that matter is self-productive from all eternity is simply to controvert his other deduction, that the lower is always sacrificed to the higher. If matter is self-endowed then matter becomes our God and draws us down to itself, thus turning evolution into revolution which is neither scientific nor philosophic. Man is acknowledged to be the highest form of matter and he is, physically, an evolution out of lower forms, but not the evolution can ever fully account for the spirituality of man.

There is, even, the approximate presence of this spiritual power in the natural world below man. There is an intonation underlying all the music of nature that awakens an antiphony in the human soul. The ripple of the waters, the beating of the waves, the crash of "heaven's artillery," even the patter of rain drops against the window pane—all these so chime in with the emotions of human nature to convince us that the spiritual power in man is the same spiritual power underlying the varied sounds of the elementary world, and the higher we go in the scale of creation the nearer does the sympathy become. The music of birds and the tones of a pet animal are much more sympathetic than the thunder's roar or the noise of the tumbling cataract. The fragrance of the flower or the sweet scented inhalations of new-mown hay really thrill us with pleasure; and while all these delights come to us along material nerves yet before there can be this action and reaction of nature and the nerves there must be spiritual power, to a greater or lesser degree, underlying the bond of sympathy between the two.

Then, again, all the outward operations of human mechanical skill are simply the embodiment of spiritual force. The locomotive, the electric telegraph, and all the complicated machinery of modern years, are simply human mind externalized. When we look at an intricate piece of mechanism we see embodied thought, localized genius, so that, back of every lever, every movement, back of all the play of machinery, we see the spiritual power that is the real, animating, directing principle of mechanical skill. So it is in the fine arts. Statuary, human spiritual power mobilized; a finely executed painting is only an artistic mind brought out of itself; a superior musical rendition is the human soul's outlet; a grand poem is spirit put into rhythm. From the lowest form of inanimate nature to the noblest achievement of humanity the thoughtful mind will see spirit underlying matter and permeating it at every stage of its development.

It is to be regretted that man, the grandest and most glorious realization of nature, should be so indifferent to the spirituality underlying it. The utilitarian spirit of the age does not regard nature apart from its service to man. Many look upon a mighty waterfall not to see its tossing gems into the air or weaving its drapery into rainbow, but to calculate the weight of machinery it will drive. The lightning is not often contemplated as a wonderful autobiography of the Deity, but it is drawn from the clouds and made the bearer of business and diplomacy. Light is not considered so much "the garment of God" as it is the means by which man may be benefited; clouds are not considered His "chariot" so much as they are the vehicles bringing nourishment to the crops of the field by which trade and commerce are advanced. The ocean is not regarded so much "the mirror of His almightiness" as it is the grand highway for the ships of man's enterprise and industry. All the varied beauty and loveliness of our earth are not in existence for many who can hear no music but the buzz and hum of machinery—who can inhale no fragrance without placing a premium upon its value—who can admire no radiance of gems as if jewels without estimating their worth in dollars and cents. If we go out into the brightness of these beautiful Autumn days, if we fall in love, even, with the loveliness of the land and meadow, and yet see in all this no indwelling heaven—no intimations of a heavenly Father—then our spiritual culture is poor and weak, and our Christianity far below the standard of that Lover of nature who taught his disciples to "consider the lilies," to "behold the fowls of the air,"—*Star of the West*.

## The Metropolitan Church for Humanity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Sunday last, Mr. Charles Dawbarn favored the Metropolitan Church for Humanity with a discourse on the subject, "The Future of Modern Spiritualism." A large audience, many personal friends and admirers, filled the beautiful audience hall, and were fully repaid by his instructive and pleasing address. This Sunday, Mrs. T. B. Stryker, the regular speaker, drew a large audience, who listened with close attention to the discourse. Subject: "The Origin and Destiny of Man." It was full of interest and profoundly helpful.

At the close of the discourse, Bright Star, one of guides, stated that Mrs. Stryker had not been developed as a platform test medium, but realizing the intense desire of all to get some personal evidence from the Spirit-world, they would do the best they could. Several satisfactory tests were given, names with unmistakable facts, which were acknowledged by those receiving them. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Sumner Barlow, Mr. Samuel Terry and several others, recognized and acknowledged the truthfulness of names, descriptions and character readings.

Bright Stars Aid Society, composed of ladies of this church, which took care of twenty-one poor children last winter, and who this fall clothed and purchased an entrance to a life home for an old lady 77 years of age, began its winter work last week with a full treasury. Great credit is due to Mr. J. Stewart Smith, its secretary, an untiring, indefatigable worker in seeking out the poor and those deserving charity, carrying out the objects of this society. Aid in humanity, materially and spiritually.  
New York City, Jan. 15th. G. D. C.

## Notes from Onset.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Onset Bay Grove Association was held in Eagle Hall, Boston, January 11th, 1888, at 11 o'clock A. M. Seventy-three of the one hundred shares of stock were present. President W. D. Crockett called the assembly to order, and read the call for the annual meeting. E. Gerry Brown, clerk, read the records of the previous meeting, and Treasurer, E. J. Johnson, read the report of the condition of the Association. The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: President, William D. Crockett, Boston, Mass.; Vice-President, George Hosmer, Boston, Mass.; Clerk, E. Gerry Brown, Boston, Mass.; Treasurer, E. J. Johnson, Warren, R. I.; Directors, Alfred Nash, Chelsea, Mass.; Simeon Butlerfield, Chelsea, Mass.; Cyrus Peabody, Warren, R. I.; W. W. Currier, Haverhill, Mass.; Mrs. Jennie P. Ricker, Boston, Massachusetts.

Agent H. B. Bourne reports 70 families domiciled at the grove for the winter.

The Children's Lyceum meets regular every Sunday at Pavilion Hall. D. N. Ford, conductor.

The outlook for 1888 is full of promise, the routine business being prepared as fast as possible by the several committees in charge.

W. W. CURRIER.

Dr. Manson, an English physician, has been summoned from Hong Kong to take medical charge of the young Emperor of China.

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Words are wise men's counters but the money of fools.—*Hobbes*.  
He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any.—*Johnson*.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.—*Robert Hall*.

Never be afraid to doubt, if only you have the disposition to believe; and doubt, in order that you may reach in believing the truth.—*Leighton*.

A spotted dog that follows the delivery wagon of a carpet store in Philadelphia wears an olivaceous cover on which is printed an advertisement of his owner's wares.

Over four thousand jugs of whisky were shipped in two days during the holidays to prohibition counties in Alabama and Mississippi from Mobile. One boat took 2,500 in a day.

There lives at Monticello, Ill., Uncle Stickle, who taught Uncle Dick Oglesby to play the fiddle. The first time Gov. Oglesby learned was "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours."

A large wild deer was shot the other day in the timber south of Harrisburg, Ill. It was one of a herd that had been driven from the Okaw river bottom last fall by the extensive forest fires.

One small cloud can hide the sunlight;  
Loose one string, the pearls are scattered;  
Think one thought, a soul may perish;  
Say one word, a heart may break.  
—*Adelaide A. Proctor*.

Of the twelve men, including William Lloyd Garrison, who met in Boston on Jan. 6th, fifty-six years ago, and signed the constitution of the Anti-Slavery society, only one, Oliver Johnson, now survives.

A farmer in North Carolina has a wife that he is really proud of, and with reason, for she can split 200 fence-rails a day, and has done it time and again, and he says that it is a common thing for her to dip seven barrels of turpentine a day.

Baltimore has many well-to-do negroes among its citizens. There are nineteen whose aggregate wealth is \$200,000. Of these, Joseph Thomas, a boot-streder, is worth \$80,000, and James L. Bradford, a grocer, is quoted as worth \$50,000.

Miss Emily Eleanor Woodward, aged 20 years, of Greenwich, England, died recently from light lacing. She had eaten a hearty supper and hurriedly dressed herself to go out. The pressure around the waist, combined with overexertion, caused death.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censure of the world. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.—*Addison*.

Competent engineering authorities assure us that in five years we shall be able to go round the world in forty days; and go in all the comfort and with all the security of our modern civilization! And are not such facts the voice of God, speaking out of the clouds to His people to go forward?—*Missionary Review*.

Rats during the last few months have greatly annoyed the farmers in the vicinity of Faneuil, W. C. Condit was the captain of one of the sides hunting the rats and succeeded in killing 7,000. The other side, with S. D. Miller as captain, killed 5,462, making a total of 12,462.

An old white horse that had served many years in hauling street cars was led along the street the other day by a little boy in Wyandotte, Kas. Every time a cable car stopped the animal would jump in front of it, and only by force could he be induced to get out of the way. When the cars glided on without horses he appeared greatly puzzled.

The experiment of giving halfpenny dinners at the Birmingham (England) schools has been so successful that farthing dinners have been tried and nearly succeeded. Two hundred and twelve farthing dinners were given last year at a cost of less than 39-100 of a penny. The attendance at the schools has greatly increased, and the good effect upon the temper of the children has been astonishing.

For some time past there has been a growing hostility in the colored Baptist church at Ligan, La., to the pastor on the part of a portion of his flock. The other day he was requested to hand in his resignation. This he refused to do, and a party of about 200 men called at his house and administered a coat of tar and feathers. They then gave him six hours to leave the country. He left before sunrise the next morning.

Prof. G. F. Wright in his recent visit to Alaska discovered a queer passage in the XXIII psalm translated into the language of the natives. The missionary who made the translation found some difficulty with the first five words. "The Lord is my shepherd," because in Alaska there are no domestic sheep and no shepherds. But he thought that he had got over the difficulty until he heard an Indian read the passage, and then he found that he had made it read: "The Lord is a first-class mountain sheep hunter."

A French dandy went to a photographer to get his picture taken. When the job was done he refused to pay, on the ground that the picture did not look like him, and he left the establishment. Next morning he passed by the place and saw his picture hanging in the show-case, and under it were the startling words in big letters: "The biggest fool in the whole town." He rushed into the store and abused the photographer. "But, my dear sir," said the latter "since the picture doesn't resemble you what in the world are you complaining



# How I Shall Know.

ANTONETTE VAN HOESEN.

How shall I know that friends are wholly true? How shall I know that love is true and real, Though in most anxious order one shall kneel And for return of their devotion sue? That loss and sorrows sad regretful rue Come not to me, I will now look me well, That I the false and true may learn to tell, Know what is staunch, what passes quick from view, He who friends not my fortune but myself Will, when distress and weakness overwhelm, And I am with my face down in the dust, Think just of me, not of the world or self And raising me up in his gracious trust, Will place my hand again upon life's helm.

## A MIND READER AT TWELVE.

Little Eva McCoy's Interesting Feat—The Power Born in Her.

"Papa, I believe I can read minds like Seymour," said little Eva McCoy on Sunday four weeks ago. James McCoy, her father, was sitting in the parlor of his house, at 94 Porter street, reading an account of mind-reading. Seymour's work, Mr. M. was born a genius, and consequently he is not dull. Among the many trades which he has acquired are those of marble cutting and shoemaking. He is a draughtsman by profession. Some fifteen years ago Mr. McCoy was something of a mind-reader himself. He had seen mind-reader Brown, and was able to do pretty much everything Brown could do. The idea of taking the road did not occur to him at that time; so he never utilized his power except in amusing evening parties and surprising people who came to his house. When, therefore, little Eva said, "Papa, I believe I can read minds," Mr. McCoy was not surprised.

"Well, try it, my girl," he said. So Eva's eyes were bandaged. She placed brother's hand upon her forehead, and her brother concentrated his mind upon a thimble which he saw in a distant part of the room. Little Eva waited directly up to the thimble and placed her brother's hand upon it. Several other tests indicated clearly that the child was not mistaken when she thought she could imitate Seymour.

Just now Mr. McCoy is employed in R. G. Scholes & Son's shoe shop, 177 Michigan avenue. Last night Mr. Scholes arranged a small séance for the amusement of his friends at his residence, over the shoe shop, and the Journal was invited to send a commissioner to observe the performance. At 8 o'clock a dozen persons were gathered in the Scholes parlor. Eva McCoy sat on a chair near the door. She is 12 years old, but so small that her feet did not come within 6 inches of the floor. Actual measurement showed that she was only 4 feet 3 inches high. Her eyes are very big, and her face plump, childlike and pleasant. Mr. Scholes entered, presently set up a frame 4 feet square and covered with factory cotton. At the base of this he laid out a number of letters cut out of red pasteboard. A number of larger letters were scattered carelessly over a table. Miss Esther Scholes bandaged the child's eyes.

"Now," said Mr. McCoy, "the child will spell out your name, date of birth, birthplace and anything you think of." The Journal man had given his name on entering, so he thought of the name and birthplace of a prominent Detroit citizen. The little mind-reader seized his left hand and placed it against her forehead. Then she drew her right hand once across the forehead of the reporter and was ready for work.

"Now," said Mr. McCoy, "fix your mind upon the first letter in the name."

The Journalist did so. The little girl drew him slowly around the table until that letter "M" was reached. Then she raised her head for a second, and then gradually bowed until the hand which held the pencil rested on the letter "M."

The subject noticed a slight, involuntary tendency on his part to assist the little girl by resisting slightly when she was moving away from the letter, drawing ever so little when she approached the letter, and when directly over it stopping short. In the subsequent letters he did everything in his power to neutralize this and to keep her arm perfectly limp. The little girl indicated letter after letter with unerring exactness. The subject then ceased to fix his eyes steadily on the letter.

The child hesitated more, but after an error or two pointed out two or three letters which had been thought of. The subject then shut his eyes, held his face upward, and, while thinking of a certain letter, kept the table and those particular red pasteboard letters out of his mind. The child was at fault then, and walked four times around the table without being able to indicate anything. The subject then brought his eyes to bear upon the letters again and the child proceeded correctly.

As each letter was indicated it was called by Miss Scholes and set up against the cotton frame by Mr. McCoy. In a few moments the words, "E. G. Merick, Delaware, N. Y." were completed.

Several other members of the company thought of words which the child spelled out in the same way. This spelling covered the entire principle of mind-reading. The mind-reader can spell "Nebuchadnezzar" as well as "Ford" and read the mind of a person who is thinking of the electrical commission of a gas-trophed as easily as the mind of one who is reflecting that the cow jumped over the moon.—Detroit Journal.

## Scientific Investigation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Your announcement of a scientific investigation of spiritual "Telegraphy" catches me again. There can be no form of theoretical ethics or religion founded on Spiritualism. It is a fact, as the phenomena of meteorology are facts, and like meteorology, it must be studied from its phenomena. I have been disgusted with the performance of character reading before public audiences. "Such and such, and such years, were important in your life," etc. It is the most barren of anything I can think of. I'd rather have one communication written between slates held by myself, showing force and intelligence, even if it be no test of the presence of the intelligence that it purports to follow. I have had an hour's talk with you, I cannot follow. I have had just such a communication from Charles E. Watkins.

Now, since you intend to give your readers scientific Spiritualism, I'll read on. The people that "deceit" facts are unreasonable. Spiritualism is not a matter of faith; it cannot be; it must be a matter of knowledge, and to have knowledge, it must be backed by phenomena—facts. Miamisburg, Ohio. T. A. P.

The Rev. Percy T. Andrews, the Basingstoke clergyman who recently declined to take part in the work of the Basingstoke Temperance Society, on the ground that he would have to associate with "schismatics"—that is, Nonconformists, whom he declares to be "living in the sin of schism, the sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," has now (says *Truth*) in a subsequent correspondence, suggested that Nonconformists are "atheists and publicans," who are following in the footsteps of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. One of the Nonconformists, who this reverend bigot questioned—"Are all who do not come within the pale of one Church to be shut out from salvation?" to which he received the reply: "Those outside of the ark were drowned." Priests like Percy T. Andrews are likely to make people feel that they would rather take the risk of being drowned outside the State Church ark than associate with such mean people inside.—London Inquirer.

## A Woman's Sweet Will.

She is prematurely deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of ailments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon, not only her strength and health, but upon her amiable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a nerve and tonic of wonderful efficiency, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "dragging-down" pains, sensations of nausea, and weakness incident to women—a boon to her sex. Druggists.

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# To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonso P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

## Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

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## THE WATSEKA WONDER!

A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of MARY LURANCY VENNUM, by Dr. E. W. Stevens. This well attested account of spirit presence created a widespread sensation when first published in the Religious and Philosophical Journal. To those familiar with the marvelous story it is no wonder the interest continues, for in it an indubitable testimony may be learned how a young girl was saved from the Mad House by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent interference of Spiritualists, and after months of almost continuous spirit control and medical treatment by Dr. Stevens was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. The publisher, with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, incorporated with the case of Lurancy Venum one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1880, entitled MARY REYNOLDS, a case of Double Consciousness. The price of the Pamphlet by mail, is 15 CENTS PER SINGLE COPY; 100 copies for \$12.00; 500 copies for \$50.00; 25 copies for \$6.00. 10 copies for \$1.40. Sent by mail or express, transportation prepaid. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.



The following words, in praise of Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians with no relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

Mrs. GEORGE HENGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your Favorite Prescription restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. Pierce's for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted all the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped envelope or reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had purchased the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some one encircling cause, the cause of suffering, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, womb disorder no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted all the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped envelope or reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had purchased the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

## THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

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As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus or womb and its appendages, in particular. "For overworked," "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing, strengthening, and healthful promoter of digestion and assimilation of food.

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## THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

## IT WORKS WONDERS.

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again, she writes: 'Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household."

## TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some one encircling cause, the cause of suffering, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

## JEALOUS DOCTORS.

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea, and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doted with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which were both a relief and a cure. I have been able to get up and do my work, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery.' For ten dollars I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

## THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

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**"THRESHING STRAW."**

How to Root Out Error.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I had half a mind to tender you a moderate sized scolding, but you have bidden us in the JOURNAL of the 31st ultimo, such a jolly good optimistic "Happy New Year" as makes it difficult not to chime in and say "What-ever is, is right." Perhaps you are like some of the rest of us, occasionally halting between two theories. Sometimes when the mood is on, we think the human world is progressing along first-rate—about as fast as is wholesome for it to do and "keep its head." At other times a seemingly dark side will turn towards us and everything appears to be at sixes and sevens, on the high road "to the dogs." Now, which is the true view? and in what way ought we to work? are momentous questions. The knowledge now in the world is wonderful to behold and rapidly increasing—the facilities for the teaching and spread of that knowledge are proportionably great and the means for actualizing its diffusion are ample. But is not our age also filled with error of root as deep and more thoroughly ramified throughout the structure of society? And at the same time are not the wonderful facilities for the spreading of knowledge equally available for the maintenance of error—more so even as error appears better organized and more completely "at one" with the selfish instincts of humanity—more thoroughly working hand in hand with the lusts of greed and power?

In which direction, for instance, to-day is the vast power of the public press, taken as a whole, working most effectively?—to spread and strengthen the truths of newly demonstrated knowledge, or to bolster up and defend false theories? Methinks we will have to admit that it is in the latter direction especially in theological affairs.

How are the organized churches, with their Sunday schools and sickly revival meetings working? For rational truth, see how the organized churches, with their Sunday-schools and sickly revival meetings, are mainly working for the bolstering up and re-stamping upon the young and plastic minds of the people, the absurd bible-bulit theology and the poorly conceived bible God—and even looking blindly towards setting the world back again into the devil's spawn of sacerdotalism, by meddling with the safeguards of our governmental constitution so wisely provided by our fathers.

From the light of recent experiences in several directions I am painfully compelled to answer, especially as respects the churches, that the weight of their influence is on the side for the maintenance of error. The scolding had in mind for you was that in the JOURNAL of the 31st you made it a point to "specially approve" the views of friend Barton Brown printed in the same number, headed "Threshing Straw," wherein he advanced ideas of very doubtful practical correctness.

Evil weeds, even though they may be but remnants of a plant growth, once of use in the world's development—now destined to become obsolete—yet they are still found to be more tenacious of life, more luxuriant in their growth and more persistent in their laws of propagation than the cereals so valuable for the life of sentient creatures, or than the forms of floral beauty we so much admire. When the careful husbandman finds growing in his fields the "Sodom-apple" or the "Cank-a-thistle," of almost ineradicable root—the "Ox-eyed Daisy," scattering its seed over his pastures by aid of the winds of Heaven, ultimately crowding out all the sweet nutritive grasses that feed animals so needful in civilized life—the "Blue-bottle-fly"—once a garden nursing—now spreading and propagating above ground and below—both from its seed and from its bulbous root—more determinedly the more rich the ground be made and the more industriously it be cultivated—these or any other hurtful plants—whose name is legion—what does he do? Does he mow the tops off to keep them from seeding? Does he pull or dig them up, root and branch, wherever he can get at them, exercising a constant vigilance? or does he say, "Let them alone! You are only 'threshing straw'! Go on and plant your corn, sow your wheat, make your ground rich, the 'tares' will soon 'blow away,' but be not afraid a single grain of wheat will be carried away with them?" The foolish husbandman says this—not the wise one. The latter knows, there are some evil weeds that can not be eradicated by an industrious cultivation of useful plants alone. The ground must be kept clear by constant industry and watchfulness. The price to be paid for the growth of Truth, as well as of Liberty, is eternal vigilance.

I was glad to see what Mr. Tisdale had spoken. I approve of even the eloquence and earnestness of Ingersoll. They are of the blast of the "winds of heaven" (that friend Brown speaks of) needed to blow the chaff away.

We are astounded at times with the still prevailing ignorance and misapprehension manifested concerning the Jewish scriptures, in the face of the abundant and increasing knowledge of their origin and the abounding errors and mere legends they promulgate. Can not even your correspondent, Barton Brown, perceive the absurdity of his declaration in effect, that these abundant errors and contradictions do not affect "the value of a single text to which Christians appeal?"

Now, my dear brother and editor of the JOURNAL, this is all the scolding I have in store. We know there are two sides to this question concerning the best ordering of the everlasting battle between Truth and Error. One poet says:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain  
And dies amid her worshippers."

But, methinks, she dies soonest by the continued blows of Truth's brave followers; and lukewarmness in striking her but prolongs her life and leaves us to struggle longer, feeding upon the bitter fruits she cultivates.

It seems to me that as long as the organizations above alluded to continue persistently to teach errors manifest to the best sense of this age, thereby poisoning the very tender roots of the growth of Truth, it becomes us to work with equal or greater industry, giving "line upon line and precept upon precept," even though some persons think we are "Threshing Straw."

In conclusion, allow me to add, that we have recently been invited by a Methodist brother to study a volume entitled "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," by Henry Drummond, F. R. S. E.; F. G. S., which is now attracting considerable attention, and was referred to, perhaps, in the JOURNAL. While differing from it in some things—markedly where the author says in his preface: "Science is tired of reconciliations between two things (science and religion), which never should have been contrasted"—yet we find in the book important ideas, newer, perhaps,

to the outside world than to the thoughtful Spiritualist.

We were particularly glad to see in his chapters on "Parasitism" and "Semi-Parasitism," that the writer perceives plainly and argues philosophically upon what has long impressed us: the very hurtful and degrading character of the foundation Christian doctrine of atonement by the blood of Christ, or by any other vicarious method. It will be a happy advance when the world at large rises to the full appreciation of this truth.

....Dem  
Apropos of this, and as a trifling atonement for you to make, will you thresh one straw for me, of importance sufficient even were it the last, or the only one I ever offered you? It is the closing paragraph (which was somewhat obscurely punctuated, probably by myself) printed at the end of my article in the JOURNAL of December 31st. Please insert it again, as a "testimony" from your friend (once Quaker) that he will live and die by:

"Moreover, let them appreciate and teach persistently the universal reign of law, in opposition to the corrupting doctrine, that crime and transgression have been vicariously atoned for. Until that idea be exploded, as contrary to Divine order and government, there can be no complete and lasting salvation for Christian, or any other people—no perfect growth either here or hereafter, in full accord with the Infinite Will."  
Hockessin, Del. J. G. J.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Kabbalah Unveiled.

E. WHIPPLE.

It is a matter for congratulation that the general public have direct access at last to a portion of Jewish Kabbalah in an English dress. The Hebrew scholar and Orientalist, S. L. MacGregor Mathers, has recently given us a neat volume of 359 pages, including three of the most important books of the Zohar—the Book of concealed Mystery, the Greater Holy Assembly, and the Lesser Holy Assembly; also an elaborate introduction with nine well executed diagrams by the translator, which alone is worth the price of the book.

The Kabbalah contains the esoteric Jewish doctrine, and is undoubtedly the Kernal, fragment, or perst tent remainder of a body of occult teaching extant in the prehistoric ages, which was the back ground out of which sprung the Egyptian, Chaldean, Indian, and Norse mythologies. The celebrated Isaac Tablet, whether its origin was Egyptian or otherwise, is at least a testimony that the people who gravitated had access to the same fountain of symbolism from whence the Kabbalah was derived. Eliphaz Levi says: "The Kabbalists have a horror of everything which resembles idolatry; they, however, ascribe the human form to God, but it is a purely hieroglyphical figure. They consider God as the intelligent, living Infinite One. He is for them neither the collection of other beings, nor the abstraction of existence, nor a philosophically definable being. He is in all, distinct from all, and greater than all. His very name is ineffable; and yet this name only expresses the human ideal of His Divinity. What God is in Himself it is not given to man to know."

Now, according to the Zohar, the visible universe is governed through the medium of the ten Sephiroth, which are numerical emanations from the absolute or negative ground of being, and constitute a nexus between the absolute and the real world. In other words, Deity is formed forth and differentiates into definable potencies which are the abstract forms of the ten members of a numerical series.

"All bodies have three dimensions, each of which repeats the other (3x3); and by adding thereto space generally, we obtain the number ten. As the Sephiroth are the potencies of all that is limited they must be ten."

The first Sephira is called Inscrutable Height, Kether, and Crown; the second, Wisdom, Chokmah; the third, Intelligence, Binah; the fourth, Love, Chesed; the fifth, Justice, Geburah; the sixth, Beauty, Tiphereth; the seventh, Firmness, Netzach; the eighth, Splendor, Hod; the ninth, the Righteous is the Foundation of the world, Yesod; and the tenth, the Kingdom, Malkuth, also called the Bride, and Queen.

The first three Sephiroth form the world of thought; the second three the world of soul; and the four last the world of body—corresponding to the intellectual, moral, and material worlds. The first Sephira represents Unity, and stands in relation to the soul; the second stands in relation to the spirit or Astral body; the fourth in relation to the whole, realized in the quaternary, or material world; the fifth in relation to the vital principle; the sixth in relation to the blood; the seventh to the bones; the eighth to the veins; the ninth to the flesh; and the tenth stands in the relation to the dermal envelop, the skin.

Again, of these ten potencies or emanations, three are masculine (2nd, 4th, and 7th); three are feminine (3rd, 5th, and 8th); and four are equilibrating or neuter (1st, 6th, 9th, and 10th). Thus in each of the three triads of the Sephiroth is a dual of opposite sexes, and a uniting intelligence which makes of the three a unity. The masculine and feminine potencies are as the two scales in the balance, and the neuter potency is as the beam or pivot that joins them. Three of the neuter emanations constitute what is termed the Greater Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—the first Sephira, called Kether, the Crown, the supernal Father; the sixth Sephira, called Tiphereth, the King, the Son, who is a reflection or repetition of the Father; lastly the tenth Sephira, called Malkuth, the Bride, the Queen, the Kingdom, the Holy Spirit, which is God in Christ, the revelation of both the Father and Mother in the flesh, and the final realization of the supernal order upon the material plane. Malkuth also represents Adam Kadmon, the archetypal man, and the restored image of Two in One.

The Sephiroth are further divided into three pillars—the right hand Pillar of Mercy, consisting of the masculine emanations; the left hand Pillar of Judgment, consisting of the feminine emanations; and the middle Pillar of Mildness, embracing the equilibrating or neuter emanations. The middle pillar is called the Greater Trinity; but as there are four emanations in the middle pillar, Yesod stands as the connecting link between Tiphereth and the Kingdom—the reproductive foundation by means of which the Kingdom descends and becomes realized upon the material plane. These ideas are rendered for more lucid in Mr. Mathers' Introduction by means of the diagrams already alluded to.

Another very important kabbalistical idea is, that the Trinity is always completed by, and finds its realization in, the quaternary; hence the Four Worlds of the Kabbalah—the archetypal, the creative, the formative, and

"May be procured at the JOURNAL office for \$3.00

the material. Therefore, to the three trinities already noticed, a fourth should be added, which pertains to modality—a working, or serving trinity. It will be remembered that Kants 12 Categories are classed in four trinities—quantitative, qualitative, relational, and modal, and it is significant that the three terms in each group correspond exactly with the arrangement of each triad in the Kabbalah, answering to positive, negative and a third term that equilibrates the two. These categories are an exhaustive statement of the logical forms of thought, and they are deduced from the same basis as that upon which the Kabbalah rests.

It is further assumed that all souls are pre-existent in the world of emanations; that in their original state they are androgynous, but when they descend upon earth they become separated into male and female; and that finally, when the Bride or Kingdom descends and becomes fully established on earth, then will the supernal state of the two in one be restored, the sundered lives will be re-united, and the ideal order of the archetypal world will become an actuality on the earth. The Adam that was formed forth as male and female, had to be separated on the material plane as an incident antecedent to physical generation. Man in his restored state, when the evolution of his material structure is completed and the Kingdom of Malkuth is established, will represent the Tree of Life. "Great and strong, fair and beautiful. The beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of heaven dwelt in the boughs thereof, and all flesh was fed by it." The Tree of Life is the united body, the tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the separated.

The letters of the Hebrew alphabet play a very important part in the Kabbalah, since each letter has a fixed numerical value. The references to I H V H, the tetragrammaton, the concealed Name, forms a valuable dissertation by itself.

Not the least interesting portion of this symbolism is its association with the zodiac, to which was assigned respectively 10 signs and 12 signs—one to represent the Tree of Life previous to the traditional fall, the other to represent the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil subsequent to the fall. The Tree of Life signifies Adam Kadmon, the man made in the image of the Elohim, male and female, two in one, which was his estate previous to his fall into physical generation. No doubt the tradition of the fall involves a very important truth. In this prior state man on earth was a comparatively ethereal being, and the first six signs of the zodiac symbolize the gradual condensation of his structure by processes of involution, until he became externally a concrete and fully materialized being. Here the composite organism became divided into male and female, and the descent into physical generation was made; here the real struggle with matter began; here the race commenced its painful evolutionary ascent through material forms, and it will continue that ascent until each member thereof achieves a glorified body, which in Semitic phrase is the body of the resurrection. The last six signs of the zodiac occultly signify this evolutionary ascent.

As previously remarked, this prior state was represented by ten zodiacal divisions—Virgo, Libra and Scorpio being coalesced into one sign, which was then Virgo-Scorpio. Here is the trinity in unity, the two scales and beam in the balances, fitly representing the supernal Adam, and also the restored Adam as he shall be when physical generation and evolution shall have fulfilled their mission. Scorpio represents the generative function, and it is significant, that with this function should be associated the mystical Tree of Life. Scorpio is the symbol of good and evil, and also of the mediator between the two. As a good emblem it is symbolized by the eagle, as an evil emblem by the scorpion, as of a mixed nature by the snake. Since the descent into generation and until the establishment of the Kingdom of Malkuth, the zodiac is and will be properly represented with twelve signs by continuing the triple division of Virgo-Scorpio. For the external man of science the zodiac has an entirely different meaning. The sign Aquarius symbolically represents the restored unity of the divided man and the establishment of the Kingdom of Malkuth, wherein the God-Man will be revealed on earth both as Father and Mother. Toward the close of this century or in the beginning of the next century, the vernal equinox will enter constellation of Aquarius; those who meditate in secret attach some importance to the circumstance.

And the Twelfth was as a youth, and on his brow a star; his body and his limbs were radiant. And he held an Urn reversed, and a stream of starry luster was poured out of the Urn down over the earth. And the number of his glories was twelve times nine.

"And he said unto me, Twelve; and again he said: Ten. And again he said: Light, Glory, Life. And I heard a song from heaven; but I was lost in a sea of mystery."

I will here append a few selections from the Lesser Holy Assembly, which have a bearing upon the divided and the restored state of the man created in the image of the Elohim; a doctrine which was independently revived by Mr. T. L. Harris more than thirty years ago—in his "Lyric of the Morning Land," and which he has more fully presented in various prose works of a later date.

"Now these be the matters which we have propounded. The Father and the Mother adhere unto the Ancient One, and also unto His confirmation; since they depend from the hidden brain, concealed with all concealments, and are connected therewith.

"But when that fountain of Wisdom, Chokmah, floweth down from Meza, the influence of the most Holy Ancient One, and dependeth from him, and when Alma, the Mother, ariseth, and is included in that subtle ether, then she, Alma, assumeth that white brilliance.

"And the Scintilla entereth and departeth, and together mutually are they bound, and thence cometh the One Form.

"And when there is need, one ariseth above the other, and the other again is concealed in the presence of its companion (by transposition of form). ... "Unto his back adhereth closely a ray of most vehement splendor, and it flameth forth and formeth a certain skull, concealed on every side.

"And thus descendeth the light of the two brains, and is figured forth therein....

And the woman is extended on her side, and is applied unto the side of the male.... And she is separated from his side, and cometh unto him so that she may be conjoined with him, face to face.

"And when they are conjoined together, they appear to be only one body.

"Hence we learn that the masculine, taken alone, appeareth to be only half the body, so that all the merities are half; and thus also is it with the feminine.

"So also here, when the male is joined with the female, they both constitute one complete body, and all the universe is in a state of happiness, because all things receive blessing from their perfect body, and this is an Arcanum."

The following résumé is quoted in Mr Mathers' Introduction from Eliphaz Levi.

"The soul is a veiled light; this light is triple: Neschamah—the pure spirit; Ruach—the soul or spirit; Nephesh—the plastic mediator. The veil of the soul is the shell of the image. The image is double because it reflects alike the good and the evil angel of the soul. Nephesh is immortal by renewal of itself through the destruction of forms; Ruach is progressive through the evolution of ideas; Neschamah is progressive without forgetfulness and without destruction.

"The body is the veil of Nephesh; Nephesh is the veil of Ruach; Ruach is the veil of the shroud of Neschamah. Light personifies itself by veiling itself, and the personification is only stable when the veil is perfect [as in the resurrection body].

"Souls perfected on this earth pass on to another station. After traversing the planets they come to the sun; and then they ascend into another universe and recommence their planetary evolution from world to world and from sun to sun. In the suns they remember, and in the planets they forget. The solar lives are the days of eternal life, and the planetary lives are the nights with their dreams.

"Angels are luminous emanations personified, not by trial and veil, but by divine influence and reflex. The angels aspire to become men, for the perfect man, the man-God, is above every angel."

Turlock, Cal.

There is no right or privilege which we possess that has not been won for us by torrents of human blood. Trace it back to its origin and we find it baptized in blood. The Reformation convulsed Europe, and required thirty years of warfare before it could prove its fitness to survive. Religious liberty cost the lives of three hundred thousand Hollanders, who perished in the dire conflict in which the power of Spain was shattered. Our national independence could only be secured by the sacrifices of one hundred years ago. Each generation has to fight grim battles in order to win rights and privileges for later generations. "Without the shedding of blood," it is said, "there is no remission of sins;" but it is equally true that this is the essential condition of human progress. No martyrs, no new truths; no victories without heroic deed.—Alfred Williams.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather.—Leigh Hunt.

A star for every State, and a State for every star.—Robert C. Winthrop.

Boils, pimples, ringworm, and all affections arising from impure blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels all impurity, and vitalizes and enriches the blood. Give it a trial.

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The Michigan Central does not assume the ownership of Niagara Falls, but it does offer to its passengers from its station at Falls View, the grandest and most comprehensive spectacle that the great cataract affords. It is the only road that runs directly by the falls, and from this point all parts of the cataract, the angry rapids above and the boiling caldron below, are in full view. At this season, when the cliffs are hung with gigantic icicles, and the trees and shrubbery covered with curious formations of frozen spray, the scene reaches in the language of Bayard Taylor, "the climax of beauty."

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